Saturday Review

ARCH 1982 $1.75

NEW SUPPLEMENT: CULTURAL TV LISTINGS

ooks:
talk with John Cheever

lm:
ll Clayburgh's frenetic world

rchitecture:
ichael Graves, the new guru

ance:
ne post-modern revolution

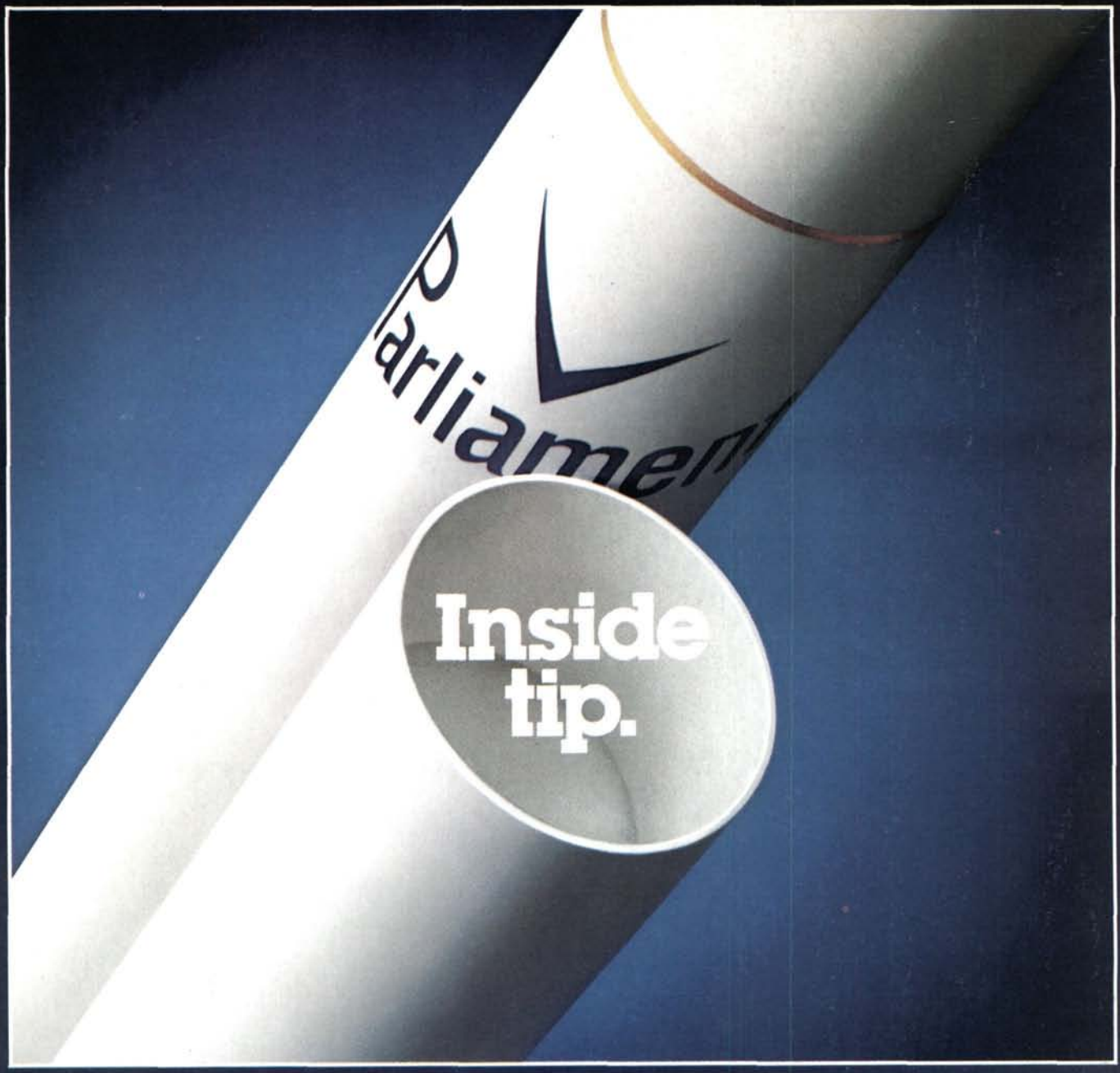
ohn Irving:
Günter Grass appreciation

Renata Scotto
he Opera Star
hey Love to Hate

MAR 5 1982
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
PASADENA
SLBR3 13004 GR692 14K13 FEB82
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBRI SAT
300 W GREEN STREET

03
0 70989 36688

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Psssst. Want to know the inside story on Parliament Lights?

It's the quarter-inch behind our filter.

It keeps your lips from touching the tar that builds up on the tip. Flush filters can't do this. Which is why Parliament Lights are so tastefully light.

That's why there's more than an outside chance you'll enjoy our inside tip.

Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

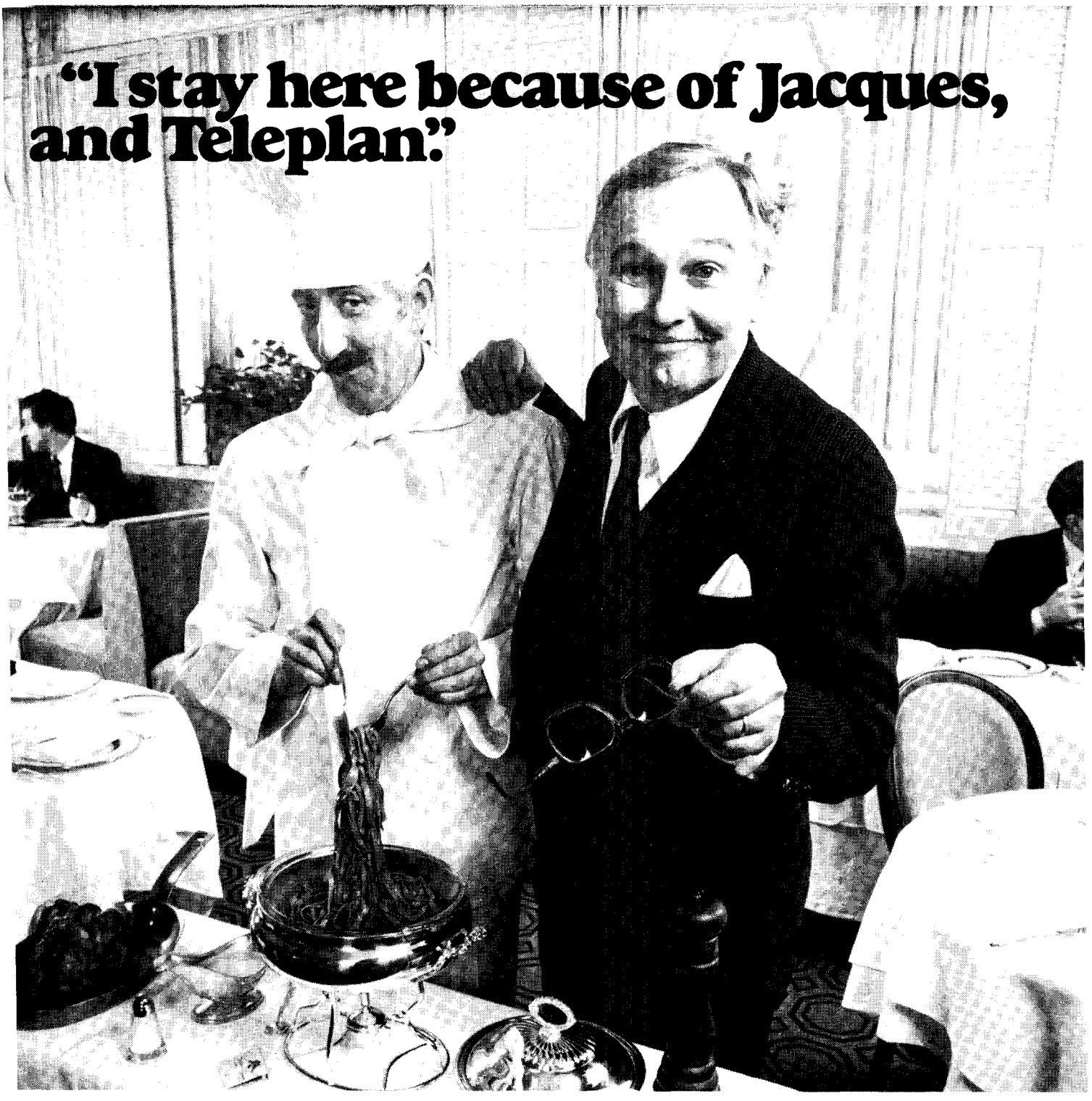
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I stay here because of Jacques, and Teleplan."



What makes this my favorite hotel when I'm overseas?

Jacques, for one reason. Knowing he cares about the people he cooks for is as important to me as the meal he serves. And when I see the *Teleplan* sign, I also know this hotel cares enough about me as a guest to make sure that I can make an international call at a reasonable charge.

That means no unreasonable surcharge fee. And that's pretty important.

Because many hotels without *Teleplan* often charge $50 or more for a $20 phone call. That's why the Bell System, working together with leading hotels, initiated *Teleplan*.

Who has *Teleplan*? The hotels are listed on the right.

The next time you take a trip, stay where they care. You'll find a great hotel with your very own Jacques. And you'll find a hotel with *Teleplan*.

Teleplan
The fair-cost way to call home.

THESE LEADING HOTELS ARE TELEPLAN HOTELS

GOLDEN TULIP HOTELS HOLLAND
HILTON INTERNATIONAL
Worldwide
LEDRA HOTEL
Nicosia, Cyprus
THE LYGON ARMS
Broadway, Worcestershire England
MARRIOTT HOTELS
TRUSTHOUSE FORTE
United Kingdom
HOTEL ASSOCIATIONS OF:
Ireland, Israel, Portugal

Want to know more? Call our International Information Service, toll free: 1 800 874-4000
In Florida, call 1 800 342-0400

Bell System

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progress and the environment

Much of the land between the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay is reclaimed. On it are some of California's most desirable residences and thriving industries, including "silicon valley," birthplace of many modern electronic miracles. Newcomers seeking better careers, lifestyles, or both have been flocking to the area for years.

Still, much of this land was once swamp in a sprawling bay, and there was great consternation at the prospect of filling it to create new, valuable acreage. It was feared marine and bird life would be threatened. We're familiar with the problem, because a Mobil affiliate is developing a planned community known as Redwood Shores on 1,400 acres of the Bay's reclaimed land.

When Mobil first arrived in 1973, there was no trace of fish in the inlets and rills that lace their way through Redwood Shores, nor of any marsh birds which normally follow the fish in the food cycle. Now, eight years later, with the land largely reclaimed and its system of waterways properly cleansed through gates that permit daily flushing by tidal action, wildlife has returned. Pelicans and egrets flap their way across the gentle waves, occasionally diving for an hors d'oeuvre from the seafood smorgasbord beneath.

Enhancing the environment has become part and parcel of our business, and not just in real estate ventures. Long before Redwood Shores, for instance, we started drilling for oil and natural gas on Sable Island, a treacherous, treeless shoal in the Atlantic offshore Nova Scotia. The island's only claim to fame was as a graveyard for some 500 ships. Its population consisted primarily of a herd of wild horses and two species of seals. Its beaches are the world's only known breeding ground for the Ipswich sparrow, and the surrounding waters are a playground for 19 different species of whales.

When Mobil approached this ecologically important, if desolate area, we did so with great care. We sought out and acted on advice from the Nova Scotia Resources Council, whose guidelines helped us protect this fragile environment.

In 1979, 13 years after we began drilling, we discovered a potentially major gas field just eight miles offshore. In the process, we not only preserved the wildlife of this island, but also have gone the extra mile by funding a dune restoration project to undo the ravages of man and nature over centuries.

These experiences square with others gained by Mobil and other companies, whether in the Gulf of Mexico or on the Alaskan tundra. They have been cited here and elsewhere many times—reports of fish species which have proliferated around offshore oil rigs in the Gulf and the caribou herds which have made the Trans-Alaska Pipeline a favorite grazing area because of the warmth it generates.

Why are we making this point again? Because we feel it's important to know that modern technology, economic activity, and a sound environment are not incompatible. In fact, they can be mutually enriching. We feel the need to express, from time to time, our belief that those who object to economic development on ecological grounds may often be expressing mere rhetoric and couching their real elitist motives in terms they see as popular and effective.

We would hardly argue that Mobil spends hundreds of millions of dollars on offshore drilling rigs for the specific purpose of promoting marine life; nor do we develop communities solely to bring fish and birds back to areas they've abandoned. Our interest is in expanding America's energy supply and in sound business ventures, but always in harmony with the environment.

We hope more people will come to understand that progress toward economic growth and a better life for more people is an important national goal—and need not come at the expense of a sound, beautiful environment.

Mobil®

©1982 Mobil Corporation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review®
MARCH 1982

FEATURES

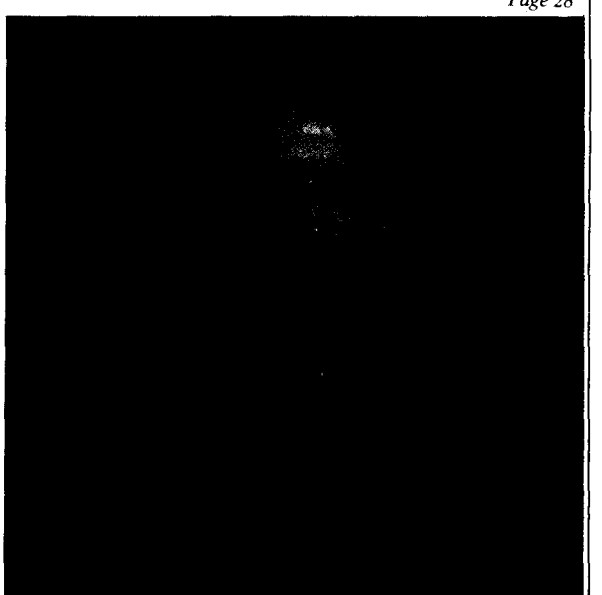
John Cheever's Affirmation of Faith by Joshua Gilder
Cheever's new novel arrives in the midst of his fight against cancer **16**
The Opera Star They Love to Hate by Carolyn Seebohm
Renata Scotto is a reigning diva—but audiences are turning hostile **20**
Jill Clayburgh: The Fine Art of Coping by Scot Haller
Like her film characters, she's struggling with the demands of family and career . . **28**
The New Wave in Modern Dance by Debra Cash
Three choreographers are revolutionizing our ideas of dance **34**
Why Is Everyone Talking About Michael Graves? by Carter Wiseman
His controversial architectural theories are now being put to the test **40**

DEPARTMENTS

Letters **5**
The Insider **6**
March Spotlights **8**
Editorial by N.C. *Electronic Brains* **10**
Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *Old Times and New Views* **46**
Language by Thomas H. Middleton *Where It's At* **48**
Music by Irving Kolodin *The Liberation of Tennstedt* **50**
Art by Carter Ratcliff *Beyond the Erotic* **52**
Film by Judith Crist *The Flowers (and Weeds) of Spring* **54**
Records: by Tim Page *A $400 Stravinsky Album* **56**
Books:
John Irving on Günter Grass's Headbirths, Or the Germans Are Dying Out; *Jonathan Spence on John King Fairbank's* Chinabound: A Fifty-Year Memoir **57**
Fiction Briefs **62**
Nonfiction Briefs **64**
Cultural TV Calendar *The month's best offerings* **67**
Diversions *Double-Crostic, puzzles, etc.* **78**
SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **81**

Page 16

Page 28



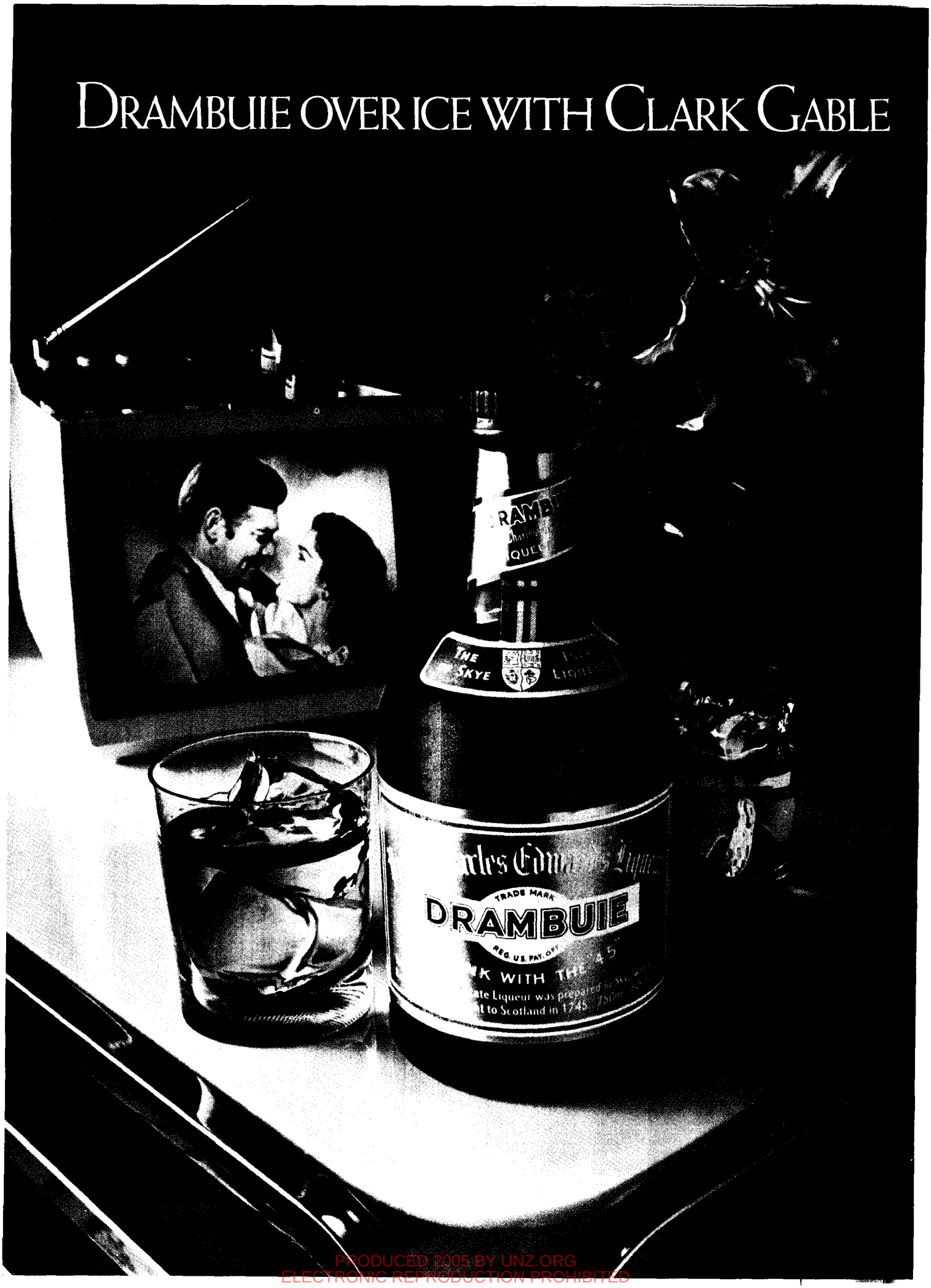
Cover: Photo by Brownie Harris

Page 40

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) published monthly by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., a wholly owned subsidiary of MACRO COMMUNICATIONS INC. Robert I. Weingarten, Chairman and President. Alfred H. Kingon, Vice Chairman and Executive Vice President. 150 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10155 (212) 826-4360. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$21; two years—$40; three years—$57 (Canada and Pan Am—additional postage $3 per year; all other countries $10 per year). Vol. 9, No. 3, March 1982. Back issues $2.00 each. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at Hollywood, Fla. © 1982 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH CLARK GABLE



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publisher
Robert I. Weingarten

Editor-in-Chief
Alfred H. Kingon

Editor
Stephen B. Shepard

Editor Emeritus
Norman Cousins

Managing Editor
Henry Weil
Senior Editors
Scot Haller, Irving Kolodin
Literary Editor
Robert R. Harris
Copy Editor
Dorothy B. Humanitzki
Associate Editor
Joshua Gilder
Assistant Editors
Robert Goldberg, Susan K. Reed

Contributing Editors
Peter Andrews, Anthony Burgess, Peter Caranicas, Judith Crist, Roland Gelatt, Stanley Kauffmann, Ben Lifson, Thomas H. Middleton, Robert F. Moss, Carter Ratcliff, Walter Terry, Stephen Wadsworth
Editorial Assistants
Linda Hoff, Dorothy Murray

Art Director
Victor Mazurkiewicz
Associate Art Director
Charles Dixon III
Photo Researcher
Sue Eddy Bloom
Art Associate
Tony Perrotti

Circulation Manager
Edward Martin
Subscription Manager
Jack Schwint

Director of Manufacturing
Steven H. Lawsky
Assistant Production Manager
Renee Torres
Typesetters
Martha Blomstedt, Marsha Goldberg, Marge Golden, Diane Lunde

Vice-President, Finance
John M. Reinhardt
Controller
Michael J. Scanlon

Asst. to Publisher-Corp. Mktg. & Comm.
Christine Schlagheck

Associate Publisher & Advertising Director
James C. Mason

Associate Advertising Director
Frances P. Lawrence
Imported Auto/Liquor
Consumer Electronics
William S. Anderson
Travel/Cameras/Tobacco
Kathleen Hoyne Smith
Publishing/Records
Susann Tapper
Classified Manager
Loren Dobbs
Advertising Assistants
Jacqueline Nunez, Gloria Perez
Manager of Advertising Services
Helen Winiski

Advertising Representatives
Denver, *Michael C. Joyce (303) 355-5509*
Western Region, *The Pattis Group*
Los Angeles, *Rick Edman (213) 462-2700*
Southern Region *The Pattis Group*
Miami *Jackie Hascall (305) 665-6263*
Midwestern RegioGroup
Miami *Jackie Hascall (305) 665-6263*
Midwestern Region *The Pattis Group*
Chicago, *Bob Sherman (312) 679-1100*

A NEW TV SUPPLEMENT

Back in the early 1960s, FCC chairman Newton Minow characterized television programming as a "vast wasteland." To a large extent, his remark is still valid. But more and more these days the discriminating viewer can find an exciting array of cultural programs—on the networks, on PBS, and most of all, on cable.

In keeping with our franchise as a cultural news magazine, *Saturday Review* is introducing a new monthly supplement that will provide selected previews and listings of the best cultural programs on television—original dramas, quality films, music, art, dance, books. In all, we are listing about 75 programs a month—the most complete list of cultural programs published anywhere. It starts on page 67—and we hope you find it useful.

Baryshnikov at ABT

A loud and lusty bravo to Walter Terry for his article "Why Baryshnikov Is Under Fire" [January]. In evaluating what Baryshnikov has done to American Ballet Theatre, his apparent lack of any sense of loyalty seems to have come into play again, just as it has in all aspects of his career. I believe it is safe to assume that he will soon tire of his current plaything and move on to Broadway or Hollywood. At that time, perhaps the ABT board will implore Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith to return and pick up the pieces left behind by their badly chosen successor.

Charles W. Reynolds
Rockford, Illinois

Promoting Cowboy Art

Joshua Gilder's "The Rage for Cowboy Art" [January] was an excellent overview of what is happening in cowboy art in the U.S. The Cowboy Artists of America has indeed been the forerunner in creating a populist movement for cowboy art through its annual exhibition and sale. Unfortunately, the article neglects to mention that since 1973 the CAA exhibition and sale have been held in Arizona at the Phoenix Art Museum. We would like your readers to know that the 1982 CAA exhibition will be at the Phoenix Art Museum from October 15 to November 22.

James K. Ballinger
Asst. Director and Chief Curator
Phoenix Art Museum
Phoenix, Arizona

An Author's Protest

Laura Geringer, who "described" my book *A Mother and Two Daughters* [Fiction Briefs, January], cannot be said to have met it on its own terms. Her remarks reveal what amounts to textural illiteracy. She may have sat with the book; she may have turned its pages and moved her eyes from left to right; she *did* jot down a list of "themes" that made the review sound trendy, but did not honestly convey the texture, scope, content, or the central concerns of the book. My only consolation is that readers of your magazine who read the novel after reading the "review" will come to the same conclusion.

Gail Godwin
Woodstock, New York

Book-of-the-Month's Offer

A recent article about Saul Bellow and his new novel, *The Dean's December* ["The Graying of Saul Bellow," January], stated that the Book-of-the-Month Club "refused the book." This is not accurate. We made a substantial offer on the book as an alternate selection for the club.

Gloria Norris
Vice President, Editor-in-Chief
Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
New York, New York

Nickleby's Profits

I read with a certain amount of distress in The Insider [December, edited by Scot Haller] an article entitled "Was *Nickleby* Overpriced?" The article states that the producers stand to earn as much as $500,000 on the production, and concludes that "it's a solid, unusually speedy profit on Broadway." I do not know the source of this information, but it is completely untrue. Although we won't know the exact figure until the bills are in, the anticipated profit is $25,000-$50,000.

Bernard B. Jacobs, President,
The Shubert Organization, Inc.
New York, New York

Note: In the *SR* Interview "Ansel Adams Takes on the President" [November], quotation marks should have been placed only around James Watt's phrase "I believe in the Second Coming" (page 33). The preceding interpretation was made by Ansel Adams.

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*

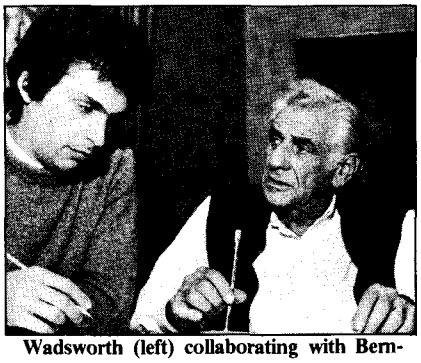
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

Leonard Bernstein's New Opera

Thirty years ago, Leonard Bernstein wrote the music and libretto for his only opera, *Trouble in Tahiti*. Now, he is writing his second opera, a sequel to the first, and this time he has hired a librettist: Stephen Wadsworth, 28, who happens to be a contributing editor of *Saturday Review* and our regular records columnist.



ALAN JACOBSON

Wadsworth (left) collaborating with Bernstein on their forthcoming opera.

The collaboration began in autumn 1980, when *SR* assigned Wadsworth to write a story on the maestro. "I wrote him a letter," says Wadsworth, "asking for an interview. Then I added a P.S. mentioning that I'd been working on librettos and asked if he was interested. It really took extraordinary *chutzpah*, but I thought, why the hell not?" The next communication from Bernstein was a message on Wadsworth's answering machine. "Write me a scenario for a sequel to *Trouble in Tahiti*," it said, "and I'll give you a story, *fair trade*?"

As requested, Wadsworth outlined a scenario. His ideas jibed with the composer's, and the pair soon started work together. Wadsworth points out that, contrary to published reports, "TinT Two"—the working title for the sequel—is still in its formative stages.

The opera will be in one act and will take up the 1950s family first seen in "TinT One" 30 years later, as they come back together after a long separation. "'TinT Two,'" says Wadsworth, "is opera, not musical comedy; but when I tell that to some people, they ask me if it will be sung in Italian. We want to make this opera as truly American as possible. We've become obsessed with the American vernacular."

"TinT Two" is being written on an international triple commission—the first ever—from Houston's Grand Opera, Washington's Kennedy Center, and Milan's La Scala. It's scheduled to premiere on a double bill with "TinT One" in Houston in June 1983, and from there it will travel to Washington and Milan.

While he is working on this collaboration, Wadsworth will be absent from our pages. We wish him well—and we still await his story on Leonard Bernstein. —J.G.

Porn at the Politburo

At the end of a hard day wrestling with Red tape, do Soviet leaders recharge at home with the writings of Lenin, or attend the latest Bolshoi extravaganza? It turns out they're more likely to remain in the Kremlin watching a Clint Eastwood epic or a Marilyn Chambers porn flick.

This glimpse into high-level Soviet cultural taste was revealed not long ago by Moscow correspondent David Satter in the *Financial Times of London*. It seems that a projectionist for Goskino, the Soviet state film organization, was fired during a staff cutback, and she went to court to plead for reinstatement.

In court, the projectionist testified that Goskino regularly obtains films from the West to consider for possible Soviet distribution. The samples—or bootleg copies made from them—are then screened privately for top Politburo bigwigs before being returned usually with the comment that the films wouldn't interest Soviet audiences.

Titles popular in the Kremlin—in addition to unidentified Western pornography—have included the James Bond series, *Airport*, *The Towering Inferno*, and *Dirty Harry*. *The Deer Hunter* proved especially popular although the Soviets walked out on it at the Cannes Film Festival.

The court restored the projectionist's job—but when she returned to Goskino's offices, she was blocked at the gate. —H.W.

According to a new biography, Johnson believed God visited the White House.

LBJ and the Holy Ghost

Readers hungry for further startling revelations about Lyndon Johnson won't have to wait until the first volume of Robert Caro's much-touted biography appears next fall. W.W. Norton will scoop Caro's publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, next month when it publishes its own Johnson bio—the first volume of Ronnie Dugger's two-volume *The Politician*.

Dugger does not deal with Caro's accusation that LBJ accepted cash when he was Vice President, then distributed it to congressional candidates of his own choosing. But Dugger's biography is bound to stir controversy of a different sort.

In a chapter on Johnson's fundamentalist religion, Dugger claims that Johnson thought that God—in the form of the Holy Ghost—visited him in the White House. According to Dugger's sources, an ambassador claimed that Johnson asked him if he thought the Holy Ghost was making earthly visitations. When the ambassador said no, Johnson insisted that the Holy Ghost had been visiting him during the early morning hours when, as President, he received reports from Vietnam.

Dugger, veteran editor of the *Texas Observer*, knew LBJ in Texas and has been working on a biography since 1967, the year President Johnson announced he would not seek reelection. When Caro sold serialization rights of his book to the *Atlantic*, Dugger took his manuscript to his publisher and said "go ahead if you want." It's now being rushed through production. —R.R.H.

An Oscar for "Man of Iron"?

In Polish director Andrzej Wajda's film *Man of Iron*, the son of a man broken by communism in an earlier Wajda film, *Man of Marble* (1976), rises to become a leader of Solidarity. In the film, Wajda's sympathies clearly lie with the Polish workers' union.

So it seems astonishing that Poland has submitted *Man of Iron* as its entry in the Academy Awards race for Best Foreign Film. Without explanation, *Man of Iron* was substituted for an earlier Polish entry, *Creeps*, last December 11—the day before the Warsaw government declared martial law, and about the same time that government authorities took Wajda into detention.

What prompted this peculiarly timed, last-minute substitution? According to Bahmin Farmanara, a Canadian who owns the American rights to *Man of Iron*, people inside Film Polski, the state film production company, "believed in the film and wanted it nominated." A U.S. State Department official reports further that shortly after martial law was imposed, the Polish government fired the top officials at Interpress, the organization charged with overseeing Film Polski. Says the spokesman, "The switch sounds like the reason for sweeping the stable."

Jerzy Radziwilowicz as a union member whose home is raided in *Man of Iron*.

Wajda is now reported to be out of detention. But it seems a safe assumption whichever way the prize falls on Oscar night, the Polish government will have mixed feelings. —S.K.R.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Do you think you're smoking the lowest tar brand? Think again.

Why do you think your brand is lowest? Because its ads say so?

But other brands' ads are saying the same thing—that they're the lowest in tar.

Just where is a tar-conscious smoker supposed to turn?

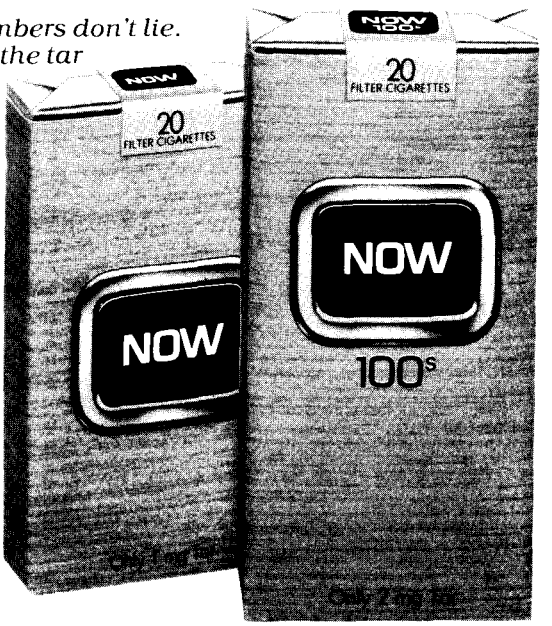
Well, numbers don't lie. So we've put the tar levels of all these claiming-to-be-lowest brands into the chart below.

That way you can see just how much tar your brand has. And something else—there's one brand lower in tar than any of the other "lowest" tars.

Now is the lowest 100s Box. Now is the lowest 100s Soft Pack. And there's no cigarette in any size that's lower in tar than Now.

Do you want to know for sure that you're smoking the Ultra-Lowest Tar™ brand?

Well, there's only one—Now.



NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

NOW

The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARCH SPOTLIGHTS

▼A view of Paris from the legendary lensman, Cartier-Bresson (1952).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Clique's Clicks

Thirty-five years ago, in a small, cluttered Paris apartment, four floors above a bistro, a group of photographers organized their own picture agency to look after and promote their own interests. Legendary lensmen including Robert Capa, David Seymour ("Chim"), and Henri Cartier-Bresson formed the first photographic cooperative agency designed to represent members in coordinating assignments (both commercial and journalistic) and in marketing each member's archives. The founders giddily named their union Magnum—after the champagne bottle.

Magnum's membership soon became an international alliance (Eve Arnold, Werner Bischof, Constantine Manos, Inge Morath, Marc Riboud, among others), and its photographers traveled everywhere (often for *Holiday* and *Life* magazines). But each member returned repeatedly to Magnum in Paris, and sooner or later all aimed cameras at their home away from home.

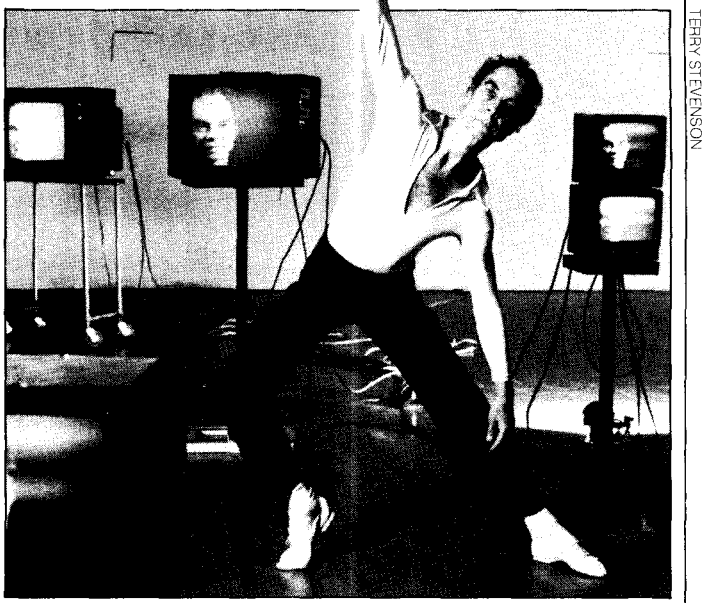
These views of Paris are now scheduled to be exhibited this month at New York City's International Center of Photography. True, Paris may be the most overphotographed city in the world (it isn't coincidence that the term *cliché* comes from the French word for a photographic negative). But Magnum's photographers are all famous for their sharp eyes and aggressive originality. **Magnum's Paris, 1935-1981** is certain to present unpredictable, indelible, and ultimately definitive images. (March 26 through May 9.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham's 40th

Merce Cunningham is considered the patron saint of postmodern dance. His revolutionary choreographic theory asserts that movement, music, and design can co-exist but needn't interrelate. Often his dances, filled with twitches, spasms, and stretches, are accompanied by John Cage's accidental scores (several radios tuned to different stations all playing at once, for instance), and he's been known to choreograph a work without knowing whose music will ultimately accompany it. Similarly, he always gives his designers (who have included Rauschenberg, Johns, Stella, and Warhol) *carte blanche*.

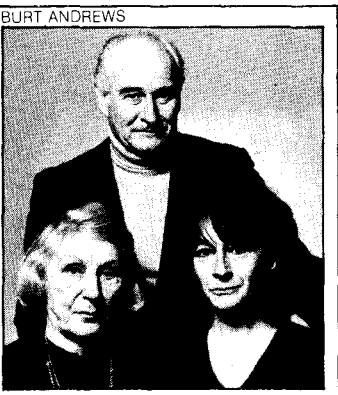
Cunningham has been working as a choreographer for 40 years, provoking critical controversy, and inspiring several generations of dance-makers (see "The New Wave in Modern Dance," page 34). On the occasion of his 40th anniversary, the **Merce Cunningham Dance Company** will present a series of his dances at New York's City Center, March 16 to 28. The 12 dances offered in the series will include *Events*, a single work created seamlessly out of excerpts from various Cunningham dances; the American premiere of *Gallopade*, with music by Takehisa Kosugi; and a world premiere for which, at press time, Cunningham had typically chosen neither title nor composer.



TERRY STEVENSON

◄ Merce Cunningham's dance sets have included working TVs (in *Tango*).

BURT ANDREWS



▼From left: Anderson, Whitehead, Caldwell, reunited for a new *Medea*.

THEATER

The Return of Medea

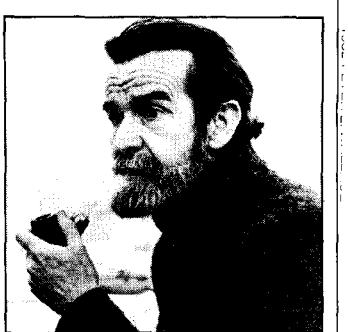
Australian-born Judith Anderson made her New York acting debut in 1918—and her remarkable career has ranged from the original production of O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* to Hitchcock's film of *Rebecca*. She has played Gertrude to Gielgud's Hamlet and Lady Macbeth to Olivier's Thane. But her greatest success came on Broadway in 1947 as *Medea*, in poet Robinson Jeffers's adaptation of Euripides' tragedy. Her performance is still legendary for its churning intensity.

This month, Dame Judith is returning in **Medea**—but now in her 84th year, she is cast as Medea's nurse. The title role goes to Zoe Caldwell, also an Australian-born actress. Caldwell played a bit part in Anderson's Australian tour of *Medea*, and later won Tony awards for her performances in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and Tennessee Williams's *Slapstick Tragedy* on Broadway. But the role of Medea, with memories of Dame Judith's awesome ferocity still lingering, is probably the greatest challenge Caldwell has faced. The production, which opens March 6 at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., will be directed by Caldwell's husband, Robert Whitehead—the Broadway producer of Anderson's *Medea* 35 years ago.

Athol Fugard's Latest

Athol Fugard is an internationally acclaimed South African playwright (*Blood Knot*, *Boesman and Lena*, *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead*) whose plays rise out of his anguish over apartheid. His plots are seldom polemical; rather his characters try to cope with difficult situations caused by South African segregation, and Fugard examines the pointless torture such situations inflict.

In each of its past two seasons, the Yale Repertory Theater in New Haven, Connecticut, has presented the American premiere of a new Fugard play. This month, the Yale Rep is offering the world premiere of Fugard's latest, **"Master Harold"....and the boys**. Fugard's new play explores the relationship between



◄ Athol Fugard's new play is again about South African race relations.

a white South African, whose father owns a dinner club, and two older black ballroom dancers who work at the club. Fugard himself will direct. (Premieres March 12.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

The Rise of Steve Reich

Sometimes it seems that musical minimalism is more popular with rock aficionados than with philharmonic longhairs—but make no mistake, minimalist composer **Steve Reich** is a serious musician. He has studied both at Juilliard and with composers Darius Milhaud and Luciano Berio. He has also studied African drumming in Ghana, Hebrew chanting in Jerusalem, and Balinese gamelan music with native teachers.

Reich's "slow-motion music" focuses on musical phrases repeated over and over with subtle shifts of rhythm, timbre, and harmony. At its most minimal, his music has been scored for two musicians clapping their hands (*Clapping Music*, 1972). At its most complex (*Music for Eighteen Musicians*, 1976), it has been scored for piano, violin, cello, marimba, clarinet, maracas, xylophones, and female voices. *SR*'s record critic for March, Tim Page, has described Reich's music as "a sonic weather, in an aural

▲Serious concertgoers are accepting Steve Reich's "slow-motion music."

kaleidoscope that slowly turns, revolves, develops, and changes."

Now the longhairs seem to be tuning in. This month, the high-toned concert series at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art is beginning a series of three Reich concerts, and Reich himself will perform in all of them (percussion and piano). The first and third of the concerts will feature Reich's latest composition, *Tehilléem* (1981), a setting of biblical psalms in the original Hebrew; the middle concert will offer *Music for Eighteen Musicians*. (March 15 and 29; April 19.)

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

▼Gustav Mahler, Philharmonic conductor, 1909-11.

Philharmonic Milestone

In 1842, when the population of New York City was a teeming 350,000, a group of local musicians organized themselves into a Philharmonic Society. Back then, Beethoven and Schubert were considered modern; Berlioz and Schumann were avant-garde; Brahms and Dvořák were children. The first season's subscribers paid $10 for three concerts, and the very first (featuring Beethoven's Symphony No. 5) attracted an audience of 600.

Today, the **New York Philharmonic** is the oldest "American symphonic institution," and it's about to play its 10,000th concert. For the occasion, music director Zubin Mehta will conduct Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection"), with soprano Kathleen Battle, contralto Maureen Forrester, and the Westminster Choir. The choice of a Mahler symphony is appropriate: The composer himself served as a conductor of the Philharmonic for two seasons (1909-11). Ironically, his tenure in New York was largely unpleasant. Critics complained that he edited and reorchestrated classic scores; matinee ladies fretted over his programming and interpretations; and he in turn called his ensemble "the true American orchestra—without talent and phlegmatic." Time, of course, has proved these assessments foolish, and the Philharmonic's 10,000th should be aptly festive. (March 7.)

ART

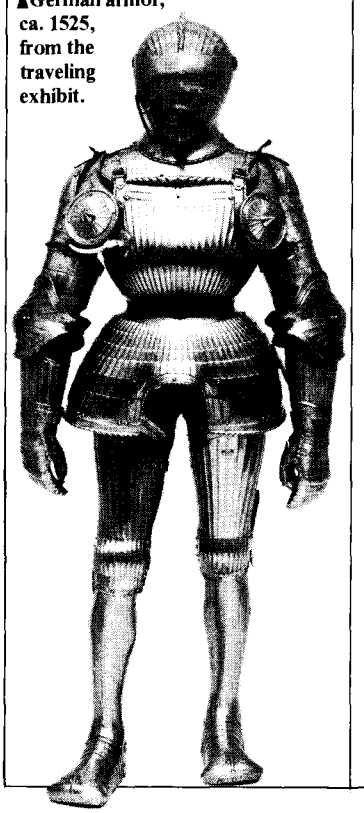
Armor Art

One of the most popular exhibits at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art—uniquely, with grownups and children alike—is its collection of medieval armor. Though common enough in Europe, there are few such collections in the United States, and the Met's is not only the largest in the Western Hemisphere but one of the most encyclopedic anywhere.

Now an exhibit of 120 items culled from New York's collection is going traveling. **The Art of Chivalry: European Arms and Armor From the Metropolitan Museum of Art** will be on view from March 11 to June 6 at the Seattle Art Museum. It then moves on to Denver, San Antonio, Minneapolis, and Detroit.

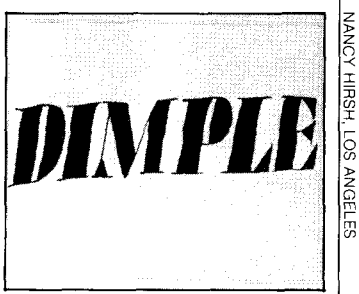
The exhibit will feature eight complete suits of armor, including one for a man and his horse; a steel helmet in the shape of a dragon's head; 18th-century small swords with hilts of silver, gold, porcelain, and mother-of-pearl; shields; gauntlets; daggers; crossbows; and early firearms. One suit of armor, made in Milan about 1580, is believed to have belonged to the Prince of Alba. Another, made for tilting, belonged to the Prince Electors of Saxony at Dresden. There is also a brace of pistols made by Napoleon's gunsmith. Most of the objects have been selected for their decorative embellishments, drawn from classical myths, Christian legends, and medieval allegories.

▲German armor, ca. 1525, from the traveling exhibit.



Painted Words

They were the grandchildren of Marcel Duchamp, the wry tricksters of the 1960s and early 1970s art world. Pop artists like Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns aimed to deflate the pomposity of high art pretensions by using techniques borrowed from advertising art. Ed Ruscha (pronounced roo-SHAY) took their satiric jest one step further. Mocking the very questions "what is art?"



NANCY HIRSH, LOS ANGELES

▲Ed Ruscha's "Dimple" (1964): contemplating the word as art object.

and "what does art mean?," Ruscha developed a style of word/sign/art works—quite literally Tom Wolfe's "painted word." One recent pastel on paper, for example, pokes fun at the art establishment and at boring, outdated museum exhibitions: It contains only the words, I DONT WANT NO RETRO SPECTIVE.

This month, however, the joke is on Ruscha, when he is honored by his very own—you guessed it—retrospective. Opening March 25 at the San Francisco Museum of Art, **The Works of Edward Ruscha** contains 140 of the artist's paintings, drawings, prints, and books, almost all carrying his ironic touch. After the show closes on May 23, it heads for the Whitney in New York, then back west to Vancouver, San Antonio, Los Angeles, and finally on to Europe. Ruscha may well be a master of the visual pun and the self-referential chuckle, but the crowning irony of this impressive tour is that while he seems bent on making fun of himself and the art world, the art world seems bent on taking him seriously.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White Horse.
This is the taste that doesn't run with the herd. Bold. Free-spirited. Gloriously Scotch in character.
But so smooth, so mellow only one word can really capture it.
Sleek.
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
Sleek Scotch
Bottled in Scotland.
Enjoyed in 171 Countries.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

EDITORIAL

Electronic Brains

A quarter-of-a-century ago, I asked Norbert Weiner, the father of cybernetics, whether it would be possible to construct a chess-playing machine. He replied that such a device was well within the reach of science and technology. The problem, however, was size. The first three moves on each side would require a machine the size of a cigar box. By the time of the sixth move, the machine would be as large as a clothes closet. By the twelfth move, the machine would need an area the size of the island of Manhattan. The reason was simple: The size of the set had to be proportionate to the number of possibilities to be accommodated, and beyond the tenth move the choices expanded into the millions.

During this past year, I have been playing against various electronic chess machines that can play complete games —sometimes 60 moves or more. The most recent set is much smaller than a cigar box. A paperback book would cover it. Such miniaturization is made possible by the electronic chip, probably the most important invention of the century. Into a piece of impure silicone less than a quarter-inch wide is compressed the electronic processing capacity of forebears millions of times larger. The electronic chip begins to approach, however vaguely, the neurons of the human brain in terms of its memory functions and capability.

What is most interesting and reassuring about electronic chess sets is that they play better when they are permitted enough time to think. All the electronic chess sets I have played against offer varying levels of competition. At the lowest level, the machine will play a routinized, almost elementary game. At the highest level of play, it is supposed to offer tournament-type opposition. The machine improves its quality of play in direct proportion to the time it takes to decide on its moves. If you wish, it will indicate its moves in a matter of seconds. On this particular level of play, even a novice can do well against it. If, however, you are willing to give the machine enough time to think—meaning that you are prepared to invest an hour or two for a full game—the electronic chips can offer fairly stiff competition.

But the machine is far from unbeatable. Even the more sophisticated sets can become confused, or worse still, slightly hysterical, when confronted with unorthodox moves or sacrifices. I have had the experience of playing with electronic chess sets that, when they find themselves within two or three moves of certain checkmate, will go berserk. In an attempt to fend off the inevitable, they will flail about, flinging pieces away with wild abandon, seemingly in an effort to distract you from an awareness of its ugly predicament. I have been shocked to discover that some machines, when they find themselves in deep trouble, will try to cheat, taking the attacking pieces illegally. The experience can be terribly unsettling; there is no way to let the malevolent machine know that it is a cheat. You can recall your move, of course, and give the blasted box another chance. But when the machine insists on capturing your piece against rules that have stood the test of centuries, all your protests are of no avail. You have your choice of putting a hammer to the set or acquiescing in its fraudulent behavior. If you want to play electronic chess, you just have to learn to live with unspent fury.

Another weakness of some of the electronic chess sets is that they tend to be greedy. They grab at vulnerable pieces, ignoring the traps that are sometimes laid for that purpose. One of the prime lessons to be learned in chess or in life is the importance of avoiding cheap interim triumphs. Electronic chess brains seem to put higher value on quantity than quality; they are apt to opt for quick material gains, thus disadvantaging themselves against opponents whose strategy involves mobility and combinations of force.

Some of the advertisements for elec-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTING CBS CABLE, THE THEATER OF TELEVISION.

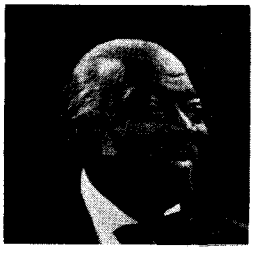
You watch, holding your breath, as the camera crawls across the man's face, exploring its intricate geography.

You listen to his sometimes easy answers and then you read what his eyes have to say.

This is CBS Cable's Signature.

An interview show in which people are revealed. Every weeknight. By a camera. Sometimes to their very souls.

Yes, this is theater. The kind of theater you'll find on CBS Cable.
And this too is theater: Sir Ralph Richardson in David Storey's "Early Days," playing a character who looks back from the twilight zone of his life in anger and regret and in a production called one of the best of '81 by a leading national news magazine.



In fact, whether it's choreography or cinematography, ballet or cabaret, the bop of Betty Carter or the Bach of the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society, it's all theater. Mostly made for the medium of cable television. By CBS Cable.

And mostly greeted with raves by television critics. And with applause by culture lovers.

So read about CBS Cable in these pages. Then turn on your television set.

And go to the theater.

CBS cable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

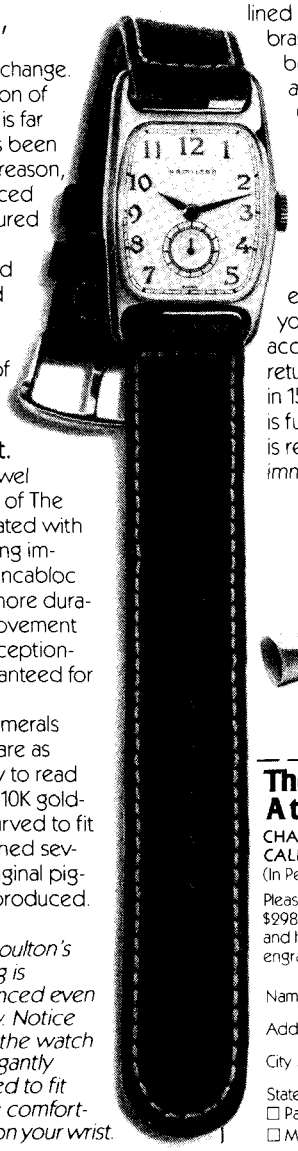
Hamilton's classic timepiece of the Thirties

The Boulton: available once again in a strictly limited edition, reproduced from the original dies and tooling.

In the Thirties, fine design and fine timepieces were a matter of personal pride—and Hamilton was a standard of excellence. Hamilton's Boulton watch was an instant success, eagerly sought and much admired.

A classic in 1934, reborn in 1982.

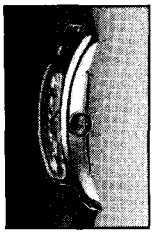
Some things never change. Indeed, the appreciation of fine classic timepieces is far higher today than it has been in many years. For this reason, Hamilton has reintroduced The Boulton, manufactured from the carefully preserved original dies and tooling, in a limited and registered edition for those who appreciate the beauty and value of a true classic.



A precision 17-jewel movement.

The precision 17-jewel mechanical movement of The Boulton has been updated with two recent watchmaking improvements: superior Incabloc shockproofing and a more durable mainspring. The movement of this fine watch is exceptionally accurate, and guaranteed for two full years.

The gold-plated numerals and solid brass hands are as cleanly styled and easy to read as on the original. The 10K gold-filled case, uniquely curved to fit the wrist, is hand-polished several times. Even the original pigskin strap has been reproduced.



The Boulton's styling is advanced even today. Notice how the watch is elegantly curved to fit more comfortably on your wrist.

A strictly limited edition.

Only 2,032 of these fine timepieces have been made available in a strictly limited, registered edition. Of these, well over half have been purchased. After the remainder is acquired, the dies for The Boulton will be donated to the National Association of Watch & Clock Collectors in Columbia, Pennsylvania, and this classic Boulton watch will never again be available.

Hamilton's Boulton watch is $298, with tax, shipping and handling included. Each Boulton has been carefully packaged in a solid cherry presentation case, richly lined in plush burgundy velvet. A solid brass nameplate on the case will be engraved with three initials at no charge. An accompanying Certificate of Authenticity from Hamilton will bear the registered number of your watch, matched to an engraved number on the underside of the case.

The Hamilton Guarantee.

No effort has been spared to ensure that The Boulton will please you with its classic appearance and accuracy. If not delighted, you may return it, in condition received, within 15 days for a full refund. If the edition is fully subscribed when your order is received, you will be notified immediately for a prompt refund.

The Hamilton Watch Company
A tradition since 1892.

CHARGE YOUR ORDER:
CALL TOLL FREE 800-233-0281 EXT. 175
(In Pennsylvania call 717-394-7161 Ext. 175)

Please send my Boulton watch. I understand that the $298 price includes tax, shipping and handling. Three initials to be engraved on presentation case: ☐☐☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my:
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Acct. # _____

Interbank # (MC only) _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

The Hamilton Watch Company
Collector's Classic Edition Society Division,
P.O. Box 7343, Dept. 261, 941 Wheatland Ave.
Lancaster PA 17601

tronic chess sets have publicly challenged world chess grandmasters, with vast sums as lure if the experts can beat the machine. Take these challenges for what they are, attention-getting devices; just know that if ever such a contest should come to pass, the machine would fall flat on its digital axis. It is too addicted to convention to contend with improvisation or unorthodox strategy.

I mustn't be too severe. Dr. Johnson used to comment that the wonder was not that a dog would walk clumsily on his hind legs but that he could do it at all. So it is with electronic chess. What is most significant of all about it is that it presages an era, not too far away, of access to a high level of auxiliary intelligence. We refer here not to electronic decision-making or complicated functions far beyond the reach of the human brain. Such attributes have, in fact, existed for some years. We are referring to something far more significant; the possibility that artificial intelligence may be able to penetrate abstractions and to examine the meaning of things. The machine already has demonstrated its mastery over numbers. What remains for it is to comprehend connections between cause and effect. Some computers have been developed that can talk to one another. An IBM computer that has been programmed to think psychoanalytically has been holding discussions with a Stanford University computer that has been given a bad case of paranoia by its programmers. So far as is known, those conversations have produced no definitive cure; technology imitates life.

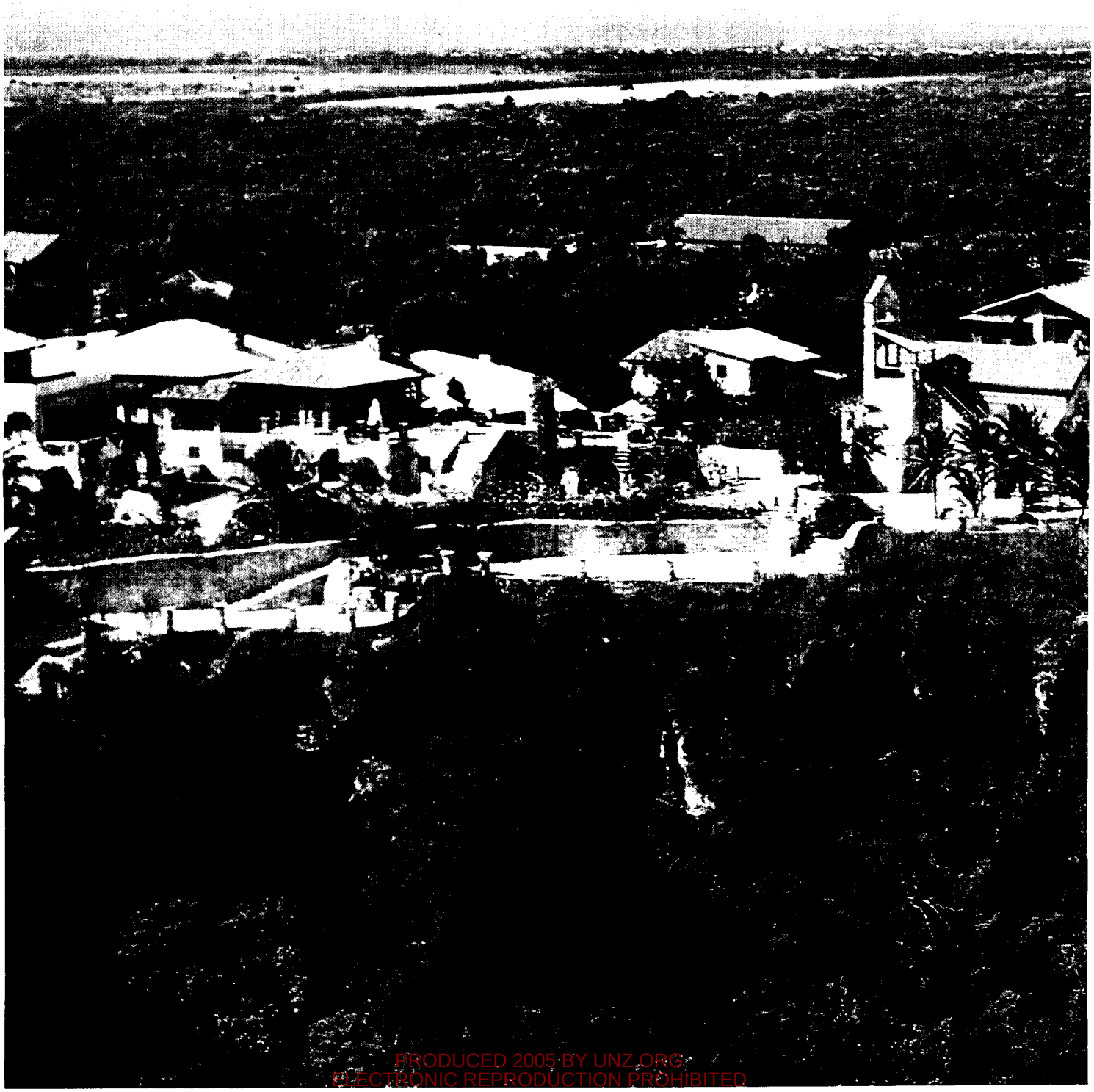
The Japanese are now trying to build computers that can ask questions in talking to one another. Let us hope that when they get around to asking about their origins, we will not be too embarrassed by the answers. —N. C.

"Oh, bartender—if memory serves, I believe I asked for an olive in my martini, not a Brussels sprout."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five years ago,
the only thing here was a dream...
the dream of a company
that believes in dreams...

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

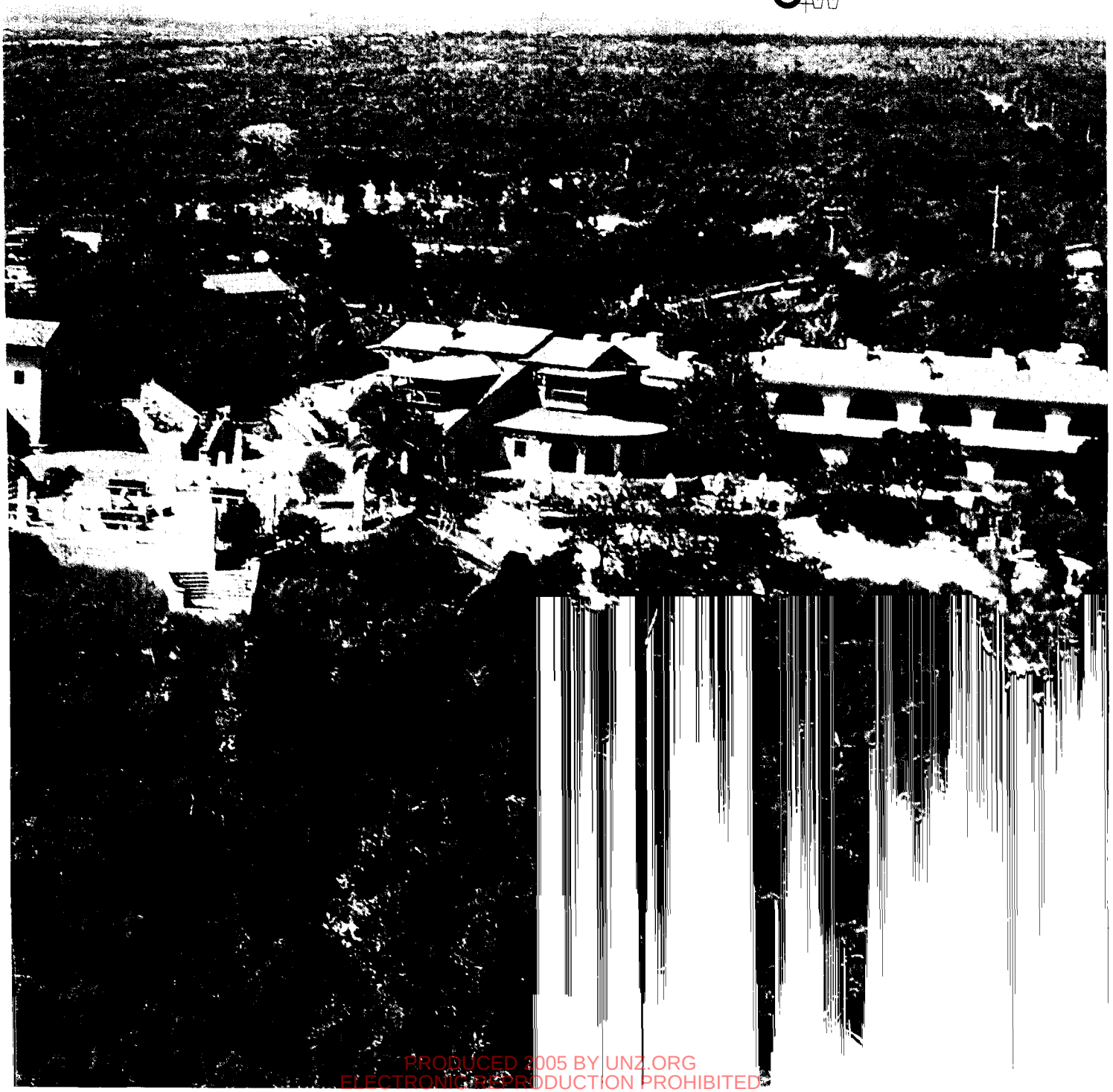


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, on this ruggedly beautiful site in the Dominican Republic, sits a small village built from scratch by the Dominicans themselves to blend into their environment and culture. Its main purpose: to serve as an artists' colony, a refuge for dozens of artists from all over the world to live and work. To paint. To write. To compose music. To create. Other artists come to perform or display their work, thus providing an artistic showcase for the island. This unique place is called Altos de Chavon.

Gulf + Western is a company that understands dreams. In less than 25 years, we ourselves have grown from scratch, from a small auto parts supplier to a diversified corporation that does $5.7 billion worth of business a year around the world. We're still building our dreams—and helping others to build their own. That's why we sponsored Altos de Chavon.

GW



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Cheever's Affirmation of Faith

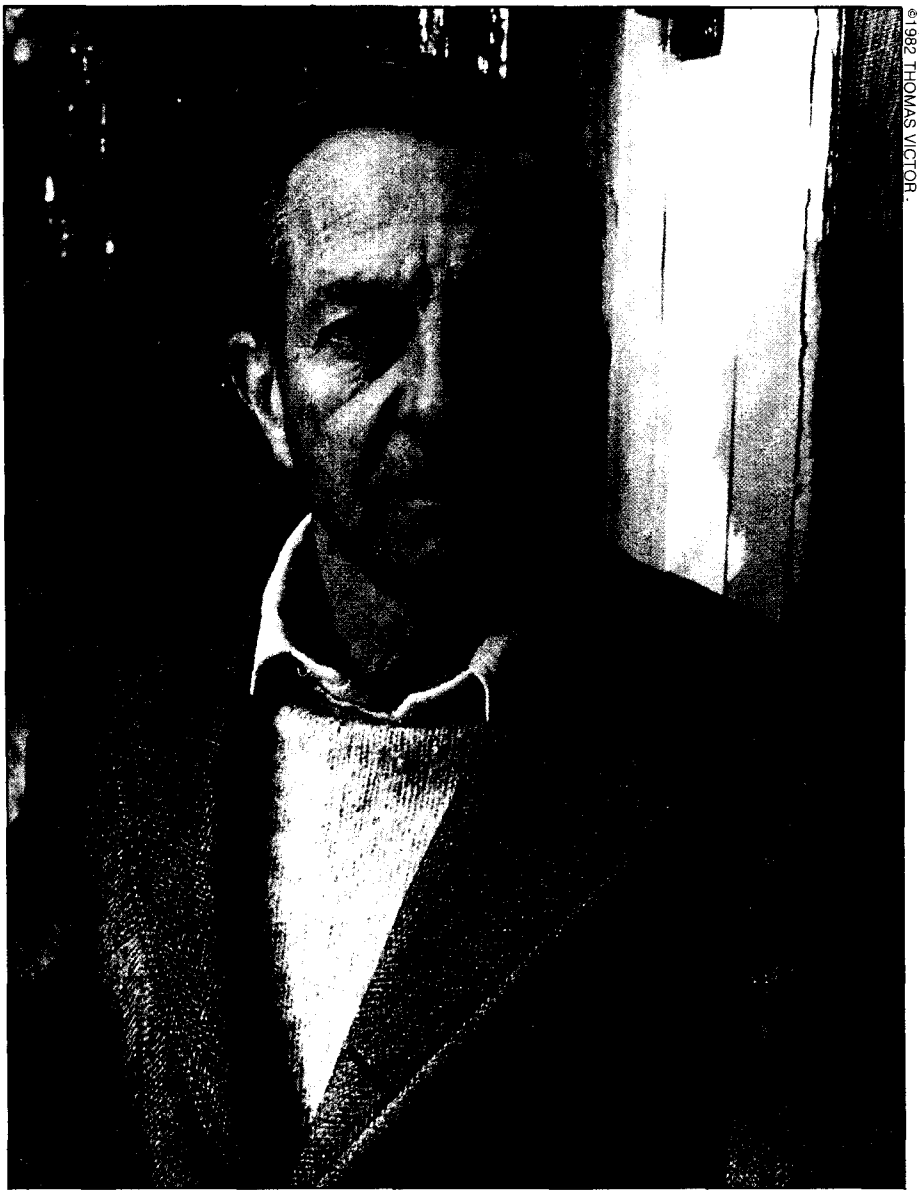
Now 69, he is struggling against cancer. But his new novel demonstrates once again why he is one of our best writers.

BY JOSHUA GILDER

The winter day I arrived in Ossining, New York, to interview John Cheever, the wind whipped off a Hudson River choked with ice. It was the second meeting we had scheduled; our first, almost a month earlier, had been canceled when the extent of Cheever's cancer had been diagnosed. Since then he'd been undergoing radiation treatments that have helped, but left him gaunt and exhausted. Still, he was determined if at all possible to go on with business as usual. *Oh What a Paradise It Seems*, his new novel, was coming out soon, and he wanted to talk even if he had to give the interview in bed.

As it turned out, he wasn't feeling well enough to leave his bed, so we talked in his room on the second floor of his Dutch-style wooden house. He looked physically tired, but alert. Reclining against his pillows, Cheever was, as always, polite and cordial, maintaining decorum even in the sick room. "I was realizing this morning," he said, looking out a window at the snow-covered woods that surround his yard, "this is the first snowfall I can remember when I haven't been out skiing. There's almost no inch of snow that I don't remember fondly. There's something marvelous about it, swaying down a well-covered slope.

"So," he said, getting right down to it, "you see before you a very sick man." Cheever had originally been unwilling, when we were making plans for the interview, to have the details of his cancer publicized; but he said now that he felt it important to discuss it. "It's not me," he



©1982 THOMAS VICTOR

Joshua Gilder is associate editor of *Saturday Review*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, resigned to being the reluctant "host" to this invading disease.

Cheever had an operation in July for the removal of a cancerous kidney; it seemed successful, but a short while later he developed a limp. "I thought it might be a pulled muscle; and then there were pains in my chest. It occurred to no one that it might be cancer. But then, all of a sudden, it was." The cancer had developed in the bones of his legs and a spot in his rib cage. "The radiation treatment is really extraordinary. I wasn't able to walk without it. I now limp, but I can walk. Also I had a burning spot in my rib cage, which was continuously painful and for which I had to take painkillers all the time—and that's gone, absolutely gone. So that much of it appears terrific.

"Having cancer is a whole new world, of course. Memorial Hospital, where I go for treatment, is a cancer hospital, and suddenly to find yourself with thousands and thousands seeking some cure for this deathly thing is an extraordinary experience. It's not depressing, really, or exhilarating. It's quite plainly a critical part of living, or the aspiration to live."

Cheever didn't always share in that aspiration. For several years in the 1970s, he was in the depths of a severe, self-destructive alcoholism that came close to claiming his life. At its worst, he was washing down several Valiums at a time with a quart of hard liquor, drugging himself into an almost comatose state. His family and friends were convinced he was going to die, and his only feeling about it was "so what."

A more basic instinct for survival, however, got him through the worst and into Smithers, a rehabilitation clinic. From there he emerged, about six years ago, with a determined will to live, and a renewed sense of the importance to him of writing. His daughter, Susan (now a novelist in her own right), has said that when her father came out of Smithers, he seemed to be on a kind of high: He sat down and wrote *Falconer*—considered by most critics to be one of the great achievements of his career—in a little under a year.

And he didn't, as he usually had in the past when his novels were published, run off to some foreign country to avoid the press. He welcomed interviews, and said he had discovered a new respect for his audience, being genuinely gratified by the intelligent and feeling letters he received from readers. "Literature," he will tell you now, "is the highest form of communication between intelligent adults." And on a more personal level he will speak of literature as the only vehicle for expressing certain modes of feeling and of love. "Though I'm very close to my son, there are still things I can say to him only in fiction."

Even before his cancer was diagnosed, Cheever was talking of the setbacks of aging, and that "as one grows old there's always the possibility that one won't be able to write." During a recent Dick Cavett show, on which he appeared with John Updike, Cheever compared himself to his friend and younger colleague. Updike, he said, is "at the peak of his powers, while I'm an old man reaching the end of his journey."

Cheever is now 69, but except for the possible disruptions of illness, there is no evidence that his literary powers have declined with age. The evidence points much the other way. *Falconer*, published in 1977, was in many ways a creative breakthrough; it was his longest sustained narrative, formally his most successful novel; the Wapshot books read more like collections of short stories and *Bullet Park* is unconvincing structurally. Still, Cheever is not a literary long-distance runner; he tends toward brevity. *Falconer* was a short novel. His new book, *Paradise*, at about 100 pages, is even shorter; going by length it might be more accurate to call *Paradise* a novelette or even a long short story. But it reads like a novel. The story's continuity and the skill with which two narrative lines are woven together are evidence that *Falconer* wasn't one of a kind, that our best short-story writer has consummately mastered the somewhat different craft of writing novels.

Paradise—"really the first ecological romance," said Cheever—opens with a lyrical passage like the beginning of a fairy tale:

> This is a story to be read in bed in an old house on a rainy night. The dogs are asleep and the saddle horses—Dombey and Trey—can be heard in their stalls across the dirt road beyond the orchard. The rain is gentle and needed but not needed with any desperation. The water tables are equitable, the nearby river is plentiful, the gardens and orchards—it is at the turning of the season—are irrigated ideally.

Into this peaceful, melodic vision (surely one reads Cheever as much as anything for the harmonious cadences of his prose) comes a disturbing note. The town council of Janice, apparently in collusion with the Mafia, is profiting from the dumping of toxic wastes into Beasley's Pond, a once-beautiful, deep body of water surrounded by forest at the north end of town.

Some weeks before the dumping begins on a winter day in January, Lemuel Sears—"an old man but not yet infirm"—is up skating on the pond, an experience of almost divine pleasure: "Swinging down a long stretch of black ice gave Sears a sense of homecoming. At long last, at the end of a cold, long journey, he was returning to a place where his name was known and loved and lamps burned in the rooms and fires in the hearth." The pollution of Beasley's Pond seems a desecration. Sears has some money and he hires a lawyer to investigate.

In the meantime, waiting on line in a bank, he meets Renée Herndon, a divorcée, in whose features he sees "very definitely a declaration of paradise." When he asks her what the music is playing over

BERNARD GOTFRYD-NEWSWEEK

Cheever with his novelist daughter, Susan: "Fiction is not about what's symptomatic, it's about what's astonishing in life. Fiction is meant to illuminate."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the loudspeakers (it's a ragtime version of a Brandenburg concerto), she laughs sweetly and says, "You don't understand the first thing about women." It's the beginning of what becomes an intensely erotic relationship, but all Renée ever seems to say to Sears is, "You don't understand the first thing about women." She even interrupts sex to look up at him and say it. Though their relationship is intense, it's short-lived. Renée finally deserts Sears, and about two-thirds of the way through the book, she vanishes completely from the narrative.

Renée is not exactly a replay of the virtuoso-bitch performance of Farragut's wife in *Falconer*—a portrait that prompted Susan Cheever in a *Newsweek* interview with her father to wonder just how, exactly, did he feel about women. But Renée is mysterious—she regularly attends meetings about which she refuses to tell Sears—and she is in the end perfectly cold to his entreaties before she leaves. "I never thought of Renée as being particularly cold," said Cheever. She's capricious; and she stands him up—twice. But she's terribly nice to him a good deal of the time." Still, when she stands him up, isn't he devastated? "Oh, yes," replied Cheever, "the 'Balkans of the spirit.'

"I don't know how successfully that's conveyed. What I meant was some absolute wilderness—yes just that, a wilderness. But then Sears is left with the memory of what a paradise it seems." Are romantic/erotic relationships always doomed? Can they survive only as pleasant memories? "No, on the contrary, I think they can be consummated and endure to an extraordinary length of time, longer than I believe I have ever heard anyone declare."

The purification of Beasley's Pond becomes more than a metaphor; it's almost the means of Sears's spiritual purification. "I think that if he wishes to discover any purity in himself," Cheever said, "he's not going to find it in himself; he's going to have to find it in some larger sphere—of which he is, of course, a part. Sears means to succeed in loving usefulness, and actually he is quite useful. He purifies a large body of water. There really is little one can do that's comparably useful today."

John Cheever occupies a special place in the pantheon of great American writers. Cheever and Updike are often compared for the elegance of their prose and because they both write out of their experience as WASP suburbanites. But while Updike seems to wax poetical at the slightest provocation, Cheever's lyricism is all the more powerful for its restraint. And traditional WASP values survive more intact in Cheever's fiction, though not without conflict. In the introduction to his collection of short stories, Cheever describes his work as determined to "trace some moral chain of being." He writes that although Calvin played no part in his religious education, "his presence seemed to abide in the barns of my childhood and to have left me with some undue bitterness."

Cheever looked a bit bewildered at the suggestion that in some ways one might think of him as an ethnic writer; he smiled and found amusing the proposition that one could draw a parallel between himself and Philip Roth. "No! Philip is a good friend, and I admire his work immensely—in fact I don't think of Roth as an ethnic writer, either. I think that's a limitation." As an attempt to pigeonhole Cheever's writings it no doubt would be, but it's not typecasting either author to acknowledge that each comes out of a definite heritage, and for each it is a source of tremendous ambivalence.

At his broadest, Cheever can produce an ethnic slapstick to rival Roth's: the Wapshot family of Yankee eccentrics, for example, with Moses Wapshot scampering naked over the roof to Melissa's room in *The Wapshot Chronicle*. The crumbling mansion itself, its windows broken and electricity out and all its priceless paintings forgeries, is a comic symbol of fading aristocracy. Then there is the husband in Cheever's short story, "The Fourth Alarm," whose wife joins an avant-garde theater group: "Adultery and cruelty were well-marked courses of action [for divorce] but what can a man do when his wife wants to appear naked on stage? In *Falconer*, there is also the darker burlesque of the two brothers' mutually fratricidal impulses, and the scene in which the father brings an abortionist home to dinner to introduce to his wife when she's pregnant with Farragut. As Farragut says later, in prison for fratricide and hooked on methadone, how could one help being a drug addict with a history like that?

While Roth's characters scream their emotions at the top of their lungs, Cheever's human comedy is characterized by what is left unsaid. His prose masterfully works its way around emotion. The feeling is there—it often looms much larger and more ominously for being unexpressed—it's simply that there are certain things that one just does not talk about.

A seminal work of Cheever's early career is *The Enormous Radio*. In it, a young couple living on Sutton Place buy a large radio that supernaturally picks up the revealing private conversations of their neighbors. Cheever wrote it at a time, he said, when he could still be shocked that behind their upright exteriors people carried all sorts of shames and vices; and there is a touch of adolescent righteousness to the story. But though the moral thrust of the piece may be simple, the unraveling of the young couple's lives in remorse and accusation is Cheever at his most devastating.

> ***"I go to church because prayer seems to contain certain levels of gratitude and aspiration that I know no other way of expressing."***

Because Cheever's fictional characters have followed him from his starving-artist beginnings on Hudson Street to Sutton Place and from there to the Westchester suburbs, people assume his writing is autobiographical. It's a misconception that Cheever has probably despaired of ever setting right.

Just as Balzac could find a Lear in a Parisian vermicelli manufacturer ("My bourgeois novels" he said "are more tragical than your tragic dramas"), Cheever discovered the themes of great literature dwelling among suburbanites. At first, his work found favor with intellectuals because his dark vision, often shading off into the depressive, seemed to confirm the then-fashionable disdain for American values as exemplified in the suburban middle class. Even the Soviets adopted Cheever as one of theirs, believing that his writings showed up the moral bankruptcy and decadence of capitalist society. This was a misreading of Cheever. His view of humanity would be the same no matter where he chose to situate himself or his fiction. If his characters lead less-than-perfect lives, if in fact they sometimes appear to be teetering on the edge of a spiritual abyss, this, to Cheever, is the universal human condition.

The author shares an identity with his characters, not in an autobiographical sense, but in a Christian one. Cheever is empathically inside his fictional crea-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions—even Charles Pastern in "The Brigadier and the Golf Widow," marching around the locker room shouting "Bomb Cuba! Bomb Berlin! Let's throw a little nuclear hardware at them and show them who's boss." In the end, his wife realizes that he's urging on the atomic holocaust because only the end of the world can end his own spiritual death. But his vision of apocalyptic imminence is too close to Cheever's for ironic detachment: Cheever has stood with Pastern on the edge of the abyss.

One can only admire a compassionate understanding that can embrace Charlie Pastern in the "Brigadier," and in *Paradise*, Betsy Logan's simple pleasure shopping at the local Buy Brite:

> She liked—she loved—to push a cart with nice rubber-tired wheels through a paradise of groceries, vegetables, meats, fishes, breads.... It is because our fortresses were meant to be impregnable that the fortresses of the ancient world have outlasted the marketplaces of the past, leaving the impression that fear and bellicosity were the keystones of our earliest communities, when in fact those crossroads where men met to barter fish for baskets, greens for meat, and gold for brides were the places where we first grew to know and communicate with one another. Some part of Betsy's excitement at Buy Brite may have been due to the fact that she was participating in one of the earliest rites of our civilization.
>
> The music coming over the Buy Brite Muzak system that morning is a Brandenburg concerto, chosen
>
> by a nephew of one of the majority stockholders, who seemed to think that there would be some enjoyable irony between eighteenth-century music and the tumult of a contemporary shopping center. He was, spiritually speaking, a frail young man who would amount to nothing, and the irony he so enjoyed would be discontinued and forgotten in a month or so. There is no irony, of course."

Cheever is not one of those writers who explain the world to us. He is not a psychological writer, and there is no sense in his writing that life has a meaning to be discovered. There is ugliness to cause despair, and there is beauty to celebrate—but there is nothing to explain. This is partly seen in Cheever's attitude toward psychoanalysis. He has tried therapy at several difficult times in his life, but has never found it helpful. In his stories, analysts are always underemployed. "Yes," said Cheever, "I am inclined to deal with them lightly in my fiction." They don't, he feels, have much to offer: "Psychoanalysis runs counter to fiction with the idea that everything is symptomatic. Fiction is not about what's symptomatic, it's about what's astonishing in life. Fiction is meant to illuminate."

Illuminate, not enlighten; it is a religious illumination not a humanistic enlightenment. He is in many ways our most religious writer today: The light in his fiction is the light cast by a halo; there is no source but in faith. And the dark side of his vision? "My sense of darkness is the sense of evil. I think there is evil in the world. I've always associated evil with darkness, and I've always associated goodness quite openly with light."

When asked what part religion plays in his life, he described himself as "a churchgoer." When pressed further he said he goes to church "because prayer seems to contain certain levels of gratitude and aspiration that I know no other way of expressing." He stops and considers before he makes this statement, and when he talks it's as if he is reciting the phrases. It is almost word for word what he has said about religion in other interviews, and beyond this he will not go. It's obviously important for him to get it just right: like his prose, perfectly poised between allusion and affirmation.

BERNARD GOTFRYD-NEWSWEEK

Working at home: "My sense of darkness is the sense of evil in the world. I've always associated evil with darkness, and goodness, quite openly, with light."

A short way into our interview, Cheever apologized for his failing strength and said he could talk only a little while longer. I mentioned that "The Death of Justina" is one of my favorite stories. "I'm so glad you like it," he said. "I love it. I used to love giving readings of it. It's short, it would only take about 12 minutes, and if I were going to read a long story, something like 'The Swimmer,' I'd read 'The Death of Justina' to find out what the audience was like, what the depth of their response was. And it used to appeal to almost everyone on one level or another."

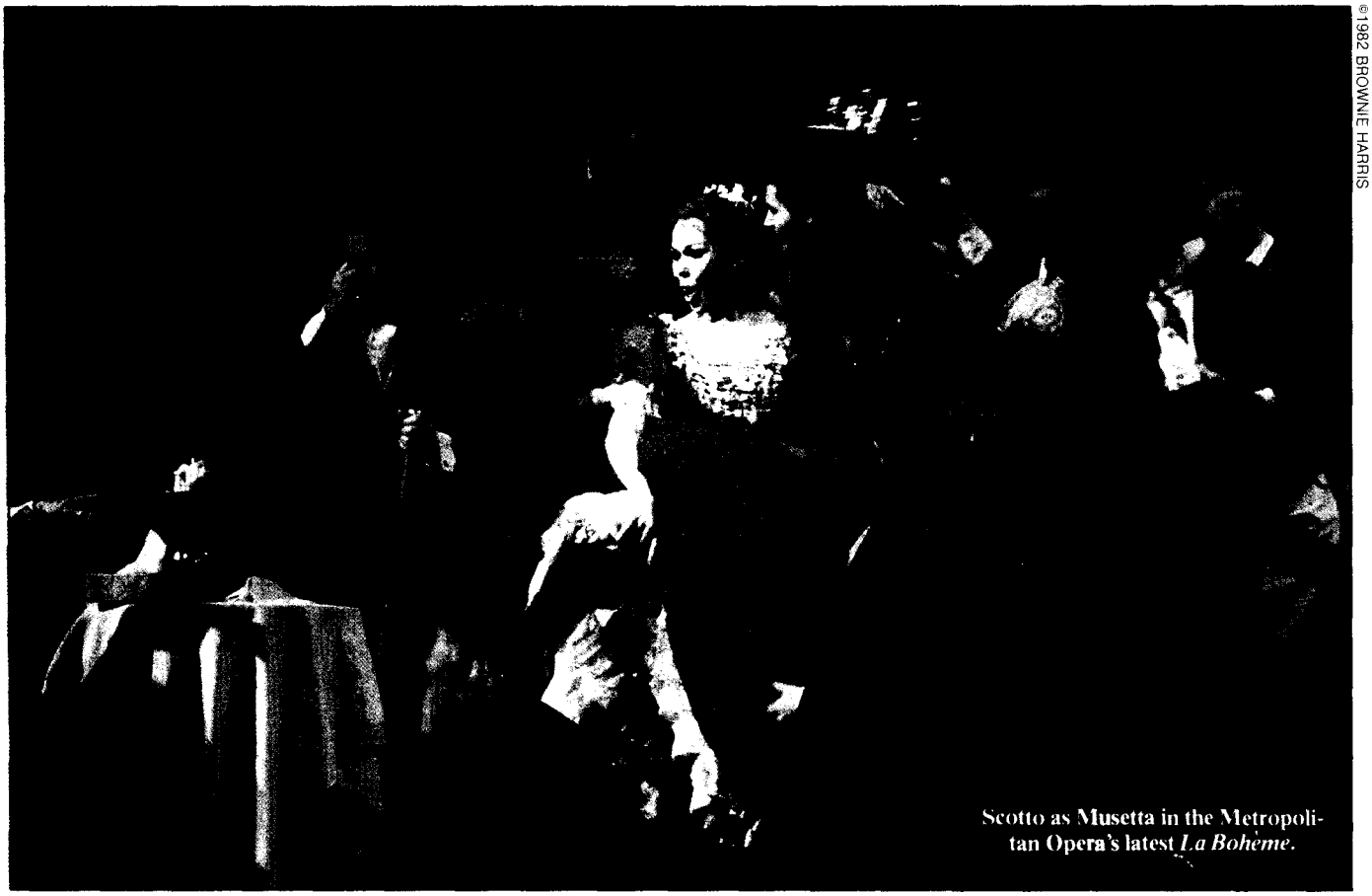
In "Justina," Cheever writes, "How can a people who do not mean to understand death hope to understand love....?" "Yes," Cheever said, quoting from the same passage, "love is a violet-flavored kiss," a line referring to our culture's denial of death, represented in the story by the undertaker and his helpers hiding behind their limousines at Justina's funeral. The end of the passage—"who will sound the alarm?"—had always intrigued me, but if I hoped for an explanation, it wasn't forthcoming. Cheever looked as if, yes, that's exactly what he meant to say, and to say more would only muddy up the idea with inadequate words.

"Justina" ends with a personal and strongly felt rendition of the 23rd Psalm; it is at least a partial answer to his thoughts at the opening of the story on life, death, and the purpose of fiction:

> Fiction is art and art is the triumph over chaos (no less) and we can accomplish this only by the most vigilant exercise of choice, but in a world that changes more swiftly than we can perceive there is always the danger that our powers of selection will be mistaken and that the vision we serve will come to nothing. We admire decency and we despise death but even the mountains seem to shift in the space of a night, and perhaps the exhibitionist at the corner of Chestnut and Elm streets is more significant than the lovely woman with a bar of sunlight in her hair, putting a fresh piece of cuttlebone in the nightingale's cage. Just let me give you one example of chaos and if you disbelieve me look honestly into your own past and see if you can't find a comparable experience....

Throughout his life, Cheever has tried in his fiction to bring order to chaos and to exalt the decent and beautiful, though he often doubted that good would prevail over evil. The despair in his fiction is palpable. But so too is the abiding faith that answers it. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1982 BROWNIE HARRIS

Scotto as Musetta in the Metropolitan Opera's latest *La Bohème*.

The Opera Star They Love to Hate

Renata Scotto is the Met's reigning diva, but she is often booed by hostile audiences. At 47, her voice shows signs of strain and she is suffering from over-exposure.

BY CAROLINE SEEBOHM

She came onstage and even before she opened her mouth somebody in the gallery yelled something. A gasp ran through the house. Then when she started singing, it was clear she could not sing the role. People quickly started booing and, what was worse, laughing. It came to the point where people would groan before she attempted a high note, and titter afterwards. It was horrible."

Thus, according to an eyewitness, went the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera's 1981-82 season, *Norma*, with Renata Scotto in the title role. No one could remember such a night. Booing is, of course, not unknown to opera audiences, but this was quite out of control, so much so that Met officials were called to remove the rowdiest offenders. Scotto at least completed the performance. Opera singers faced with such noisy opposition have been known to storm off the set in outrage. But Renata Scotto is nothing if not determined: This was her debut in *Norma* at the Met, she had worked very hard on it, and she would not be moved. Probably wisely, she decided to take no curtain calls after the disastrous first act; at the end of the opera she received the mixture of applause and jeers with equanimity. Only on her last bow did she raise her arms in what might have been a gesture of defiance.

Later she did more Normas that were

Caroline Seebohm's biography of Condé Nast, *The Man Who Was Vogue*, will be published by Viking in May.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better and greeted with more enthusiasm. In the same season she also garnered much praise for her three-part appearance in Puccini's *Il Trittico*. But the memory of that ugly night lingered, for it threw into sharp relief the strangely provocative figure that Renata Scotto has become in the eyes of the opera world. It was as though the trouble that had been brewing for some time finally exploded that night of September 21. As one well-known conductor remarked afterwards, "Wherever she goes now there'll be these displays. She's the Judy Garland of the opera world. It's beyond music."

The feeling against Scotto stems, in part, from a fault that may seem negligible to outsiders, but that haunts all opera singers aiming for immortality—overexposure. A favorite of Met music director James Levine, the Italian-born Scotto, 47, often has first call on many of the Met's leading roles, to the exclusion of other fine singers such as Kiri Te Kanawa and Raina Kabaivanska. Her domination of the soprano repertory in recent years has aroused accusations of favoritism from many quarters. New York audiences are notoriously restless; they want new looks, new sounds, new experiences. Presenting the same singer in so many operas turned out to be a serious misjudgment on the part of the Met management.

The situation was made much worse during the late 1970s by television. When the first *Live From the Met* production was televised in 1977, Scotto played Mimi in *La Bohème* with Luciano Pavarotti as Rodolfo. It was a huge success, and Scotto suddenly became a household name to millions, instead of to the few privileged thousands who could afford Met tickets. Since then, thanks to her position as the Met's reigning diva, Scotto has appeared in seven Met telecasts—extraordinary exposure for an opera singer. By 1980 she had become a full-fledged star, with the imperiousness to match.

Yet it was at this very moment that serious signs of strain began to show in her voice, further angering some opera buffs. Reviews of her performances in the late 1970s begin more often to express doubts: "The voice was sometimes less impressive, moving as always in the lyrical passages but occasionally strident in the cabalettas...." "Occasionally shrill...." "Desperate lunges...." And so forth. Critics were reluctant to come down too hard. "Convinced one more through artistry than vocal means," was the sort of thing they conceded. But her voice was clearly under more and more pressure. Too many performances in the heavy soprano roles (such as Leonora, Tosca, Lady Macbeth, all now part of Scotto's repertory) can do immeasurable damage to the vocal instrument, and people began to murmur about over-stretching her God-given talent, pushing the voice too far, too fast. It was noticed that sometimes her arias were being transposed to a lower pitch, a technique commonly used by conductors to aid singers having difficulty with high notes. Ambitions on the order of Scotto's all too often lead to disaster—and to audience hostility. As the great mezzo Christa Ludwig recently remarked, "You must be careful with your voice. It's like a raw egg—once it's kaput, it's kaput."

Opening-night disaster: Scotto as Norma at the Metropolitan Opera.

The voice of Renata Scotto was never the most classically beautiful. It never offered the crystalline coloratura or creamy legato of a Milanov, a Tebaldi, a Sutherland, or a Caballé. Even the earliest reviews of her singing refer to the occasional metallic timbre or screechiness at the top. But Scotto never set out to perform on voice alone. She, like many great interpreters before her, worked through her vocal flaws to offer the most rounded performance possible, both singing *and* acting as opposed to the empty lusciousness emanating from the "singing armchairs," as director Franco Zeffirelli called Sutherland and Caballé.

"It is not enough to have a beautiful voice," Maria Callas once said. "When you interpret a role, you have a thousand colors to portray happiness, joy, sorrow, fear." This was also Scotto's approach. "When I'm onstage I take care to phrase, communicate, and give emotion to the audience. I prefer to have one unbeautiful note in my voice than perfection that doesn't mean anything." It was this approach that won her acclaim in her early career.

Perhaps her greatest achievement during her rise to stardom in the 1960s was her interpretation of the title role in *Madama Butterfly*, with which she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1965, and went on to perform there and elsewhere with outstanding success. Her overpowering presence and intensity onstage thrilled audiences as they watched her move through the devastating range of emotions suffered by poor Butterfly, without for a moment losing the musical line or vocal accuracy.

With her passionate phrasing, Scotto also brought new life to the bel canto roles of Bellini and Donizetti, just as Callas had done before her. "The words are there," she says, "even with the strict constructions of recitative, aria, and cabaletta. The shape of the words is fantastic. In verismo one can express emotions in another way. My career was based on bel canto, but now I sing verismo in Puccini, for instance, and my only difficulty is to control the style while portraying a human character who is often very close to us. In spite of the intensity of the drama, the music comes first."

To obtain the characterization behind the fine sculpture of phrasing and musical line that are the hallmarks of a Scotto performance, she works very hard, first on the background of the story and libretto, then on the composer. "When I start into the music I already know everything," she says. "So it is easy for me to find what the composer means. Then I must work with the technique, breathing, phrasing."

Phrasing—making shapes of the lines of the music—is so important to a Scotto performance that when she makes recordings, she refuses to do the small retakes that most people willingly do to cover up flaws or vocal mistakes. "It breaks the atmosphere," she says. "Anyone will tell you, I am very hard about this. I remember when I did *Suor Angelica* with Lorin Maazel, we did four takes after the aria 'Senza Mamma,' with no stops right to the end. I said, 'Maestro, we must do it this way.' And he said, 'If you

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotto (above) as Cio-Cio San in *Madama Butterfly*; (center top) as Mimì with Luciano Pavarotti in *La Bohème*; (center below) as Lauretta with Frank Guarrera in *Il Trittico*; and (right) as La Gioconda on PBS.

can do it, we do it—with no cuts!'" In a television documentary on the life of Maria Callas, Scotto paid tribute to the other great phrase-maker of this generation, saying that she learned from Callas that although the voice is important, you have to understand each phrase—that "opera is more than singing."

The part of opera that isn't singing is acting, and in this Scotto quickly became an exemplar. Although very small, and until 1977 a rather dumpy, peasant-like figure on stage, she had a pretty mouth and teeth, always an advantage to a singer, and used her face and body with great expressiveness. She has always thought out her movements with the greatest care. For instance, in the recently televised *Il Trittico*, she plays a nun, Sister Angelica, who takes poison in order to join her dead son. At the point of drinking the deadly potion, a little of it spills around her mouth, and she hastily wipes it away. This tiny detail, observed by the camera in close-up, was meticulously prepared by the singer. "I like to act and I like to think through what I do," she explains. "So if I drink when I am very anxious, I drink very fast and the liquid will splash a little. And for Angelica that drink is not poison, but something that will make her happy, so she does not want to lose a drop...." When she describes her roles, Scotto has an uncanny ability to *be* the character, even when she is only speaking about it. Few opera singers can convey emotion so vividly.

Stage director Fabrizio Melano, who has directed Scotto in 10 operas, finds her a joy to work with for this reason. "Most singers are primarily singers, then apply acting later as a veneer. The marvelous thing about Scotto is that her singing and acting spring from the same source, deep inside her. She is profoundly conscious of dramatic values and of the meaning of the text. Her response is instinctive." Mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos, who was Adalgisa in the ill-fated *Norma*, stresses her colleague's dedication and concentration on stage. "I have never known her to come to rehearsal without knowing everything in the music and in the meaning of the words. Her motivation is single-minded."

Renata Scotto's rise to prominence occurred during the reign of several great divas—Tebaldi, Callas, Sutherland. But as these singers retired or faded from the scene, Scotto, with her exciting mixture of singing and acting talent, rapidly filled the gap. By the early 1970s she was one of the only still-young sopranos able to attempt the great lyric dramatic roles with anything like the success of her predecessors. She and her husband, Lorenzo Anselmi, a former violinist now her full-time manager, were not unaware of her increasing box-office power, and in 1972 she made her first public declaration of divadom. "I sing for eight years at the Met now," she told the newspapers, "and I don't have one new production, never, and no opening night either. I will not sing at the Met again until they give me a new production or opening night of some interesting opera for me and the audience."

For singers, a new production designed around them, or some kind of gala opening, is the opera world's highest accolade. The Met finally promised Scotto the opening night of *Il Trovatore* for its 1976-77 season, plus a new production of *I Vespri Siciliani* in 1974. The singer, keeping her promise, did not sing at the Met from 1972 until the first night

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of that new production. The *Vespris* were a great success, and at her request, the Met gave her all three soprano roles in Puccini's *Il Trittico*. Scotto was now beginning to expand her career at will. But it was 1976, the year of her first opening night of the Met season, that can be regarded as the culmination of her career so far.

The 1976-77 season was the American year of Renata Scotto. She was under contract for 40 performances with the Met and its national tour, including two new productions, *La Bohème* and *Le Prophète*—plus three opera recordings. This focus on the U.S. was partly political. "The economic situation in Italy is not good at present, and the political situation is confused," Scotto said at the time. "I have accepted only two engagements in Italy in the next few years."

But the Americanization of Scotto was also the responsibility of an increasingly important figure in her career—the newly appointed music director and leading conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, James Levine. Scotto was the first major artist the conducting prodigy had handled, and mutual ambition made them a dynamic combination. "When I first worked with Renata Scotto on *Vespri Siciliani* in 1974," he told writer Stephen E. Rubin, "they were among the most memorable performances I've ever participated in. Since then, she has asked for me and I have asked for her. Renata is a direct descendant of the great, expressive Italian sopranos." With the Met's music director so passionately in her corner, getting the parts she wanted was no great struggle—let alone new productions or first nights. By 1977 Renata Scotto was the Met's undisputed queen.

Then came all her television performances—and with them some other important changes. On seeing herself as Mimí in the 1977 telecast, Scotto immediately swore to lose weight—and she shed 43 pounds. "I thank television for that," she says. "You have to make the character believable, and to make the character believable you have to look right." (Another diva felt the same way, and lost some 80 pounds in the early stages of her career—Maria Callas.) The impact of this weight loss was immediately apparent. She was proud of her more youthful body and used it to ever greater effect in her performances. Not everyone, however, liked the new, regal style projected by the artist. Andrew Porter of the *New Yorker* wrote: "The dear, bright little bundle of earlier days has acquired a grand manner that sits oddly on her small frame. I tend to admire it. She does everything so confidently. But I see why some people think it slips into the absurd."

The slimmed-down star attracted increasing publicity, and Madison Avenue confirmed her status by including her in the pantheon of "legends" postulated by Blackglama's mink-coat advertisements. Renata Scotto alongside Gloria Swanson and Lillian Hellman? No one was likely to call her a dear, bright little bundle ever again.

The opera world, like most specialized, hermetic communities, is hypersensitive, emotional, and drenched in gossip, and these shifts in Scotto's career, which to an outsider might seem trivial, loomed ever larger inside the charmed circle. Only this can explain the circumstances leading up to the scandalous September 1979 televised documentary of the making of *La Gioconda*, starring Renata Scotto and Luciano Pavarotti, in San Francisco.

DeWitt Sage, the producer/writer/director of the program for KCET in Los Angeles, started work at the San Francisco Opera House in the spring of 1979. During that time, while picking up the strong sense of family feeling backstage, he was surprised to discover how much hostility to Renata Scotto existed prior to her arrival. "The house was already against her," he said. The feeling was exacerbated by her lateness for rehearsals—a body-blow to the schedule—and her subsequent alienation from Kurt Herbert Adler, the general manager of the opera house.

Her behavior could be diagnosed mainly as insecurity about her prima donna status, which manifested itself in a feud with Pavarotti, whose own superstardom was reaching a zenith far beyond her own. She never spoke to him, disliked being onstage with him, and refused to be photographed in the same place as the tenor, who, after various attempts at friendliness, went his own way. The situation was not eased by the constant presence of Scotto's manager-husband, who fed her insecurities and fanned the flames of rivalry. (This is something of a tradition in operatic marriages. Franco Corelli's wife, Lauretta, told record producer John Culshaw, "'E maka da song when *I* say he maka da song.") Anselmi sent a cable at one point warning the television director that if he did not give as much screen time to Scotto as to Pavarotti, they would call the whole thing off.

In this paranoid setting, opening night arrived. On the day before the opening, Scotto received a hostile letter from a claque threatening to ruin her performance. She apparently assumed Pavarotti was behind this latest harassment. However, the opera was performed without incident, apart from the occasional unobtrusive booing. But Pavarotti committed the final insult by taking a solo curtain call at the end of Act IV—*La Gioconda*'s act, the great *Suicidio!* act, Scotto's act. It was the last straw.

When the final curtain came down, all hell broke lose. On instructions signaled by her husband in the wings, Scotto refused to take a solo call. She stormed offstage and into her dressing room, calling down imprecations on Pavarotti's head, all recorded by the faithful cameras of DeWitt Sage. As film continued to roll, Anselmi threw Kurt Adler out of the dressing room, to Scotto's ranting accompaniment. The row was such that people said she was doing her *suicidio* on camera—that she would never recover. Of course, a lot of the hysteria landed on the cutting-room floor. But when the film was broadcast, enough remained to shock even the most loyal of supporters. What was captured on screen was the petty tantrum of an over-ambitious prima donna—not the sublime artistry of a great opera singer. It would not be forgotten.

"Wherever she goes now there'll be these displays. She's the Judy Garland of the opera world. It's beyond music."

By 1980, critical notices sharpened in tone, and so did the pro- and anti-Scotto camps. The murmurs of discontent at Scotto's domination of the Met grew louder as her voice began to fail to justify the opera house's slavish devotion. Her fans continued to declare she was one of the great interpreters of our time, that with the general dearth of good opera singers, audiences should be grateful for Scotto's courage and determination in taking on the heavier repertory. Her detractors pointed to her vocal difficulties and suggested that without the Met, her career would be severely curtailed. James Levine, perhaps the only person who could quell these argu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, now maintains a no-comment policy on individual artists. He has also declined to respond to the general question about the lack of good singers or to the complaint that the Met fosters "house" artists.

Singers who convey the maximum amount of emotion when they perform tend to inspire an emotional response in the audience. "I must give the audience what the composer has created," Scotto says. "I feel very much this responsibility. That is why I never do something approximately." It is possible that this emotional level of communication engenders a more passionate kind of fan response than usual, or attracts more of the fringe fanatics. Such fans go to extreme lengths to express their devotion or disgust—claques of booers, threatening letters, rainstorms of radishes at curtain calls—these are the everyday weapons of the fringe element of fandom. It was perhaps inevitable that Renata Scotto, as intense a stage performer as Callas, should get the same attention (with some contemporary flourishes—a Miss Piggy doll delivered anonymously to her dressing room, for instance).

Unfortunately, Scotto's position was made worse because it was the Callas fans she had most seriously provoked during her rise to stardom. There were the frequent—and to Callas fans, absurd—comparisons between the two singer-actresses. There was Scotto's continued emulation of Callas's repertory. There was an attack she launched against Callas for upstaging the younger soprano at La Scala in 1971. And, finally, there was an anti-Callas story she told on television. Such niggling incidents added up to enough provocation to stir the Callas fans into a froth of hostility. Alienating them may originally have been unintended and bad luck. Alienating Pavarotti fans, equally religious in their devotion, was less innocent, and the feud culminating in the *La Gioconda* display was an invitation to revenge.

It was in this sensitive atmosphere then, that Renata Scotto opened the 1981-82 season at the Met in *Norma*. No ordinary role, Norma may be one of the most difficult parts ever written for a singer. John Ardoin, in the book on Callas he co-authored with Gerald Fitzgerald, says that "Norma is to a soprano what King Lear is to an actor, the final challenge of heart and mind. It is not merely the most demanding role created by Bellini; it is also one of the most complex in all opera."

The singing requirements are awesome—enormous dramatic power, an inexhaustible supply of emotion, supreme mastery of the bel canto technique, and a physical stamina to achieve all this while being onstage 75 percent of the evening. The first Norma was Giuditta Pasta, who sang both heavy and light roles. Later, as people tended to separate lyric and dramatic soprano singers, Norma went to the heavier dramatic voices. But Callas once again closed that gap—and her Norma, in which she made her Metropolitan Opera debut, became the definitive interpretation of the role for modern times. "Out of a repertory of 47 roles, it is as Bellini's Norma that Callas is most likely to be remembered," writes John Ardoin.

This in itself would not have been enough to stack the cards against Scotto. Other singers have assayed the role since Callas, including Sutherland, Sills, and Caballé, but Scotto's association with Callas made anticipation run wild. And since opera fans generally get their "high" from the sound of the human voice, their expectations rise to feverish heights in an opera such as *Norma*, particularly since Bellini, in his wisdom, wrote one of the most fiendishly challenging arias in all the vocal repertory at the opening of the opera—the famous "Casta Diva."

The evening is now history. Critics conceded little to the off-putting circumstances, and her enemies in the audience invoked the most blatant judgment against her. "I feel sad for them," Renata Scotto says now, eyes flashing with suppressed rage. "They must be unhappy in their lives. It was a circus." She slaps her hands against each other in a dismissive gesture. "We had worked so hard to make it perfect. But these things happen to us. We have to take risks." She laughs defiantly.

Scotto continues to take risks. Unlike some stars who might have withdrawn from the other performances of *Norma* in a fit of pique, she sang them all—with better results and no claques. Immediately after this, she appeared in the three soprano roles of *Il Trittico*, which was also televised, where her intensity of singing and acting was seen at its best. She has just been seen yet again on television as Musetta in Zeffirelli's new production of *La Bohème*, and future Met engagements through 1984 include *I Vespri Siciliani*, *Macbeth*, and *Adriana Lecouvreur*. Perhaps her schedule is not quite so busy as in the past. Those heady years of the 1970s cannot be recaptured. She faces the problem all singers face, especially those who take risks with their voices—when to stop. She would like to direct, and she would like to act. "To act is a dream I have," she confesses. It's a logical move, after all.

Yet one is tempted once again to bring up the specter of Maria Callas. In an attempt to revive her career after severe vocal problems had set in, Callas made her first appearance as an actress in Pier Paolo Pasolini's film version of *Medea*. It was a disaster. She also made a stab at directing—and failed. For Callas, it was all over. Renata Scotto has more singing ahead of her and more confidence than Callas ever had. And there may not be many other sopranos around who can do what she can do, even now. But the question is, can the diva be rediviva? ■

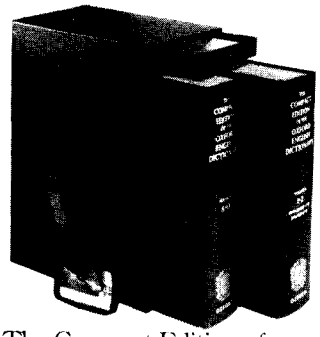
HENRY GROSSMAN

At home with her husband, Lorenzo Anselmi, and their children, Laura and Filippo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose one of these six sets and save up to $282.50.

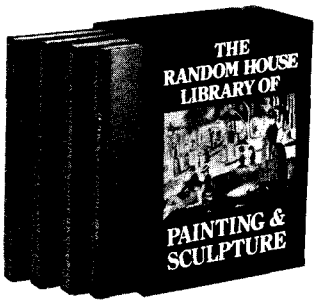
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language" – *The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photo reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* Magnifying glass included.

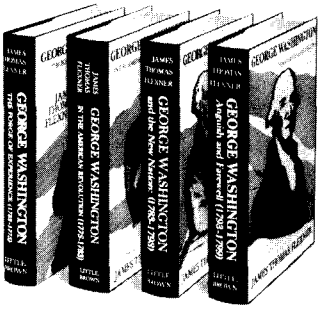
$125.00	Publisher's price
-$105.05	Your savings
$ 19.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price



The Random House Library of Painting & Sculpture

Your own guided tour of the world's greatest painting and sculpture in four lavishly illustrated, slipcased volumes: Vol. I, *Understanding Art,* Vols. II and III, *The History of Art,* Vol. IV, *Dictionary of Artists and Art Terms.*

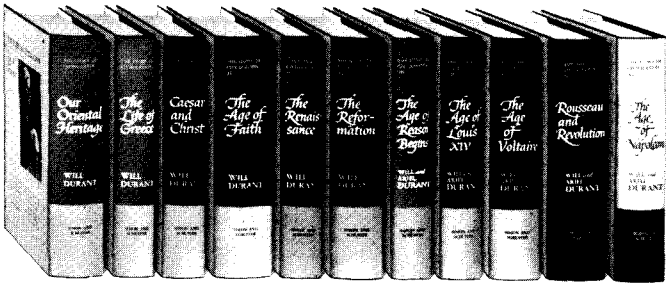
$100.00	Publisher's prices total
-$ 85.00	Your savings
$ 15.00	Book-of-the-Month Club price



George Washington Set

James Thomas Flexner's distinguished four-volume study of America's first president: *George Washington: The Forge of Experience (1732-1775); George Washington: In the American Revolution (1775-1783); George Washington: And the New Nation (1783-1793);* and *George Washington: Anguish and Farewell (1793-1799).*

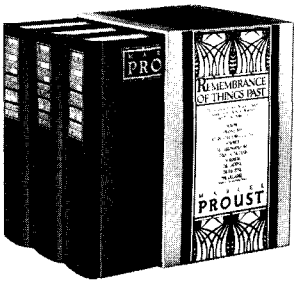
$60.00	Publisher's prices total
-$50.05	Your savings
$ 9.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history – the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests – to show the foundations of society today. The Durants 11-volume illustrated masterwork is history come alive in all its dimensions. The enormous scope of the work covers ancient and recent civilization, including Oriental as well as Western history. A magnificent centerpiece for any home library.

$307.45	Publisher's prices total
-$282.50	Your savings
$ 24.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price



Remembrance of Things Past

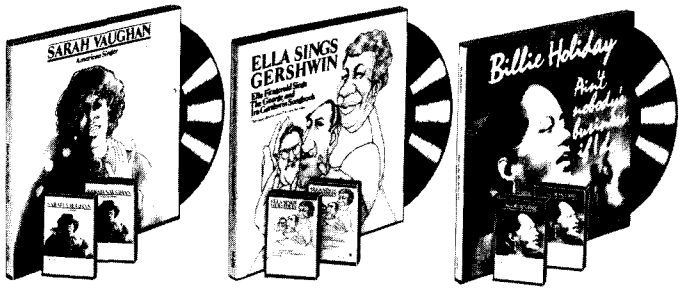
The major new translation of Proust's masterpiece that combines its seven parts into three elegant volumes. "An extraordinary venture... brilliantly effected at last" – *The New York Times Book Review.*

$75.00	Publisher's price
-$65.00	Your savings
$10.00	Book-of-the-Month Club price

Benefits of Membership

Membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club begins with your choice of the extraordinary works offered here. Because our prices are generally lower than the publishers', you will save on works such as these throughout your membership as well as on the finest new fiction and nonfiction titles. In fact, the longer you remain a member, the greater your savings can be. Our Book-Dividend® plan, for which you become eligible after a brief trial enrollment, offers at least 70% off the publisher's price on art books, reference works, classics, books on cooking and crafts, literary sets and other contemporary works of enduring value. Nevertheless, all Book-of-the-Month Club books are equal in quality to the publishers' originals; they are not condensed versions or cheaply made reprints.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
America's Bookstore® since 1926.



Great Ladies of Song

Three custom recordings from Book-of-the-Month Club: *Sarah Vaughan: American Singer* (3-record set) – 31 recordings no longer in print that offer a unique swinging survey of the great singer's career; *Ella Sings Gershwin* (4-record set) – 53 of the Gershwins' best, interpreted by Ella Fitzgerald; *Billy Holiday: Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do* (4-record set) – 48 songs by the legendary singer, backed by over 50 jazz giants of the era. Each album available on records, two 8-tracks or two cassettes.

$76.85	Nonmember prices total
-$64.35	Your savings
$12.50	Book-of-the-Month Club price

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jill Clayburgh: The Fine Art of Coping

Portrayed as the "new woman" in most of her films, she is expecting her first child in July. Like her characters, she'll now have to manage all the pressures of family and career.

BY SCOT HALLER

It's a scene typical of New York City, 1982: The woman of the house is trying to juggle the demands of career, family, and friends. In her West Side apartment on this winter afternoon, there is a dog underfoot, something wrong with the dryer downstairs, and no word from the tutor she wants to speak with about her nine-year-old stepson. There is a long-distance phone call to return, a business meeting in an hour, and an opera-outing with a girlfriend planned for tonight. She is wearing gray sweatpants, a violet sweater, and no makeup. As she crosses her entrance hall, her stepson comes through the front door. He has brought home a pal. "Are you back from school *already*?" she asks and then kisses him hello. Out the open door goes her husband, en route to an indoor tennis game wearing sneakers and his Adidas warm-up suit. "Don't you want the coat I gave you for Christmas?" she asks before he disappears. "Do you kids want anything?" she asks before the boys disappear. As if her life weren't complicated enough, she is having a baby this summer—at age 37, following a miscarriage 17 months ago. When the momentary frenzy around her subsides, the woman sighs, then manages a smile. In the middle of this everyday, modern maelstrom, Jill Clayburgh is doing what she does best: coping.

"I don't know how people manage," she says. The tone of voice is characteristically Clayburgh: it sounds simultaneously astonished and world-weary. "It's hard enough for me with a husband, a stepson, a career, and life in general. To think of adding a baby to an already impossible situation—I don't have any answers. I don't think anybody does it without a lot of ragged edges. I might have it easier because I'm not working every month of the year. But how does someone with an office job manage? How do they shop for the kid's birthday or do all the millions of things that come up? That is mind-boggling to me. Those are the women I'm really in awe of."

On screen, Clayburgh has made a career out of making sense of such women and their situations. While Jane Fonda's movies espouse political causes, Clayburgh's films grapple with social mores: divorce, the high anxieties of single life, the conflicts between careers and romance. From the street-wise hooker of *Hustling* (her breakthrough 1975 TV movie) to the high-strung television producer of *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*, which opens this month, Clayburgh has consistently and convincingly exemplified the urban working woman who is sorting through the difficult social and sex-role changes of the past decade.

As *New York Times* film critic Janet Maslin has observed, Clayburgh's films are "more than just run-of-the-mill movies about women. They're conversation pieces, films that prompt their audiences to speculate about work, love, domesticity, dedication, and the modern woman's problems...."

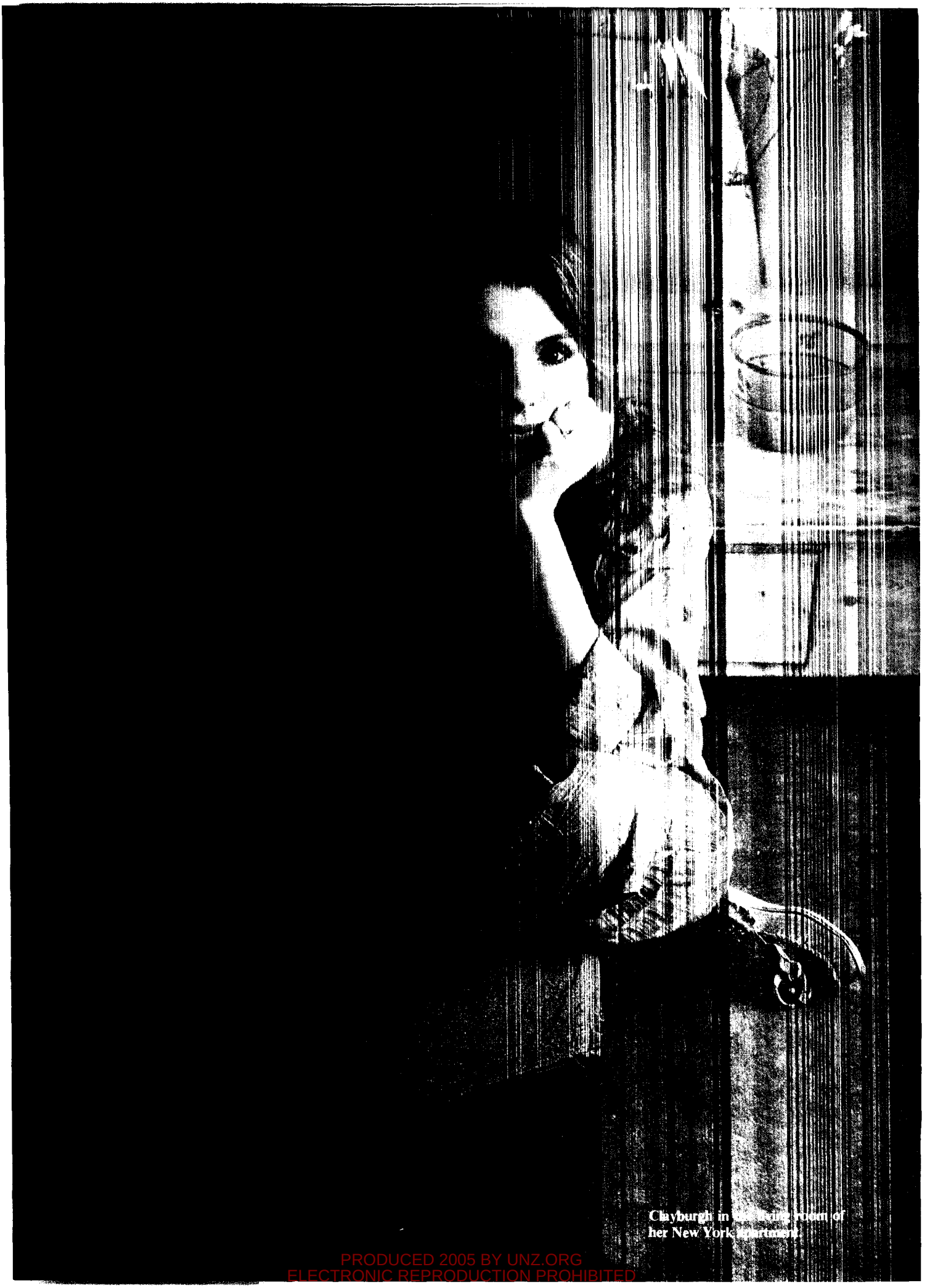
Whether as the unmarried woman of Paul Mazursky's hit 1978 movie, the Everywoman nursery schoolteacher who beds Burt Reynolds in *Starting Over* (1979), or the Wonder Woman math professor of Claudia Weill's underrated 1980 comedy, *It's My Turn*, the characters Clayburgh has portrayed are emblematic of the times. Even in a trivial comedy, Clayburgh doesn't trifle: In last year's *First Monday in October*, she played the only Madame Justice on the U.S. Supreme Court. At once resilient and vulnerable, good-hearted and hard-headed, highly professional in their jobs and highly personable in their love affairs, her feisty women are the bruised but decorated heroes of the sexual revolution. "If I'd been around 15 or 20 years ago in movies," says Clayburgh, "I don't think I would have been acceptable."

Her new film, *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*, the movie version of Barbara Gordon's best-selling memoir about Valium addiction, secures Clayburgh's status as Hollywood's most affecting embodiment of the 1980s Woman. With this movie, however, she takes a new turn: *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can* examines the dark side of current events. "This isn't Miss Wonderful," says Clayburgh. "It's a very brittle woman."

An award-winning TV documentary filmmaker, Barbara Gordon is under pressure at work and at home. Her program about a poet dying of cancer (marvelously etched by Geraldine Page) has network executives nervous. Her professional accomplishments are jeopardizing a relationship with the lawyer (Nicol Williamson) who shares her apartment. On the surface, Gordon is dealing with these situations competently; on the sly, she is taking 60 milligrams of Valium a day. When she suddenly decides to stop, Gordon experiences severe withdrawal

Scot Haller is a senior editor of *Saturday Review*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Clayburgh in the living room of her New York apartment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symptoms (including a *grand mal* seizure), violent confrontations with her boyfriend, and eventually, a nervous breakdown. She enters a mental institution to end her addiction and emotional traumas.

As played by Clayburgh, Barbara Gordon is not the book's whining princess preyed upon by psychiatrist and lover. Instead, she's a self-made woman with self-inflicted wounds. She tells her psychiatrist that she knows she is taking too much Valium. "So I get scared about that and take some more." Swerving from utter confidence to utter fear in a split second, Clayburgh captures Gordon's ambivalence about her business and love affairs. In effect, Gordon is the black-sheep sister of earlier Clayburgh characters.

©1982 NANCY RICA SCHIFF

With husband David Rabe, screenwriter of *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can.*

Outside, it's one of the coldest mornings of the winter. Inside her seven-room apartment, Jill Clayburgh is having a second cup of coffee—with characteristic second thoughts. "I'm not supposed to be drinking this while I'm pregnant," she says. "You're not supposed to drink, you're not supposed to smoke, you're not supposed to...." She finishes her sentence by wrinkling up her face in mock disgust. Whenever Jill Clayburgh wants to make a point, she makes a face. She has, she says, "a putty face." It can, in fact, run through a half dozen expressions in a single sentence.

She also possesses industrial-strength modesty. She is perhaps the only star of her stature who still calls her pals "girlfriends"—as in "I'll have to phone my girlfriends and ask them about traveling with a newborn baby." According to film producer Amy Robinson, "Jill functions very deliberately in the real world. She takes out her garbage, she does her own shopping. Unlike some movie stars, she chose not to isolate herself after she got famous." In Clayburgh's down-to-earth, up to-the-minute world, even having a cup of coffee is a modern problem, an act fraught with dire consequences. "You're not supposed to have *one* drink," Clayburgh continues. "Well, I don't think that's true. I'm sure every European mother in the world has wine with her dinner." She stops short. "Of course, look where Europe is today. I don't know. It's crazy."

If anxiety and equivocation are now norms, it's no wonder that Clayburgh has emerged as a star in this climate. Even her features suggest the ambivalence that often afflicts her characters. The mouth turns downward, the face seems long, the head instinctively slips into a cocked-to-the-side position, as if trying to decipher the sights before it. But that weary-from-the-world look is sabotaged by the upturned ski nose, the lively blue eyes, the high cheekbones. It's a face in which presence of mind and future shock are constantly colliding.

Like Jean Arthur, the 1930s comedienne whom she resembles and to whom she is most often compared, Clayburgh has an offbeat charm that isn't off-putting. More earthbound than Diane Keaton, more earthy than Jane Fonda, Clayburgh, like Arthur, is an attractive and reassuring blend of All-American girl and spunky, sophisticated lady. "There's something very *touchable* about Jill on screen," says Amy Robinson. "Everything she does, people can conceive of themselves doing. She's never a perfect person. Her slip is showing, or she trips, or she throws up."

"Women do seem to like me on screen," Clayburgh says. "I think because I'm somewhere in the ballpark of where they can see themselves. A lot of women will say to me, 'Oh, my husband just wants to run away with you.' But they don't say it with any jealousy. I think they sense my faults." Or, as Burt Reynolds told her in *Semi-Tough*, "You're real close, honey, but you ain't no ten."

While Jill Clayburgh is an eloquent interpreter of the times, she is also a product of them. It's a tale of early ambition, career battles, a relationship with a man whose success preempted her own, and late-arriving recognition.

Born into an upper-middle-class family on Manhattan's East Side, Clayburgh was raised in the neighborhood inhabited by Erica Benton in *An Unmarried Woman*. Her father is Albert Henry Clayburgh, a bookcloth manufacturer. Her mother, Julia, a one-time production secretary to David Merrick, died of cancer six years ago. As a child, Jill was, by her own estimation, "a bossy brat." She was also sufficiently troubled that her parents sent her to a psychiatrist when she was in second grade. (A strong proponent of therapy, she still sees a psychiatrist.) "It wasn't a matter of growing up in New York," she says. "It's never where you *are*. It's who you're with."

She attended Brearley, a prestigious Manhattan girls' school, where her unhappiness continued. The grade-grubbing, elitist ambience of the school aggravated her competitive side and irritated her democratic sensibility. "I didn't like the lives of the people I saw around me," she has said. But at Sarah Lawrence College, her difficulties diminished. One summer, she accompanied her roommate, Andra Akers, to an apprentice program at a theater in Williamstown, Massachusetts, delivered one line in *Man and Superman*, and subsequently embarked upon a life in the theater. After graduation in 1966, she headed for Boston's Charles Street Repertory Company. It proved a pivotal stop: Clayburgh honed her talents and met the man she lived with for five years: Al Pacino.

She and Pacino moved to New York and lived the struggling-young-actor life. They appeared on the same double bill off-Broadway (*The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *It's Called the Sugar Plum*), each earning $56 a week for their efforts. Expenses were cushioned by $200 a month Clayburgh received from her parents. And although Pacino shunned

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soap operas, Clayburgh appeared on *Search for Tomorrow* to bring in money.

While Pacino was beginning his movie career in the early 1970s, Clayburgh was taking a more circuitous, conventional route to recognition. She was singing and dancing on Broadway in *The Rothschilds* and in *Pippin*. Although her reviews were flattering, the rest of the media attention was not. When the *New York Post* interviewed her in 1970, the article emphasized her relationship with Pacino, discussed her culinary skills, and included her recipe for Cheesecake Simplicity. In effect, the press treated Clayburgh herself as cheesecake simplicity. Time and again, she was interviewed as a way to reach—or discuss—the elusive Pacino. In 1972, while Pacino was attracting attention in *The Godfather*, Clayburgh was making her film debut in a small part in *Portnoy's Complaint*. As Pacino's fortunes rose, the relationship deteriorated.

"It's wearing when people are insensitive to you," she says. "When I lived with Al Pacino, I felt what some wives must feel, what a kid must feel. He was famous, and I wasn't. People would look at him and smile, then look at me and frown. And you knew they couldn't wait to look at him again. They'd call me Jane and June and Jean."

Up to this point, most of Clayburgh's characters were "boring little wives and girlfriends." Determined to avoid typecasting, Clayburgh began scouting for other parts, sometimes accepting roles that weren't completely suited to her talents. As Desdemona in a 1971 Los Angeles production of *Othello* starring James Earl Jones, she was, she says, "just terrible." Three years later, she appeared in the Broadway production of Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*, playing a part originated by Diana Rigg in London. On opening night out of town, a door fell down when she touched it.

Frustrated, Clayburgh was ready to quit in 1975. "I'd already been acting for 10 years, and I just couldn't stand the humiliation and parts any longer," she says. But then she landed the starring role in a TV movie, *Hustling*. The working woman of the title punctured Clayburgh's good-girl image, earning her an Emmy nomination. "The film had an enormous impact," says its screenwriter Fay Kanin. "People were screening it all over town." *Hustling* helped Clayburgh land her first movie lead: Carole Lombard in *Gable and Lombard*.

As recently as 1976, Clayburgh was still considered ahead of her time, out of sync with current fashion. That year, a *New York Times* interview was headlined "Too Intelligent to Be a Movie Star?" But as Hollywood began to acknowledge the burgeoning women's movement, Clayburgh's intelligence turned to her advantage.

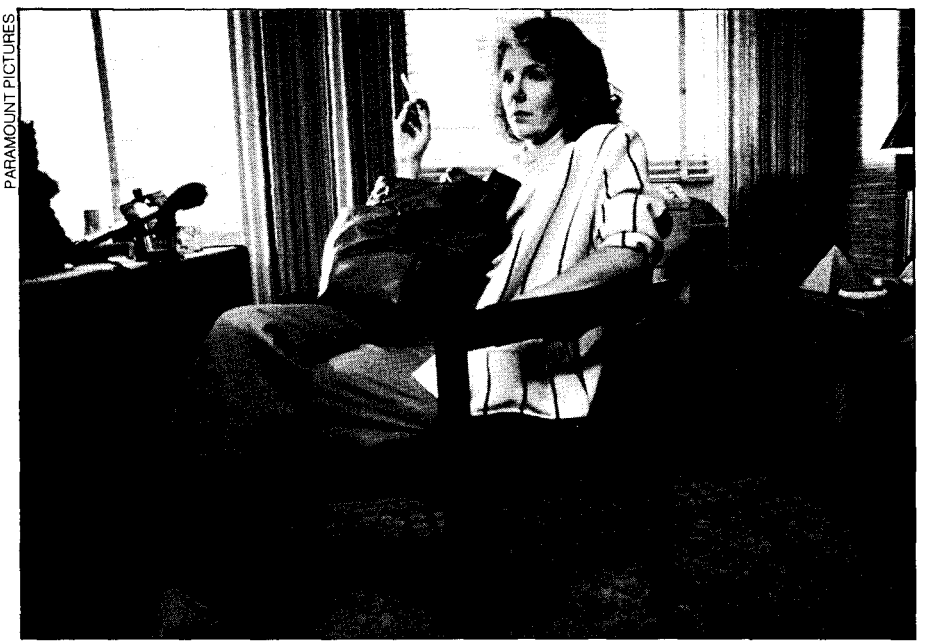
As the suddenly single spouse of *An Unmarried Woman*, Clayburgh struck a nerve with audiences—and gold with reviewers. Critic Frank Rich wrote in *Time*, "Erica is the role this gifted actress has deserved for years, and now that she has it, she doesn't fool around." Playing a New York woman who loses husband Michael Murphy, finds a new lover in painter Alan Bates and a new resiliency in herself, Clayburgh won an Oscar nomination and the best-actress award at the Cannes Film Festival. "Jill had a combination of humor, intelligence, and a kind of urban reality that was right for the part," explains director Mazursky. "To me, the great scene in the movie is when she dances around her apartment in her underwear. That was when I knew the movie was working. People recognized her and liked her."

Indeed, Clayburgh created a character of such timeliness and verisimilitude that Erica Benton immediately entered the cultural consciousness. She became a hallmark of liberation by which other women, even other movie characters, judged themselves. Early in *Private Benjamin*, the still-unenlightened Goldie Hawn confesses that she "would have become Mrs. Alan Bates so fast he wouldn't have known what hit him."

In the annals of criticism, Jane Fonda and Jill Clayburgh are usually heralded for updating Hollywood's notion of womanhood. That association baffles Clayburgh. "I don't think I'm much like Jane Fonda at *all*" she says. "I think of myself as quirkier, more oddball. I mean, for one thing, she's one of the great beauties of the world."

In fact, Clayburgh's characters differ from Fonda's women in more fundamental ways. While Fonda's *The China Syndrome* and *Nine to Five* emphasize their heroines' employment, Clayburgh's movies treat jobs for women as a given. Even the well-to-do Erica Benton holds a part-time position at an art gallery. While the Fonda women of *The China Syndrome* and *Coming Home* are passive participants in the plot, preyed upon by outside forces, Clayburgh's women are responsible for their own actions, even when the acts are as ill-advised as dumping Alan Bates or popping pills. And, despite their respective catastrophes, Clayburgh's women have become increasingly self-sufficient over the past five films. At the end of *An Unmarried Woman*, Erica is carrying her lover's enormous painting down a New York street, fighting against the wind. At the end of *Dancing*, however, Barbara is completing her own documentary. Depicting working women as facts of life instead of as pioneers, creating heroines who speak their minds instead of babbling polemic, presenting women motivated by personal feelings instead of by political ideology, Clayburgh's movies have given us a more sophisticated view than those of her colleagues.

Yet, if there is one role that Clayburgh doesn't want, it's Spokesperson. "I'm really not that active politically," insists Clayburgh. She labels herself "a boring



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

As Barbara Gordon, during a session with her psychiatrist, in *I'm Dancing*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberal." She favors freedom of choice in abortion, opposes Reagan, considers the Equal Rights Amendment "a dead issue." But even those opinions must be coaxed from her. When a writer recently asked for a quote for a book, Clayburgh turned down the request. "I realized I didn't want to be the person to announce what this book would do for women," she says. "This celebrity/politico function that movie stars give themselves may be great for the world but it's not helpful to an actor. You become so associated with these causes that it really does limit the parts you play. I think Robert De Niro has the right idea. Nobody knows what he thinks about *anything*.

Contrary to popular belief, Jill Clayburgh is not an unmarried woman. Her husband of three years is 42-year-old playwright David Rabe (*Streamers*, *Sticks and Bones*), who wrote the screenplay for *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*. Theirs is a low-keyed, low-profile life, shared with Jason, Rabe's nine-year-old son from his previous marriage, who is living with them this year. "I think we probably live *too* low-keyed for Jason," she says. "He wants to know why we don't have a giant video TV screen like Paul Mazursky."

Until her baby is born—as befits this emblem of American womanhood, the child is due on the Fourth of July—Clayburgh is not undertaking new projects. During her first pregnancy, which ended in a miscarriage the day *It's My Turn* opened in October 1980—she tried to combine expectant motherhood and moviemaking: She took the role in *First Monday in October* partially because she hoped to camouflage her pregnancy beneath judicial robes. "But I wish I did have a project for later in the year," she says. "I think I would feel better. I'm *always* anxious about work. That would be the feeling I would most like to eliminate from my life."

To that end, she has formed Ruby Movies with Amy Robinson. They are scouting for parts unlike those Clayburgh has played in the past: a blue-collar worker, or a heroine in a period-piece. "Six or seven years ago," says Clayburgh, "women were on the outs. I don't know what the future holds. It's frightening. Women could go out again. They could just be a new fad in movies."

Jill Clayburgh steps out of a taxicab with a red, white, and blue sweatband around her head and an expensive aluminum tennis racquet in hand. "Now, don't look at this racquet and think I spent $200 for it," she says. "I didn't pay for it. I would not pay $200 for a *tennis racquet*."

She is spending the lunch hour at an indoor club. Along with worrying, working out is something she does daily. (In her apartment, there is an exercise bike parked beside the dining room table.) "Everyone thinks that exercising too much caused my miscarriage," she says matter of factly. "That had nothing to do with it. There was a complication with my amniocentesis test."

Clayburgh moves to center court. Her opponent is a local pro who hits balls with her a few times a week. Hair pushed back, racquet in position, body poised, Clayburgh is recognizable only by her familiar look of determination. She returns each ball with steady, even strokes. As this volley intensifies, she moves back and hugs the baseline. One of her shots goes high. Another strays wide. Her backhand seems to falter. Then she suddenly charges the net and aces her opponent. It's like a scene lifted from a Clayburgh movie: Just when you least expect it, the lady turns triumphant. When she is out of hearing, the pro whispers on the sidelines, "She's a much tougher player than she likes to let on."■

ANNOUNCING STANDARD & POOR'S $27.50 BONUS TO INVESTORS!

TRY A 6-WEEK SUBSCRIPTION TO THE OUTLOOK...

...and you'll discover why investors rely on it for concise stock information and advice they can act on.

THE OUTLOOK gives you clear recommendations on specific stocks to buy, hold or sell...growth and income stocks...industry studies...the Master List...and fascinating portfolio profiles.

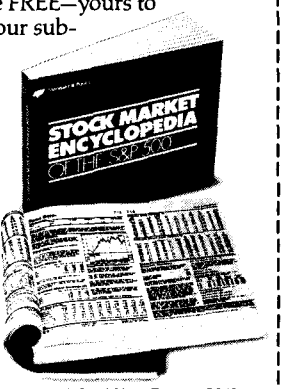
And best of all, you know from whom the information is coming: Standard & Poor's, with an unbiased, 120-year reputation of service to investors.

...AND GET STANDARD & POOR'S "500" STOCK MARKET ENCYCLOPEDIA FREE!

When you try THE OUTLOOK for 6 weeks, you will also receive this valuable 500-page reference FREE—yours to keep whether you decide to continue your subscription or not.

It's an extraordinary publishing achievement, the results of Standard & Poor's multi-million-dollar research into the merits of the common stocks in the famous S&P 500 Index.

It includes tens of thousands of facts about these stocks, plus charts...it answers practically any question about them you would ever want to know. And it's available only from Standard & Poor's. Investors have paid $27.50—but it's yours FREE!



© STANDARD & POOR'S 1982

BONUS S&P "500" ENCYCLOPEDIA

For fastest service, CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-257-7850 · Ext. 627 24 HOURS, 7 DAYS A WEEK, New Jersey Residents call 1-800-322-8650 · Ext. 627

Mail to Standard & Poor's Corp., 25 Broadway, New York, NY 10004

Please enter my tax-deductible 6-week Trial Subscription to the weekly OUTLOOK at only $15. Include the $27.50 BONUS STOCK MARKET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE S&P "500" at no extra cost! If at any time I wish to cancel my subscription, I will receive a pro-rata refund on the unused portion. The ENCYCLOPEDIA is mine to keep in any event. BN2-4SRN09

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

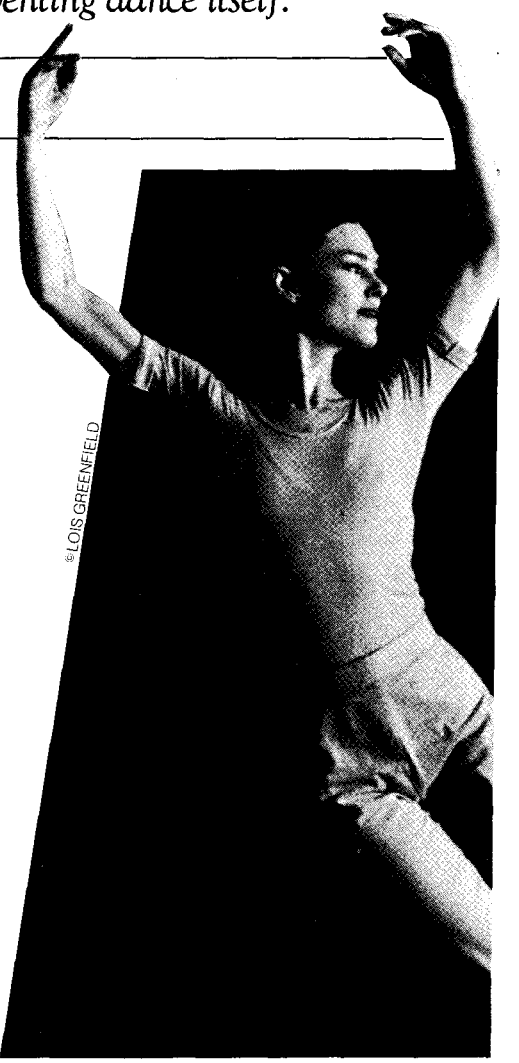
No assignment of this agreement without subscriber's consent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Wave in Modern Dance

Three choreographers, Trisha Brown, Lucinda Childs, and Laura Dean, begin with the simplest gestures—and end by reinventing dance itself.

BY DEBRA CASH



They were called "the mighty matriarchs of American dance"—and for good reason. At the turn of the century, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis fundamentally reshaped the world of dance, freeing it from the traditional strictures of ballet. Their movement, and the underlying philosophy and aesthetic from which it sprang, was radically new. It was called "modern dance."

Today, three other women are forging what some consider to be a similarly dramatic historical precedent. They are Trisha Brown, Lucinda Childs, and Laura Dean, the leading exponents of a new dance being called "postmodern." After years working on the fringes of the dance establishment, they are today attracting large, mainstream audiences and receiving institutional recognition. In two important series last fall and winter, one at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and another at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, they were heralded as the "Next Wave," the dance world's new masters. Two of the three, Dean and Childs, have even crossed boundaries into ballet. Robert Joffrey, with his eclectic eye for new choreographic talent, commissioned a new work from Dean last year called *Night*. It was a controversial success, and Joffrey has invited Dean back to create another work. Last year, Childs created *Mad Rush* for the Paris Opera Ballet.

Brown, Childs, and Dean trace their roots to a young star from the early days of Martha Graham's company, Merce Cunningham, who is today considered the progenitor of postmodern dance. Rebelling against Graham's intensely expressionistic, psychologically laden choreography, Cunningham created a dance of pure movement. Steps and gestures no longer implied a statement, narrative, or even emotion. The sex of the dancers became unimportant; they were simply bodies existing in space. Music was no longer considered integral to the performance. Often dancers moved in silence, and if there was music, it existed independently of the choreography. In Cunningham's famous collaborations with composer John Cage, the dancers and choreographer often hear the music for the first time when the curtain rises on opening night.

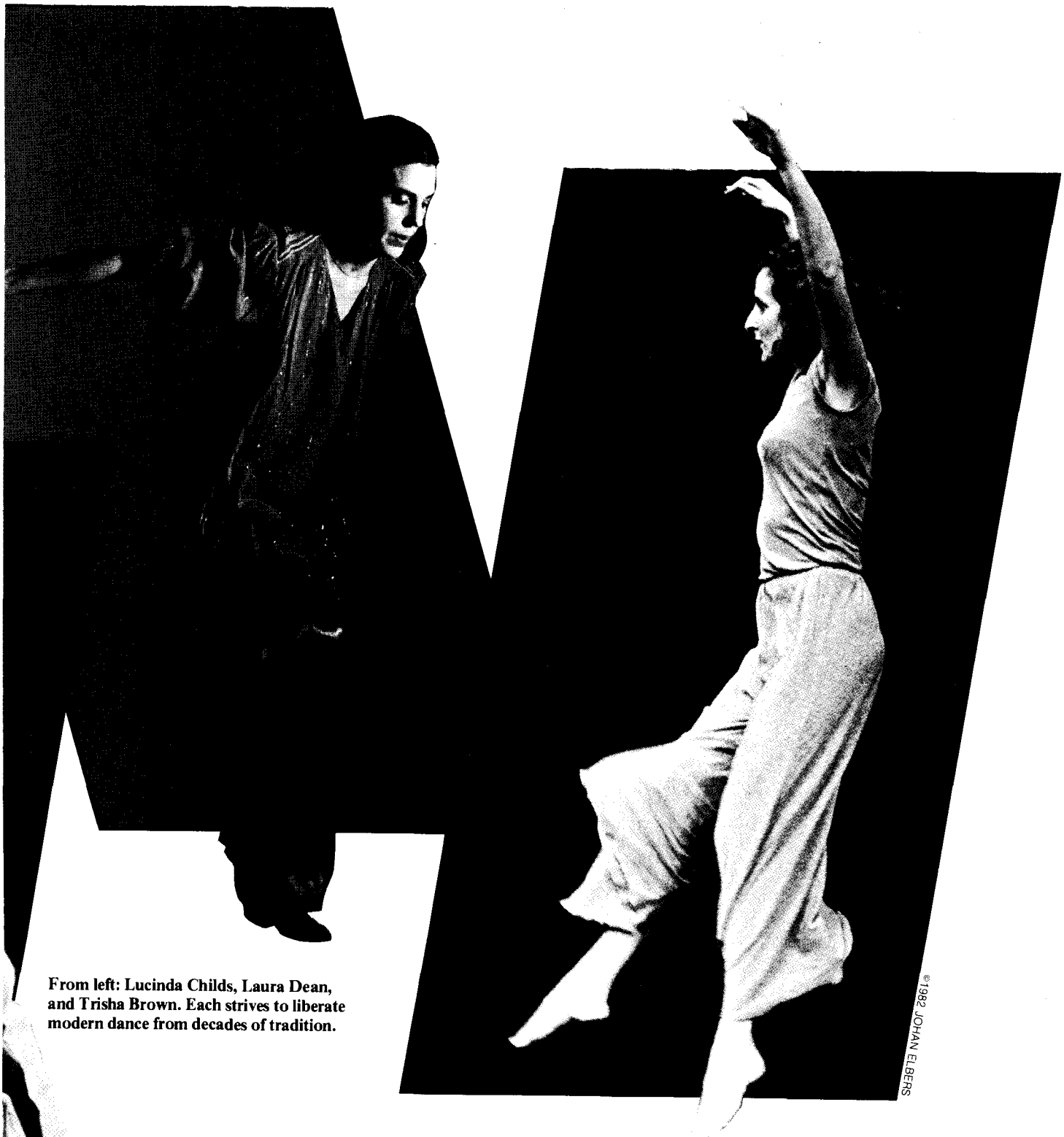
The postmodern choreographers took Cunningham's premises and have carried them to their ultimate conclusions. In Manhattan lofts and studios and in concerts at New York City's Judson Memorial Church—that early 1960s crucible of experimental choreography—they stripped dance down to its bare bones. They threw out trained performers. Sometimes they threw out the audience. They walked around in circles, swept the floor, darned a sock, peeled oranges, lay comatose for hours, and delivered long, self-conscious monologues. Everything could be considered dance and, frequently, everything was.

In a sense, they dismantled dance and then started gradually, with a purposefully limited vocabulary of movement, to reassemble it from scratch. Brown, Childs, and Dean have often been described as minimalists. Their movements are spare and simple. Virtuosity is discounted, and their choreography is patterned and repetitive, often exploring geometric configurations in seemingly endless and minute permutations. The result depends on your perspective. Some find it dull. But for their growing numbers of admirers the effect is hypnotic and transcendent.

Trisha Brown recalls that when she was a child, dance meant performing with a real, live rose pinned to her bodice. That changed when, in 1960, Brown came to New York City and latched onto the freewheeling composition classes at Merce Cunningham's studio taught by a renegade named Robert Dunn. Out of these classes grew the path-

Debra Cash, a freelance writer based in Boston, writes regularly on the arts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From left: Lucinda Childs, Laura Dean, and Trisha Brown. Each strives to liberate modern dance from decades of tradition.

©1982 JOHAN ELBERS

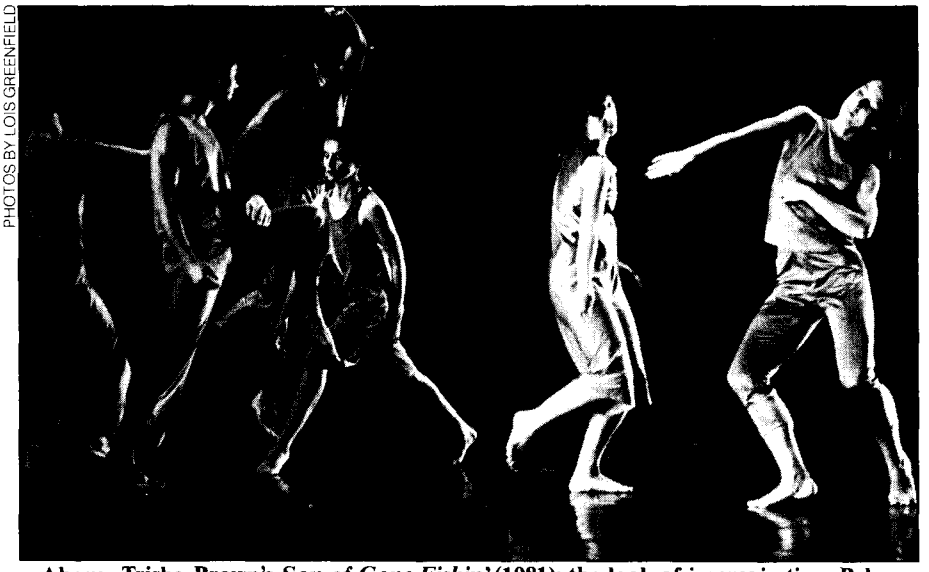
breaking Judson Dance Theater, and later, Brown's work with a rowdy crew who called themselves Grand Union. At Judson, Brown's dancing was witty, deadpan, and meticulous. She did a dance called *Yellowbelly* where she asked the audience to heckle her and egged them on to yell louder; she did a dance with a movie projector strapped to her back. She stationed dancers across the roofs of Soho in lower Manhattan and had them relay gestures to each other. In her "equipment dances" she strapped herself and her dancers into harnesses so that they could climb the walls of the Whitney Museum.

"In the field of avant-garde dance, in which you make up *everything*, there is not much to go on," she says, her sharp birdlike features outlined in the bright light of her spacious Soho studio. "We had to ask ourselves basic things like 'What will the structure of this dance be?' You have to establish your reasons for being out there. Otherwise, you have Narcissus at the fountain! There was no tradition to tell us what was okay to do. Some people at Judson took it at full tilt and just lived with whatever happened. I took it more slowly, starting with ordinary movement organized by game plan or task and working backwards to the world of decorative gestures."

Brown's dances have the look of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOS BY LOIS GREENFIELD



Above, Trisha Brown's *Son of Gone Fishin'* (1981): the look of improvisation. Below, Lucinda Childs's *Dance* (1979): simple steps evolving over time.

improvisation, with the dancers sometimes resembling rag dolls tossed around by the pull of invisible magnetic fields and at other times making gestures so tiny and precise they seem to be signaling to a world of ants. Brown's choreography fits her dancers like baggy clothing, but every wrinkle is planned by a master tailor.

Her dances are not about society or emotions. They are about the pure resources of the body, and how a clever enough mind can confound every expectation. *Son of Gone Fishin'*, recently premiered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is a palindrome of a dance. The title, Brown explains, is a gift to the audiences who will read the reviews but never see her dances—evoking, as it does, a leisurely summer's day. To a repetitive, burbling, synthesized score for organ by Robert Ashley, the dancers in turquoise, blue, and green pedal pushers paddle their hands at their sides as if cooling them in a drifting stream, wriggle their shoulders lazily, and follow their legs obediently as they seem to flow upward past their heads. The dancers move without the ordinary landmarks: No gesture shows a preparation, a peak, or a resolution. They amble through the crowd, push and pull and lean and ooze, physical contact creating insignificant sparks of dramatic tension. Their bodies are dwarfed or seem to loom against sculptor Donald Judd's huge painterly blue and green backdrops, and subtly repeat the palindrome.

"If you do something very well for a very long time," says Brown, "eventually people will find out about it." At 45, she has weathered years of disapproval, years when a small loyal audience of dancers and artists were the only people she could be sure could decode her language. Has her audience changed? "Well, it's bigger," she says, with a wan smile. "I always make the mistake of speaking for my audience. But they're fickle devils, aren't they?"

Lucinda Childs's creed seems to be that you can never step into the same stream twice. She doesn't prove this point through formal philosophical arguments but by designing measured grids of movement, laced with interminable skipping, leaping, and turning patterns. These are organized with the rigor of a stoic and performed with the concentration of a yogi.

Childs's choreographic ideas are reflected in her own image as a dancer. At age 42, she looks as severe as a ballerina, her hair pulled back from a fashion model's cheekbones, her costumes usually simple and stark. She began life as a self-possessed child in New York City with dreams of becoming an actress. Like many children who want a life in the theater, she took dance classes to make her "less awkward." Childs majored in dance at Sarah Lawrence College and there met Merce Cunningham. She also ran into a radical young choreographer named Yvonne Rainer who was a charter member of the Judson Dance Theater. After Childs graduated in 1962, Rainer invited her to join Judson.

In 1965, Childs electrified the avant-garde dance coterie with a work she called *Street Dance*. The audience was assembled in artist Robert Rauschenberg's studio, and they were instructed to look out of a window in the south corner of his loft. Childs and another dancer abandoned them and went out into the street where they walked around and pointed to store windows and architectural details on buildings. Back in the studio, her voice on tape described what they were looking at. It was a radical message in perception.

"It was a very *conceptual* time," Childs says of those years. "But Judson was about ideas; what I'm doing now is more about *dancing*. That's why I dropped the props and the monologues and all the other supplemental devices we used to make our points. I decided to focus on just the dancing to see where that left me.

"My work comes out of the ordinary dance vocabulary," Childs explains. "Turns, leaps, and pivots. I like to work with contrasts that shift very gradually so that the original thing you see you see again, but always in a slightly different way, a way removed from how you experienced it the first time."

Lucinda Childs has been compared to a watchmaker and to a mathematician. Her investigations of pure dance foil our contemporary American taste for variety and virtuosity. She doesn't try to keep the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mark of a True Book Lover

ACTUAL SIZE

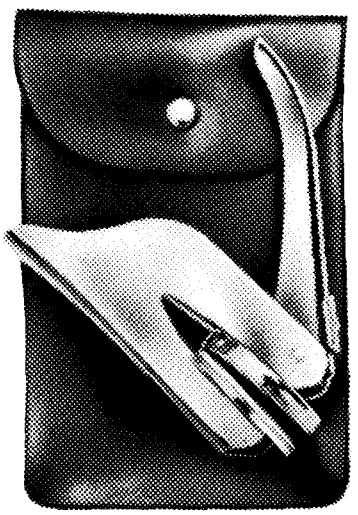
This is the same heavy duty, chrome plated embosser used by professional librarians to mark and identify books.

Now you can have one with your own name and initials on a 1½" diameter seal. It's easy to use . . . simply insert the page, squeeze the handle and "LIBRARY OF (your name)" and initials will be clearly embossed (see photo).

Thousands sold at $20 or more!

Now Only $14.95 ea.

This quality embosser is fully guaranteed and comes with a handy storage pouch. A great gift for all book lovers. . . including yourself.



Since this item has to be personalized, please allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

How do you want your seal to read?

INITIALS

Print name and initials exactly the way you want them to appear.

NAME

For additional embossers, simply print names and initials on a separate sheet of paper.

Check One

☐ A check or money order is enclosed

☐ Please charge this purchase to:

☐ VISA ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS Card ☐ MasterCard

Account #

MasterCard

4 digits above your name

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

MAIL TO:

BARNES/SALE & NOBLE/ANNEX

DEPT. E185
126 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

©1981 Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.
Offer good only in the continental U.S.A.

Please send me _____ embosser(s) at only $14.95 each plus $1.75 each for postage and insurance. (N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

0038158

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laura Dean's *Tympani* (1981): dancers grappling with the power of gravity.

audience on the edge of its seat; rather, she aims at refocusing our attention on how simple steps can evolve over time. Often her dancers merely stride back and forth in simple patterns of walking and turning, with no particular sense of moving toward or away from any destination. Careful and circumscribed at first, the steps often take on a weight and amplification as the dance progresses, until finally, the dancers are moving with a full-blown lyricism.

Dance, her most famous full-scale work, was developed after she had choreographed the now-legendary, monumental avant-garde opera, *Einstein on the Beach* by Robert Wilson and Philip Glass. In *Dance*, she collaborated with Glass and experimental filmmaker Sol Le Witt. While live dancers skip through and across a grid pattern on the stage floor, larger-than-life images of the same dancers are projected across the stage in a blue TV-screen light. The stage looks like what one critic described as "a horde of angels, cool but active, flying eternally on mysterious but orderly errands."

Dance poses a conceptual problem as thorny as *Street Dance* did 15 years ago. Which image is more real and immediate? The live dancer or the filmed twin? And which will leave a stronger impression after the dance is over?

In *Relative Calm*, Childs's newest piece for her own company, the dancers' simple patterns blaze and fade like Robert Wilson's backdrop of starry constellations. The dancers carefully indicate paths taken and not taken. What the audience sees is an exploding universe of movement: Everything is in its place, rooted in clear, geometrical designs, but at the same time, the dance's impact comes from its endless permutations.

Laura Dean was convinced in 1968 that the world was about to end. She ran away to Mexico and then San Francisco and rented a dance studio. As long as the apocalypse was coming, she decided, she was going to find her own way of dancing. In order to divest herself of her old habits she made herself sit in the studio absolutely still. Every time she stood up, her training showed through: the modern dance she had learned as a child, the ballet, the bits and pieces left over from stints in the companies of Paul Sanasardo and Paul Taylor. After two weeks, she began muttering and pacing. She found her steps had closed in on themselves and suddenly she was spinning. The physical release was so joyous that she began to laugh aloud. The clear, cool spinning of Laura Dean has become her touchstone and her signature.

Since her well-known collaboration with musician Steve Reich ended more than five years ago, Dean, now 36, has been composing all of her own music. Two grand pianos stand by the studio door, "and it all depends on whether I hit them or hit the dance floor first." The dance and music reflect the same sensibility: Each features a steady pulse and an obsessive focus. In the Prokofiev-tinged chord progressions of *Night*, the chords are pounded out and splintered while the pulse pours out steadily.

Dean's limited range of modulation and rhythmic shifts makes the music seem self-contained and self-reflective. The listener has a sense of endless impulse and virtuoso performance. Her first dances limited the dancers to spinning or stamping in squares and circles. But her pared-down vocabulary has proven to have a rich, even baroque potential.

In Dean's new *Tympani*, the dancers, dressed in sleek, motorcycle-gang black, grapple with the power of gravity. They begin by crouching with their backs to the audience and then sit up slowly to the beckoning sound of a kettle drum and two pianos. While the dancers lean away from a suspended leg for what seems like an eternity, the sound seems to swell. The dancers then begin to spin in little circles around a large, fixed center, like planets orbiting around an unseen mother sun.

The dance becomes ecstatic. The dancers run from the corner and sail through space in leaps that seem to traverse the entire stage. They drum their hands in the air or, dancing forehead to forehead, let their feet slip out from under them, as if they were trying to burn a hole under their feet. The pulse divides and subdivides; the visual syncopation is striking. From this climactic finale, the dancers make their ways out of the maelstrom with a stretching sequence that looks like Tai Chi and plant their bodies back in the world as the stage darkens.

In Dean's choreography, the dancers never stop moving and they never leave the stage. "But it's very curious," Dean says, "people think it's like marathon running, but the spinning gets you so energized that the dancers can't get to sleep afterwards.

"There's freedom in order. If you know that things are taken care of on a physical plane, then your mind can be free. I do like order, and thank God I have that kind of mind, because look at this place!" She gestures toward the neat stacks of gray card files on the shelves in her office, with the videotapes neatly labeled and her very own Hirschfield caricature from the cover of a Sunday *New York Times* Arts and Leisure section laminated in plastic. "If I didn't like order, everything would be in constant chaos all the time, and we'd have *true* disaster on our hands."

Maybe that's what postmodern dance is all about: an attempt to discover a natural order in an apparently chaotic world. Today, the postmoderns have matured beyond their avant-garde stance of negation. Their severe minimalism appears now more as an affirmation of fundamentals. Dean's dances, like those of Brown and Childs, still engender extreme reactions. "Some people say that it makes them feel peaceful," says Dean, "and others say it makes them want to cry. Of course, some people walk out of the theater." Fewer and fewer people, however, are walking out of the theater these days—and what was recently considered only avant-garde is now gaining widespread acceptance. ■

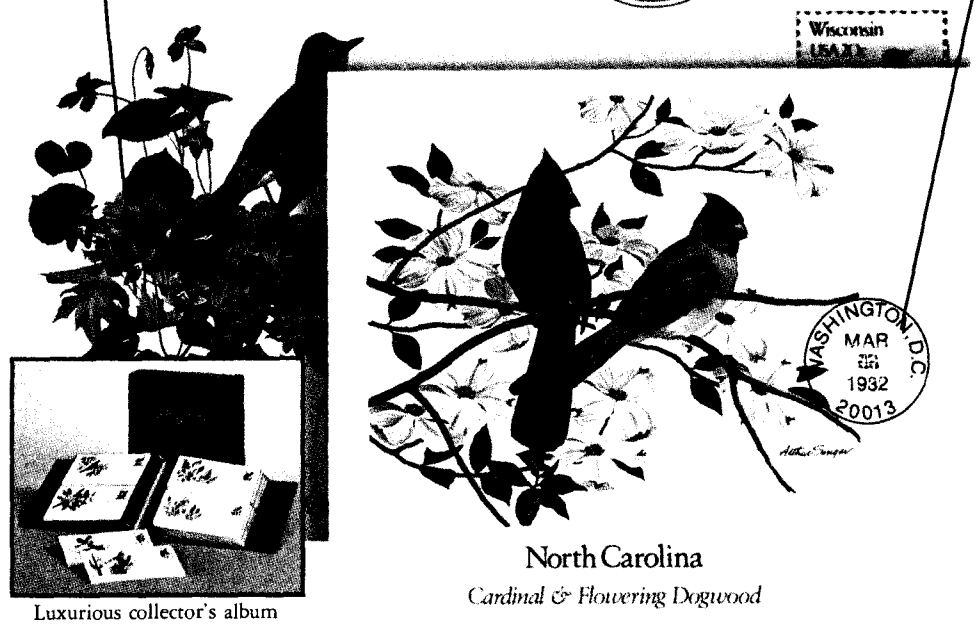
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a tribute to America's living symbols of beauty . . . the official First Day Covers of

THE BIRDS & FLOWERS OF THE 50 STATES

ORIGINAL WORKS OF ART: Each issue bears an original painting of the state bird and flower by Arthur Singer, the same artist who designed the stamps, themselves.

Postmark is artist's conception.
Covers shown smaller than actual size of 6½ by 3⅜ inches.

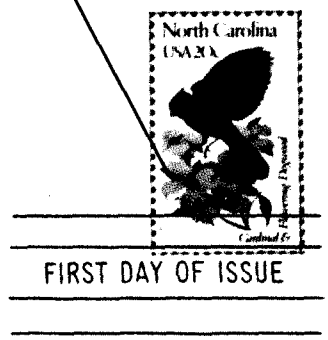


Luxurious collector's album . . . at no additional cost.

North Carolina
Cardinal & Flowering Dogwood

THE FIRST DAY OF ISSUE POSTMARK: Our National Capital's Post Office will *officially* postmark each First Day Cover, to certify its First Edition Status.

THE COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS: Designed by master wildlife artist, Arthur Singer, each of the fifty official stamps will be issued on April 14, 1982.



The First Edition Collection of surely the most beautiful — and important — U.S. stamp issue in history . . . including *both* stamps *and* First Day Covers designed by America's premier wildlife artist.

©1982 Fleetwood

Subscription Deadline: April 14, 1982
Original Issue Price: $1.95 per Cover

From sea to shining sea, America is blessed with an abundance of beautiful birds and flowers. Americans know it, and are proud of it.

To forever affirm this great pride and respect for the natural environment, each of the fifty states has chosen an official state bird and flower as recognition of nature's generous bounty . . . and an everlasting part of America the Beautiful.

It is appropriate, therefore, that *The Birds & Flowers of the 50 States* is soon to be the subject of what is surely the most beautiful — and important — series of United States postage stamps in our nation's history. For, on April 14, 1982, the United States Postal Service will issue fifty different *official* commemorative stamps, to honor these living symbols of our great nation.

Exquisite stamps by America's greatest wildlife artist

Each stamp in this important series is a triumph in craftsmanship and design by a man who is often called America's greatest living wildlife artist: Arthur Singer. For over two years, Singer has labored to achieve the perfection and absolute fidelity to nature this tribute deserves. Thus, as leading citizens gather in our Nation's Capital on April 14, they will participate in the inauguration of a stamp series without parallel.

At these special ceremonies, *First Editions* of the new stamps . . . First Day Covers . . . will be *officially* certified by the coveted *First Day of Issue* postmark of our National Capital's Post Office.

Appropriately, Fleetwood, America's oldest purveyor of First Day Covers, will issue *The Birds & Flowers of the 50 States* in one complete collection of fifty official First Day Covers, each bearing a coveted First Edition stamp and postmark.

Matching works of art by the designer of the stamps

In addition, and of special importance to knowledgeable collectors, each of these official First Day Covers will bear a *matching original work of art* to enhance each stamp — created by the designer of the stamps themselves, Arthur Singer. Only rarely do First Day Covers of America's stamps bear such *original* art by the actual designer of the stamps. Thus, the First Day Covers available through Fleetwood are very desirable indeed.

A single, Limited Edition

The Birds & Flowers of the 50 States will be issued *only* once . . . and *only* as a complete collection. The original issue price for the collection is $1.95 per Cover.

To reserve your collection, simply enclose a modest $10 deposit with your application, and you will be billed in five monthly installments of $17.50 each.

Prompt Reply Essential

Do take advantage of your opportunity to acquire this important collection by postmarking your order no later than April 14, 1982 . . . the last date on which Fleetwood can guarantee acceptance of your order. Mail your application today to: Fleetwood, One Unicover Center, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82008-0001.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Birds & Flowers of the 50 States

To be postmarked not later than April 14, 1982

Fleetwood **FEBF**
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82008-0001

Please accept my subscription for the official First Day Cover Collection of *The Birds & Flowers of the 50 States*. The collection will consist of fifty First Day Covers which will be sent to me at intervals beginning eight to ten weeks after the First Day of Issue and concluding ten weeks later. The original issue price of $1.95 per Cover includes historical information and a deluxe collector's album.

I prefer to pay as follows:

☐ **DIRECTLY:** I enclose my check or money order for $10 as a deposit. Please bill me for the balance in five equal monthly payments of $17.50 each. There is *no* finance charge.

☐ **BY CREDIT CARD:** Please charge my $10 deposit to my credit card indicated below. Then, charge my account for the balance in five equal monthly installments of $17.50 each:
☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express
☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche

Card No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

All applications subject to acceptance by Fleetwood

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Established 1929, Fleetwood is recognized as America's foremost purveyor of philatelic commemoratives. A division of Unicover Corporation, it is not affiliated with the U.S. Postal Service.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Is Everyone Talking About Michael Graves?

A professor of architecture at Princeton, he has built only four buildings. Yet he has emerged as the leading theorist of the post-modern generation.

BY CARTER WISEMAN

ERIC LIEBOWITZ

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is easy to miss the offices of Michael Graves, architect, located one flight up over a Chinese restaurant in Princeton, New Jersey. For someone who has been called the most influential designer in America, and who only last fall won one of the most coveted architectural commissions in recent years—the design of the extension to New York's Whitney Museum of American Art—you would expect, if not a major shingle, then at least a tasteful brass tag. But all there is to mark the door on Witherspoon Street is the raised number 34, sealed to the woodwork with years of white paint. "If they need me," says Graves, "the address should be enough."

And so it seems to be. In the last few years, Michael Graves has emerged as one of architecture's most prominent theorists—and certainly one of our most talked-about architects. His office keeps careful track of all the articles written about him, and at last count the tally was 132—in publications ranging from Japanese architectural journals to *House Beautiful*. Next month, Rizzoli will publish a collection of his designs (*Michael Graves 1966-1980*). His 23-page curriculum vitae also lists 41 awards, from Citations of Excellence from the New Jersey Society of Architects (eight) to *Progressive Architecture* design awards (nine) to the prestigious National Honor awards from the American Institute of Architects (two).

The remarkable thing about all this attention is that Graves has built a grand total of only four buildings. And the work he has completed has not been particularly significant—a small museum in northern New Jersey and three private houses, plus a handful of additions and interiors. His honors have come largely from his impact as a theorist. A member of Princeton University's architecture faculty for the past 20 years, a vigorous lecturer, and a prolific maker of drawings, paintings, and sculpture, Graves, at 47, has created a new vision of what architecture can be. He has become the spiritual leader of a growing number of younger architects who are dipping into styles of the past as an antidote to stripped-down Modernism.

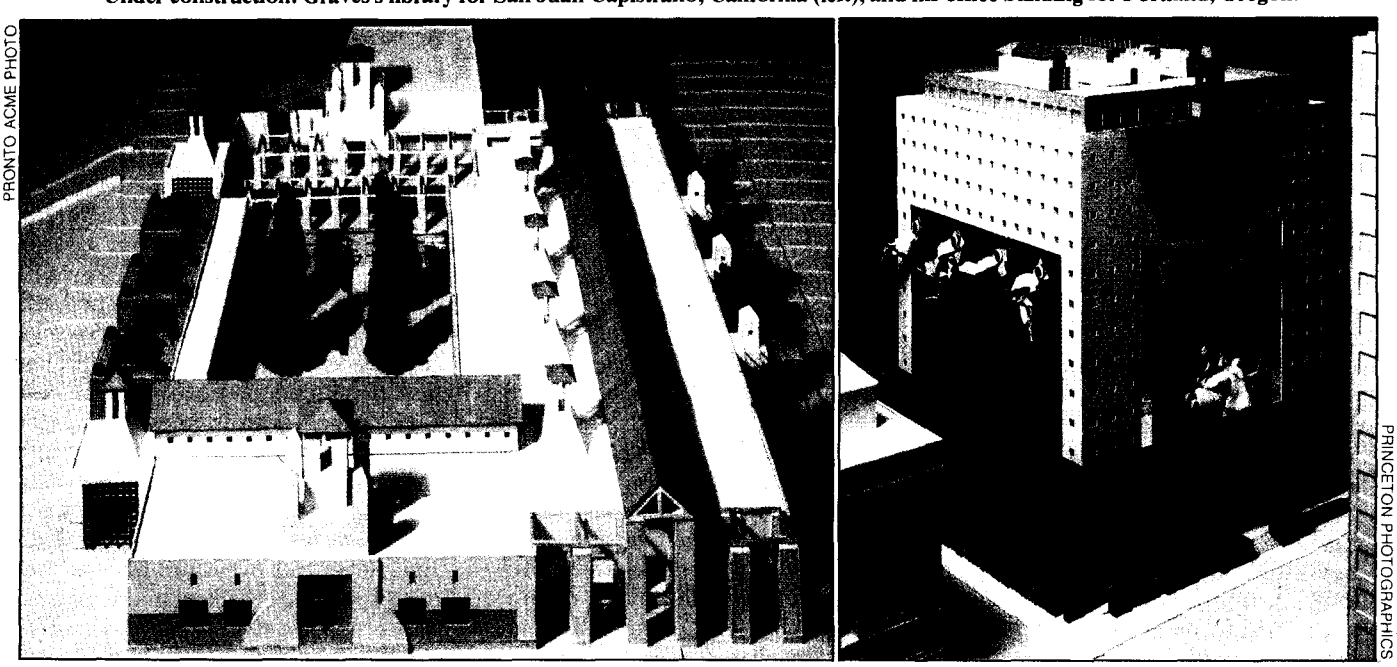
Because he wanders so far from the Modernist "machine aesthetic," Graves is usually classified as a "Post-Modernist." It is a label he scorns, and indeed, his designs are so eclectic and so personal, that he seems to elude all easy labels. His designs embody an intriguing blend of history and fantasy infused with what can only be called a sense of the eternal. His delicate drawings, with their squat columns, oversize keystones, and arresting pastel colors, are often reminiscent of ancient Egypt and Greece. But his forms also evoke Baroque Rome and Enlightenment France, even though his buildings duplicate few stylistic elements from those periods. Some of his projects also look vaguely like human figures or faces, and for a reason: "Architecture is ultimately derived from the human form," says Graves. When he discusses his buildings, the important words in his vocabulary are "anthropomorphic," "mythic," "subliminal," and "symbolic." In short, his buildings successfully suggest myriad references, without looking quite like any other architect's designs, past or present. At a time when orthodox Modernism has fallen into disrepute and architects seem to have lost their way, Graves is confidently evolving a consistent, elemental aesthetic of his own, one that is as novel as it is controversial.

His efforts have finally won him a crack at some "real" buildings. His $22.4 million Public Office Building, for Portland, Oregon, will open this summer. The 15-story structure breaks all the rules for office building design, presenting a massive concrete box pierced with scores of tiny windows and embellished with vaguely classical oversized pilasters on the facade, a miniature "village" on the roof, and a sprinkling of masonry garlands around the edges. For San Juan Capistrano, in California, Graves is building a public library, a pastel-colored complex of buildings that seems to draw equally on the local Spanish idiom and on children's storybooks for its colonnades and mini-towers. It is scheduled to be finished next year.

The Whitney project, which will adjoin the granite-clad cantilevered forms of Marcel Breuer's 1966 building on Madison Avenue, is in the earliest stages. Nevertheless, this commission, coming in the wake of the Portland project, makes Graves the first of the cutting-edge group of younger architects to hit the urban big time. This sudden ascension of Michael Graves is not to everyone's liking. His critics charge that his few com-

Carter Wiseman is the architecture critic for *New York* magazine.

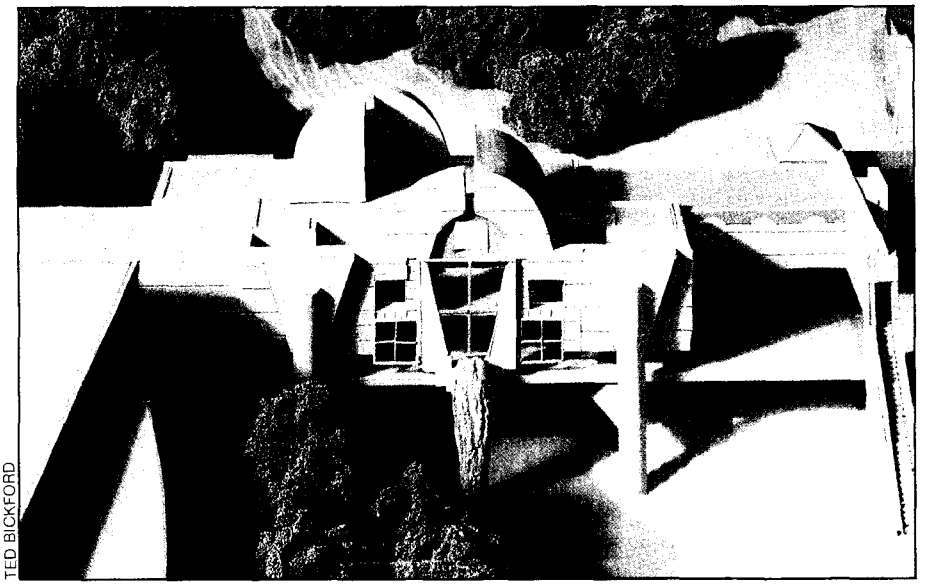
Under construction: Graves's library for San Juan Capistrano, California (left), and his office building for Portland, Oregon.



PRONTO ACME PHOTO

PRINCETON PHOTOGRAPHICS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TED BICKFORD

A model of Graves's Fargo-Moorhead Cultural Center: "Not unlike the Ponte Vecchio."

pleted buildings are not enough to justify all the attention he has received. "It has tantalized more than satisfied," wrote one, speaking for many. Others claim that Graves, whose drawings fetch a handsome sum in New York art galleries, is a "paper" architect whose fame runs on hype.

The sniping is not without foundation, for Graves's early work is thin. His 1969 addition to a house for the Benacerraf family in Princeton, for example, is unimpressively derivative of Le Corbusian models. Stuccoed white planes are set off severely from the ground and frosted with the obligatory white pipe railings. A curve here and a bulge there are tamely defiant gestures against classic Modernism's rectilinearity. A thick railing painted blue was intended to suggest a "horizon"; a green beam was meant to "relate" to nearby hedges. Even Graves now winces at such pretension.

Nevertheless, Graves clearly knows how to maximize his publicity mileage. One wall of his office reception room is covered with framed copies of magazines that have run articles on his work. Selected drawings from his famous little red sketchbooks have been reproduced on large sheets to facilitate exhibition in galleries. A mention of Graves as "architect of the year" in 1980 by Ada Louise Huxtable in the *New York Times* is included on the office's list of awards. An honor it was; an award it was not.

Even in person, there is a touch of theater to Graves. Walking along a snowy street in Princeton on a 28-degree day, he has the carefully unkempt look of a Left Bank intellectual: blue beret over graying hair, rimless glasses, leather windbreaker over a purple shirt, nondescript corduroys, and L.L. Bean rubber lowcuts. An act? Graves concedes that making an impression these days is very much a part of making architecture. "This is an old man's game," he says, "and if you don't get noticed, you don't get hired." He has a point. Philip Johnson is 75, Edward Barnes 66, I.M. Pei 64.

But there is clearly more than hype going on at 34 Witherspoon Street. Like many of his colleagues testing the alternatives to Modernism—Charles Moore, Robert Venturi, Robert Stern—Graves has relied heavily on history, something the orthodox Modernists shunned. His choice of sources is wide: Borromini, the Italian Baroque master of sculptural facades and rich detail; Karl Friedrich Schinkel, the great German Romantic-Classicist; Josef Hoffmann, the Viennese architect-designer, whom Graves admires for his intellectual rigor and decorative whimsy. Graves is upset that there is so little architectural history taught in the schools, and he is planning a history course of his own at Princeton. "At least lawyers are taught precedents," he says.

What Graves is looking for in architectural history has to do with more than styles. He is looking, he says, for archetypes. "Our dominant reading of an architectural element—say a door—is not about an object," he says, "but about *us*, how we cross a threshold. There is a common syntax of architecture in Western society. If I say this is a window"—pointing to one in the office—"you will agree. If I say it is a wall, you will disagree. There are elements of architecture—doors, windows, walls—that we all understand and cannot do without."

To accentuate the elemental nature of architectural forms, Graves has made free use of earlier styles—the Classical, the Baroque, even the Modern, which he regards as "a blip on the curve of architectural history." But he has stripped them of their specific historical identities, so that they become symbols of—he hopes—universally readable concepts: shelter, support, entrance, worship. "Architecture 'works' in more than functional ways," Graves says. "It also works in symbolic ways, and we lose something when its symbolic meaning is thrown out, as it was in the Modern period. I doubt if anyone ever asked whether the Parthenon worked."

Do we have to know the historical references to "get" the symbolism? It helps, Graves suggests, but it isn't necessary. "When Mozart wrote a piece of music," he explains, "he was writing partly for his professional colleagues. But it is possible to listen to Mozart in a *tuneful* way, without knowing anything about music in the academic sense."

As an example of one attempt to make his own architecture accessible on both an artistic and a tuneful level, Graves cites the project for the Fargo-Moorhead Cultural Center, a concept not unlike the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. (Designed in 1977, it was to go into construction in 1980, but is now in limbo because the money is not available.) Graves was picked for the job out of a group of finalists that included Charles Moore, Stanley Tigerman, and the New York firm of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, all architects with more building experience than Graves had. The selection committee tapped Graves because, he says, he fulfilled its request for "something symbolic, but not so symbolic that it can't be built."

What Graves presented to the two cities of Fargo and Moorhead, which are on opposite sides of the Red River separating North Dakota and Minnesota, is a design that includes a concert hall and facilities for public radio and television stations on the North Dakota side and a history museum on the Minnesota side. Linking them is an art museum set in the middle of a bridge with space for pedestrians and cars. The design owes much to the work of Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, a strongly visionary architect of the French Enlightenment. But it can be read with totally tuneful delight quite apart from the historical sources. At the center of the bridge is a pair of enormous arches, the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT PROTEST AGAINST MEDIOCRE ENGINEERING.

The protest we have in mind is against prestigious luxury cars that succeed as symbols, but disappoint as cars.

Cars whose underlying engineering seems to have lagged behind their considerable reputations.

Luxury car buyers dissatisfied with this state of affairs will find a perfect vehicle for dissent in the BMW 733i—the $35,000 luxury car engineered to lead where others have lagged.

INTRODUCING DIGITAL MOTOR ELECTRONICS.

The 733i is the first automobile in America to offer Digital Motor Electronics—a system that illustrates the difference between technology and gadgetry.

"DME" measures, reports on and, most importantly, governs engine efficiency. It assures that the optimum mixture of fuel and air is ignited at the optimum time in the ignition cycle. It adjusts idling speed, cuts off fuel flow to cylinders when they're not needed, and even helps report back your actual mpg figures as you drive.

The figures will make interesting reading. The 733i with standard five-speed transmission now delivers a pleasantly surprising 19 EPA-estimated mpg, 29 mpg highway. Automatic is also available.*

Inside, an onboard computer provides such useful functions as anti-theft protection and speed monitoring, and even warns you of potential icing conditions. And yet another computer helps control the weather—through a special climate control that adjusts temperatures to a preset level.

All these technological advances accompany a car that's fairly steeped in amenities.

Its molded bucket seats are upholstered in wide rolls of fine leather. Carpeting is thick and plush. And the attentiveness to comfort throughout caused Car and Driver to single out the 733i as "the height of refined elegance."

PERFECTION IS UNATTAINABLE. SUPERIORITY ISN'T.

Of course, the true measure of any machine is how well it performs—an axiom that confers an almost unfair advantage on the 733i.

Its 3.2-liter, electronically fuel-injected engine has been called "without a doubt, the most sophisticated production in-line six in the world" (Road & Track magazine), delivering the exhilarating performance that's conspicuously absent among cars in its class.

Its revolutionary double-pivot front suspension is so advanced it has been awarded an international patent.

And its amazingly agile steering reflects the precision inherited from over six decades of building high-performance vehicles.

The sum, according to Car and Driver, is a car whose "parts and pieces ...work so well together they must have been melded in another world."

If your present luxury sedan suggests more mundane origins, you might contact your nearest BMW dealer, who will be happy to arrange a test drive at your convenience.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY

*Fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will most likely be lower.

© 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke, A.G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keystones of which have been removed and reinterpreted as enormous windows. Water is pumped up from the river to the displaced keystones, where it cascades back down between columns whose muscular capitals evoke the ancient Middle East as much as 18th-century France. The image is vaguely disturbing, but entirely riveting, as if a fragment of some half-forgotten culture —or some future one— had suddenly been unearthed.

Partly on the strength of the Fargo-Moorhead project, Graves won a competition for the Portland Public Office Building. Like the cultural center, it has the ancient, iconic resonance of some foreign and yet familiar aesthetic. It is also great fun. The cluster of small buildings on the roof is a felicitous solution to the current conundrum in architecture of what to put on the top of a building after decades of Modernist flatness. The seven-story pilasters—on the facade, surmounted by a four-story lintel—create the sense of a temple unlike any ever built. And it is all in color! Not content with the grays, browns, and tans of traditional urban construction, Graves has rendered this office building in his characteristic palette of creams, greens, and terracottas. Read Pompeii if you like; read red if you don't. What Graves will concoct for the Whitney, one can only imagine. He says it will be "a struggle."

"From now on, they're going to introduce you at parties as 'the Whitney architect.' It almost doesn't matter whether you build the building or not."

When Graves talks about his buildings, he can lapse from the tuneful vocabulary into a punishingly polysyllabic lingo, one his detractors claim is comprehensible only to the intellectual architecture establishment. But he is ready for the barbs, grinningly reheating his Indiana boyhood accent to remind an interviewer that "I'm just a Midwestern farmboy." Well, not quite. Graves was born in 1934, in Indianapolis, the son of a livestock broker who didn't finish high school and a mother who trained as a nurse.

Graves at first hoped to be an artist, and his drawings and paintings even now would qualify him for the title. But his parents urged him to follow a more conventionally practical course, so he embarked on architecture, earning a bachelor of science degree in architecture at the University of Cincinnati. From there, he went to Harvard for a year, earning a master's degree. "Harvard was awful," he says. "Everybody was just trying to figure out how to get it over with and get the degree. Nobody learned anything." He evidently learned something; he won the coveted Prix de Rome in 1960, and spent two years in Italy. While there, he applied to several American universities for a teaching position. Princeton made the best offer—$8,000 a year—and he has been on the faculty ever since.

Teaching has been particularly important to Graves in the past few years. "There is a free and open debate in architecture schools now that couldn't have happened five years ago," he says, and he credits his students with helping him grow in his own work. His early buildings now strike him as "too abstract. A lot of what I was doing was not identifiable; it had lost the chance to have associations." Drawing remains fundamental to his own architecture, and to his teaching. "To do architecture," he says, "you have to draw it first. You don't have to draw it well, but you can't make a composition without it. The technique is not the important thing. I don't care if my students draw with their elbows, as long as they draw."

The 20 years of teaching and "plodding," as he describes it, are now paying off handsomely. After Graves won the Whitney commission, Philip Johnson, a personal friend and professional admirer, said to him: "Michael, from now on they're going to introduce you at cocktail parties as 'the Whitney architect.' It almost doesn't matter whether you build the building or not."

Even so, Graves is a good distance from the lap of luxury. Though he drives a 1980 black Jaguar, his offices remain spare. His house, a former warehouse not far from the Princeton campus, is still in the raw stages of renovation, Gravesian columns cohabiting with untaped Sheetrock. The two-story building is furnished with an eclectic clutter that ranges from a vintage Garland stove to Deco dressers with peeling veneer. In the unfinished end of the house, now used for storage, cases of Tab and Rolling Rock cool naturally alongside an aged desk chair with a torn wicker seat. "The shape of the back interested me," Graves explains. "It'll turn up in a design someday." He is still forced to sell drawings that he would rather keep. A 1980 show at the Max Protech Gallery in New York brought in $60,000, which made it possible to cover his office salaries during a slack period without taking out a loan.

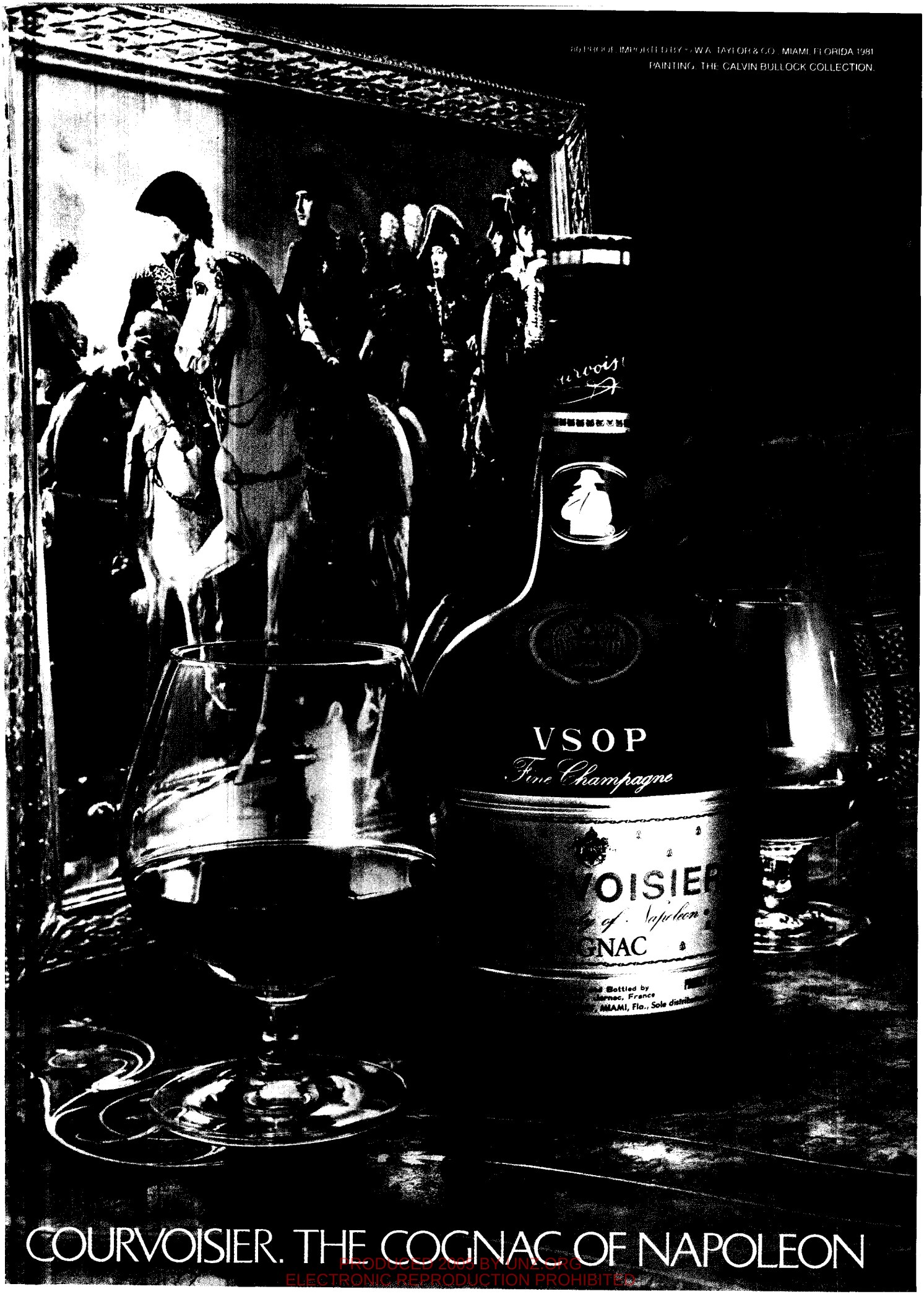
The full-time pursuit of success has had other costs. Graves has been married and divorced twice. "I work all the time," he says, partly by way of explanation, "work and give interviews." He sees his four teenaged children less and less (two are his own, two are from his second wife's former marriage). The work on San Juan Capistrano and Portland keeps him in the air between coasts more than he would like. As a result, he feels, his teaching is suffering, and some of his old friends in the architecture world are not as warm as they were before he began to do so well.

But he is not about to slow down. Graves is designing textiles for the Sunar Furniture and Fabric Company (for which he has also designed four spectacular showrooms), and he has branched out into furniture and other household items. He keeps on his office windowsill a prototype of a tea service that has ties to the work of Josef Hoffmann and looks very much like the little towers that punctuate the roofline of the Capistrano library. In an attic workroom there is a cardboard model of a new pepper-mill design, and one of an ashtray. "I hate smoking," he says, "but someone is going to make them, and one has to be realistic."

Is Michael Graves oversold? After all the waiting for major projects, are the laurels obscuring the vision? He is still no master builder in a league with Johnson or Pei. Portland is still rising, and at this stage it is not much more than a concrete box. The finishing touches may—or may not—make it a landmark of its time. I suspect they will, because the thinking is clear and the imagery is enduring. For what it's worth, Tom Wolfe, in *From Bauhaus to Our House*, that slick and simplistic but to-the-point tirade about the insensitivity of modern architecture, cites Graves as one of the new breed that is simply changing the words of an old tune.

Graves takes the Wolfe attack in good humor. "He dumped on everybody, but it was a good dumping," he says. "I have one complaint, though: Wolfe made architecture sound easy, as if we should have known in advance, for instance, that Modernism had so many problems. Architecture isn't easy. It's tough." ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


REPRODUCED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1981
PAINTING, THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION.
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER. THE COGNAC OF NAPOLEON
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann

Old Times and New Views

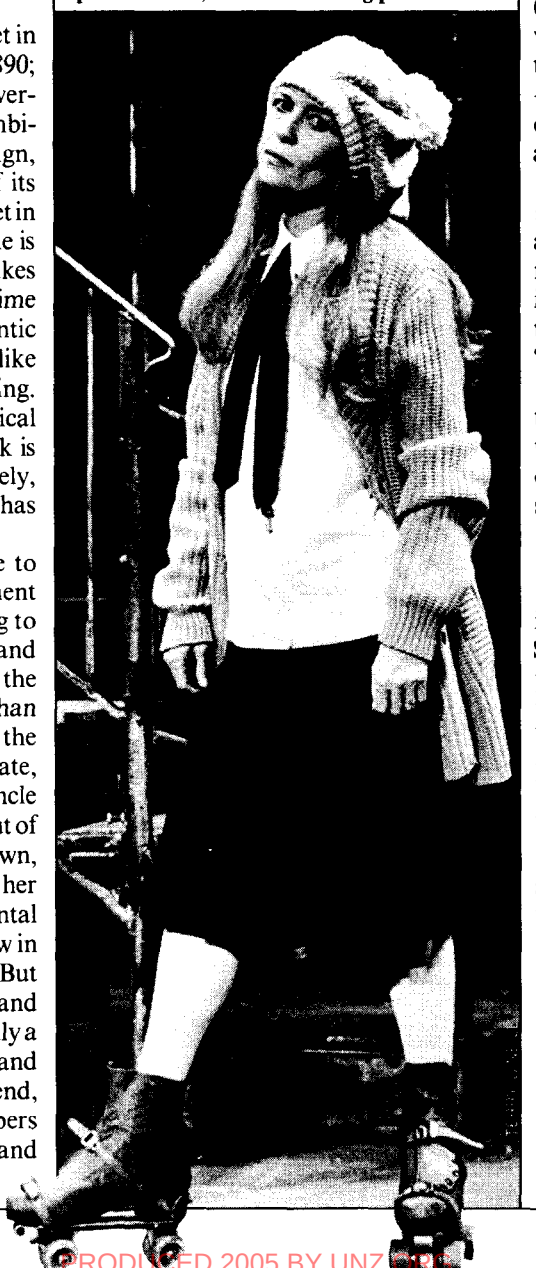
Faye Dunaway pays her debts. In 1965, her role in William Alfred's *Hogan's Goat* opened up a career for her. She has returned to the New York stage for the first time since then because Alfred wanted her in the leading role of his new play, **The Curse of an Aching Heart**. Honor to Dunaway for her loyalty—and for her good performance. But almost everything else about the production is embarrassing.

Hogan's Goat was a verse drama set in the Irish district of Brooklyn in 1890; Dunaway played the wife of the power-hungry hero. The drama was more ambitious than fulfilled, but it had a design, and it was rich with authenticity of its time and locale. Alfred's new play is set in the same district, and, though the title is taken from a ballad of the 1890s, takes place between 1923 and 1942. This time the design is ramshackle, so the authentic details aren't integrated; they are like notes pinned to a rickety scaffolding. *Aching Heart* is crammed with topical allusions and locutions. (A wisecrack is made; someone comments derisively, "Har har, Bert Lahr.") All that Alfred has left out is the play.

He does make maimed obeisance to the idea of drama with a tense moment near the beginning which has nothing to do with most of the play that follows and which he resolves only just before the end. Dunaway is a 16-year-old orphan who lives with her aunt and uncle. On the night that she dresses up for her first date, her appearance so overwhelms her uncle that he kisses her, hotly. She moves out of the house, gets a job, lives on her own, eventually marries. At the end, with her husband a drunk, her aunt in a mental hospital, she sees her uncle again, now in a wheelchair, and forgives him. But between those two poles of offense and pardon there is no electric current, only a stale stuffing of old-timey scenes and songs—gigglings with her best girlfriend, teasings with men, awkward suppers with suitors, even some Judy Garland bits on a trolley.

It's all a series of set-pieces for Dunaway. After a one-line prologue in 1942—the line is "Oh, yes!" and, coming out of nowhere, is risible—she plays her first scene as a girl of 14 on skates, then moves on through the years with conspicuously contrived heartbreak and comedy, all in a Brooklyn accent. Dunaway does truer acting than she has done in some of her recent films, but at least one of the reasons that she looks good is that most of the cast is poor.

Faye Dunaway in *Aching Heart*: a good performance, an embarrassing production.



I've seen some of these actors perform better in other plays, so I attribute their falseness here to the director, Gerald Gutierrez, who pushes them into broad cartooning, gussied up with every cliché that could be exhumed for each role. (Apparently, he could not affect Dunaway.) And Gutierrez ends every scene—there are six scenes, with no intermission—with triteness: wistful deceleration and dimming light intended to give poignance to banalities.

John Lee Beatty's scenic design—two staircases with rotating bases, plus a miniature trolley—ingeniously provides a maximum number of settings with a minimum number of pieces; and the costumes by Nancy Potts help greatly to "place" the play.

Now that Dunaway has paid her debt to Alfred, I hope that she will pay her debt to us. After tantalizing us with a display of her gifts in this feeble work, she owes us some stage performances in good plays.

More important than *Aching Heart* in every way—and wildly different in subject—is Harvey Fierstein's **Torch Song Trilogy**. It consists of three one-act plays with two characters running through them, the principal one played by Fierstein himself. The three plays were produced separately off Broadway at La Mama E.T.C. during 1978-79; now they have been assembled into an evening that runs four hours. Thus grouped, Fierstein's three plays form the best theater work that I know on the subject of homosexuality.

In 1966, while, for a short period, I was the theater critic of the *New York Times*, I wrote two Sunday articles about the stupidity of a culture that forced homosexual playwrights to disguise their experience as heterosexual, then rebuked them for writing female characters who were merely transvestite men. The arti-

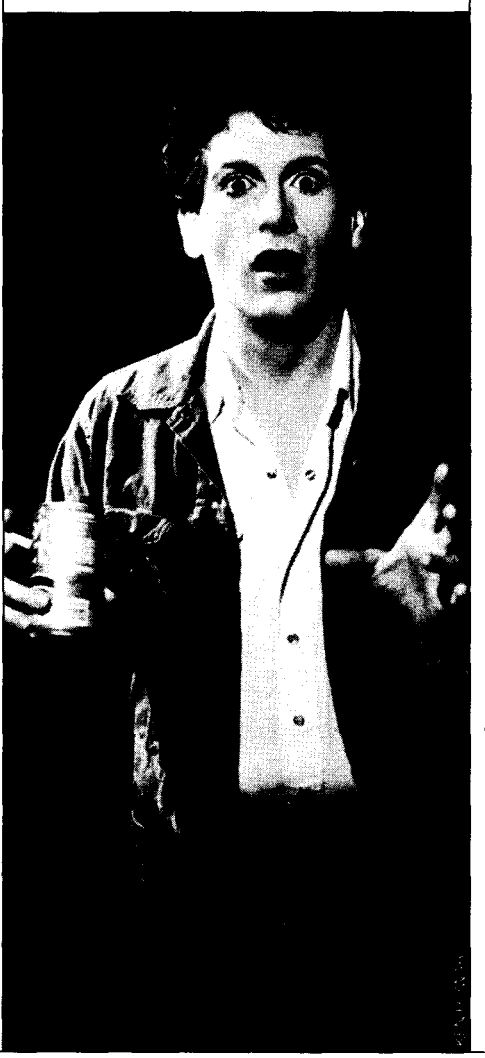
REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cles caused a storm. When I think how dated the articles have become in 16 years, I feel a glimmer of belief in progress. Much of the frankly homosexual theater in New York during those years has been camp, gleefully welcomed by gays in the audience, doggedly applauded by "straights" as, in my view, penance for past injustices. Much of this gay theater was artistic trash and social vengeance. *Trilogy* is not the first valuable, nonvindictive gay work, but it takes first place in the field so far. It is seriously revealing, not just in the informational sense ("So *that's* what 'they' are really like!"), although that's true, too; Fierstein treats his characters as any serious author does, trying to dramatize as much as he can of their mystery.

Yet—and of course this is no contradiction—his mode as writer and performer is comic. He plays, with husky-voiced feeling and sparkle, a Brooklyn-Jewish gay named Arnold Beckoff, witty, bitchy-witty, bright, lonely. Apparently Arnold is a model and a drag night-club performer; his vocations are not quite clear. What's clear is that, without apology or bravado, he is gay; that is his being, not his affliction or complex or limitation.

In the first play, *The International Stud*, which is the least of the trilogy, Arnold takes us on a kaleidoscopic tour of the gay "singles" life, including a visit to the dark back room of the bar whose name names the play. There he meets Ed, a bisexual in his thirties (10 years older than Arnold) with whom he falls in love; but Ed leaves him because his own life is confused.

Above: Estelle Getty and Harvey Fierstein as mother and son in *Torch Song Trilogy*. Below: author/actor Fierstein.



The second play, one year later, *Fugue in a Nursery*, is the cleverest of the three. It takes place almost entirely in an immense bed, eight feet by nine, which is occupied by Ed and his girlfriend Laurel, by Arnold and his boyfriend Alan. The conversations of the four, sometimes in separate pairs, sometimes interwoven, but never of four people in bed together, obeying roughly the musical structure of a fugue, trace themes of selfhood and morality through a spectrum of desire.

Five years later comes the last and best play, *Widows and Children First*. Arnold now has a 15-year-old foster son, David (appealingly played by Matthew Broderick), whom he took in after Arnold's lover, Alan, had been murdered in a park by queer-hunting toughs. Ed, after a quarrel with Laurel, now his wife, is staying with Arnold. Arnold's widowed mother (the excellent Estelle Getty), who knows of her son's gayness but hates to acknowledge it, comes up from Florida to visit. Ed's presence is discomfiting enough to her; her discovery of David's permanent residence here brings a harrowing but funny clash with Arnold. (It's heightened when Arnold tells her that David was gay before he arrived: "The whole purpose of placing him here was for him to grow up with a positive attitude about his homosexuality.") The play—therefore the trilogy—ends with some measure of added understanding on both sides.

Sometimes Fierstein's writing is gag-tainted. Ed goes to the supermarket and returns nine hours later; when Arnold asks him where he's been, Ed says, "Buying milk." "For nine hours?" asks Arnold, and Ed replies, "I was on the express line." After we laugh, we realize that Ed couldn't possibly have said it. It's a Neil Simon touch, converting everyone in the world into a stand-up comic. But on the whole I agree with James Leverett's introduction to the book of *Torch Song Trilogy*. (Published by The Gay Presses of New York, P.O. Box 294, New York, N.Y. 10014. Paperbound, $5.95.) Leverett writes:

> [The trilogy's] radical accomplishment is to show gay sensibility in its true relation to the more general sexual upheaval in our society; that is, to accord homosexuality absolutely equal, undeniable status within the entire range of human experience: equal as a way of life, equal as a source of wisdom. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas H. Middleton

Where It's At

A few years ago, my wife, Jeannie, and I were talking with our friend Ethel, and Jeannie asked about Ethel's daughter: "How's Kathy?" "Kathy's in a good place now," Ethel replied.

In all pie-faced innocence, I asked, "Where is she?" It soon became clear that Ethel was speaking in psychogeographic terms. By "Kathy's in a good place," she meant that Kathy was mentally and emotionally stable and fit, or something very much like that. The "good place" had little or nothing to do with Kathy's present environment. It had to do with the point at which her psyche had arrived in its journey through this vale of tears.

Psychogeography was commonplace in those days. Ethel is some years younger than we, and most alert people of her age then were speaking of "where I am," "where I'm coming from" ("I'm coming from like total openness"), and my own pet horror, "where my head is at."

I've been told that this jargon derives from a modern ramification of gestalt psychology wherein a spatial framework is superimposed over the temporal dimension of one's life, so to speak. Apparently, speaking and thinking in terms of where one is coming from and where one's head is at have considerable value in gestalt psychotherapy, and the style spilled over into the speech of people who were neither giving nor receiving therapy, but whose friends were like into that whole scene.

The style is no longer so prevalent as it was, I'm happy to say, but I have been reminded of it in a rather offbeat way by an enormous billboard I saw advertising Camel cigarettes. It shows a ruggedly handsome young man with what appear to be meticulously tousled golden curls and a golden mustache. He is sitting in front of a pile of logs, or perhaps a log cabin. He looks very outdoorsy, and he's lighting a cigarette, presumably a Camel, not with a match or a lighter, but for some reason, with a flaming twig. The copy on the poster says simply, "CAMEL—Where a Man Belongs." It's good old psychogeography again. Obviously, a man doesn't belong on a camel, or even on a Camel. The thought behind "CAMEL—Where a Man Belongs" is more precisely expressed, I should think, as "Camel—a man's cigarette"; but that would be too straightforward for the modern mode.

I'm not so foolish as to say that "CAMEL—Where a Man Belongs"isn't a good advertisement. It is probably an excellent one. I'm an ex-addict, as are most of my friends, and most of us reformed butt fiends (*there's* an expression from our youthful days) are especially tough on smoking as a habit and the tobacco industry in general. But we can spot an effective cigarette ad when we see one, and I think the Camel ad should appeal to the less perceptive members of a generation that is comfortable with psychogeographic terms and that wants, for the most part, to be "where a man belongs." Today, not just young men, but young women as well, want to be "where a man belongs."

These days, not just young men, but young women too, want to be "where a man belongs."

Psychogeography is not new to the lingo of cigarette advertising. Probably the most effective advertising campaign since Walter Raleigh first offered a Virginia Slims to Good Queen Bess is the one based on "Marlboro Country," and Marlboro Country is just about as psychogeographic a location as you can find.

I'm not actually privy to the machinations of the big brains in the big agencies, but I think I can delineate the genesis of Marlboro Country:

World War II probably delivered the greatest bonanza the cigarette industry ever had. Almost everybody smoked then, and the big tobacco companies gave away little packs of four or five cigarettes as free samples in an obvious attempt to hook those who didn't smoke. In the army, when a sergeant wanted to call a 10-minute break in a military maneuver, he never said, "Take a 10-minute break." He said, "Take 10. Smoke if ya got 'em!" and anyone who didn't smoke began to feel like an oddball. During the 1940s, it was hard to find a room that wasn't smoke filled.

Then along came the Surgeon General's Report, and a deafening report it was. We'd all known smoking was a filthy habit, and we'd called cigarettes "coffin nails" for decades, but here it was, the official word from the top medical authority.

One result was the development of filter-tip cigarettes. Filter tips had been rare before then, and G.I.s never used them because we were supposed to "G.I." our cigarette butts, which meant shredding them and scattering the tobacco to the winds, then rolling the paper to the size of a nit, almost invisible to the naked eye. It's impossible to G.I. a filter tip. They're practically indestructible.

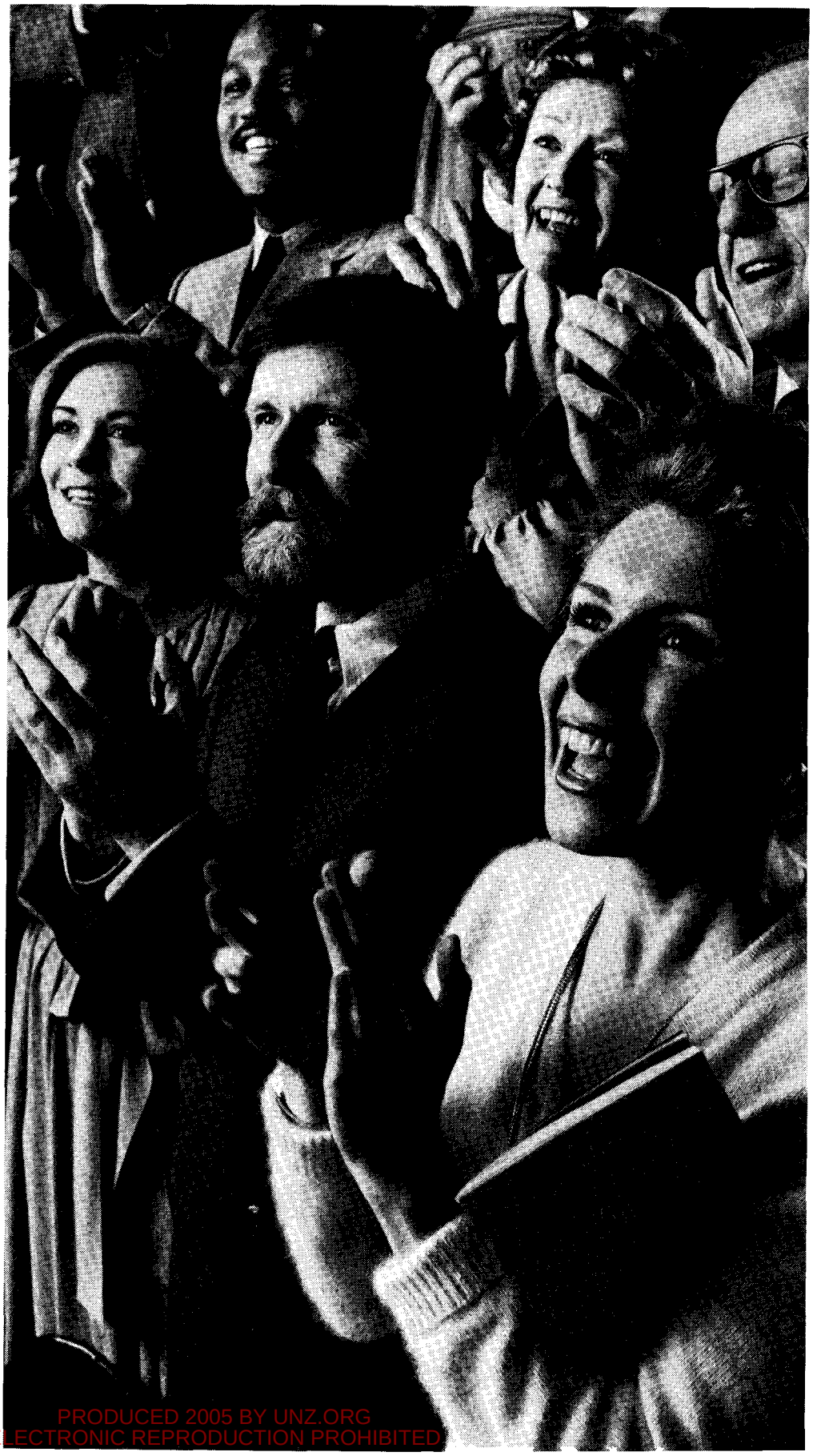
A great many men, especially veterans, balked at filter tips, moved, in part at least, by a nagging feeling that they were somehow effeminate. So some genius invented a ruggedly handsome boots-and-saddles guy who had a ruggedly handsome tattoo on the back of his rugged hand and called him "The Marlboro Man."

The message was clear. If anyone *that* rugged was comfortable with a filter tip, it was nothing to be ashamed of. The Marlboro Man rode through Marlboro Country, a tough, untamed land that took a tough breed of man for the taming. A masculine landscape that became a masculine mindscape—where a man belongs.

It's mighty pretty country, all right. A psychogeographic dreamland. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bell System is giving American orchestras a hand.



The Bell System American Orchestras on Tour program is taking 30 major symphony orchestras to over 280 cities across the United States.

It's our way of helping orchestras reach places and people they might not have reached before—not merely an extension of our business, but a part of it.

Our commitment to quality goes beyond keeping your communications system the best in the world. It also extends to reaching people from coast to coast with fine music.

Bell System

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irving Kolodin

The Liberation of Tennstedt

Conductor **Klaus Tennstedt**'s identity as a rare, cherishable talent was vastly strengthened, even magnified, in a recent engagement with the Philadelphia Orchestra in which he led a stupendous performance of Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 9 in the Academy of Music.

At 55, Tennstedt is still a new phenomenon in Western musical life. Born June 6, 1926, in Merseburg, Germany, he has spent half his life in East Germany. The official explanation for his growing presence in American concert halls is that a visa for restricted travel to Scandinavia was misstamped in a way that enabled him to become a free man in a free world.

But why has Tennstedt soared into an empyrean few others of his generation have reached, even those who have known longer periods of prominence? This soul-searching question was prompted by Tennstedt's performance in Philadelphia and a later two-week engagement with the New York Philharmonic that included the same symphony.

At bottom are his roots in a richly generative German soil (during World War II he studied both piano and violin at the Leipzig Conservatory). This nurturing, combined with his sense of conviction and curiosity, has endeared him to audiences in half a dozen American cities, especially Minneapolis, where he is now principal guest conductor. When first observed in the U.S. during the late 1970s, Tennstedt's talent was arresting. But now his strong, fresh, urgent involvement with the music he chooses is overpowering. To me, the surges and soarings that characterize his conducting bespeak liberation from the cultural restraints and restrictions that handcuffed him only a few years ago. Tennstedt is now a fully liberated musician with a fascinating capacity to play, surely and securely, on one of the most complex of instruments: the modern symphony orchestra.

But unlike most of his important contemporaries, Tennstedt has no passion to conduct for acclaim as a virtuoso, in an effort to divert praise from "them" to "me." His accomplishment in Philadelphia was immensely, inseparably, indivisibly a matter of "us."

In his well-remembered performance last season of Mahler's Symphony No. 1 with the Philadelphia in New York's Carnegie Hall ("Tennstedt Triumphant," *SR*, June 1981), a high badge of distinction was conferred on Tennstedt when the musicians refused to rise at his gesture to share the applause of an ecstatic audience. At the conclusion of the recent Academy of Music performance—following a work that ends quietly rather than with the fanfares of No. 1—the interchange was inverted when Tennstedt simply clasped his hands together and extended them (in a way not visible to the audience) in a gesture of thanks to *everyone* of the nearly 100 performers.

Tennstedt: a gesture of thanks.

LOUIS HOOD - THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

To some extent, this inversion of gesture stemmed from the difference between the works themselves: the extroverted No. 1 bursting with energy; the introverted No. 9 aflame with inner suppressions. But there is a linkage in content between the two compositions all too often obscured by the fact that 20 years elapsed between the First (1889) and the Ninth (1909)—the last symphony Mahler completed. Each is the work of a man who was a master of songwriting before he expanded his abilities to the symphony. If you don't know one kind of accomplishment, you really can't comprehend the other.

Many listeners are well acquainted with the growth of the first symphony from a group of songs called *Songs of the Wayfarer*. Very few are versed in Mahler's perpetuation of the same impulse at the very end of the vastly different Ninth. In this tragedy-haunted, storm-tossed, indomitably eloquent work, some students of Mahler believe that the composer was dissolved in resignation and almost devoid of hope.

That, in my opinion, is a fallacy based on the emotion most of the music *tends* to convey. Mahler's true intention is rather concealed, but still accessible *if* one knows where to find it. Tennstedt showed the composer's secret meaning in the final, slow movement, as he softly stroked a well-phrased allusion to one of the greatest of Mahler's songs.

It occurs in a setting of text by the poet Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) included in a cycle called *Songs on the Death of Children* (or *Kindertotenlieder*). As a parent, Rückert suffered that misery more than once. In the song quoted (No. 4 in Mahler's sequence), Rückert deals with an image in which he fantasizes that "the children have just gone out.... They will soon return...."

In the Ninth, Mahler cites musically (but not verbally) the last, summarizing line: "Der Tag ist schön, auf jenen Höhn!" Or, "In the sunshine, it is a beautiful day on those heights!"

In those ecstatic phrases from the solo strings (violins, viola, cello), Mahler is expressing a conviction that despite the woes and the anguish he had known, there is still sunshine on the heights ahead, not only in his mind, but in his music. All this was induced, fondled, spun out by Tennstedt from all who made up the wonderful Philadelphia instrument, on which he gave so fulfilling, so illuminating a performance. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fly KLM to Holland for the best blooming values in Europe this year.

Floriade 1982. Greatest Flower Show on Earth.

Holland always blooms with values. But this year, Holland outdoes herself. From April 8 to October 10, there's Floriade, a once-in-a-decade garden wonderland of tulips, roses, hyacinths, orchids, every imaginable exotic flower abloom on 135 acres, only 18 minutes from the center of Amsterdam.

Floriade alone makes Holland Europe's best blooming value this year. But there are many more ways in which this thrifty country gives you your money's worth. There are hundreds of fine hotels ready to accommodate any budget—and some 600 restaurants where a delicious 3-course dinner is yours for an appetizing $5.45.

If you crave sustenance for the spirit, Holland is home to centuries of civilization. Its 400 museums are rich in Rembrandts, Vermeers, Van Goghs and other national treasures.

Your Ticket to Holland's Flowering Culture.

Holland is the only country with this unique card. For only $5, it entitles you to walk into many museums, get as much as 50% off first class train travel, and reserve hard-to-get tickets to Holland's world-famous concerts, ballets, operas.

Holland's Values Start with a Non-Stop Flight on a KLM 747.

Fly from New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, or Atlanta and take advantage of KLM's special low fares. You can also strike another bargain with KLM—a Happy Holland Bargain. And get your first night's stay in Amsterdam or The Hague—plus a hearty Dutch breakfast and more—for only $22.00 to $52.00 per person.

This year, more than any other, Holland has everything you go to Europe for.

For more information, call KLM or your travel agent or clip this coupon.

1982 The Netherlands-America Bicentennial, a celebration of 200 years of friendship.

SAT

NNTO/KLM Reader Service
P.O. Box 820
Farmingdale, New York 11736

Please send your kit on Holland, The Best Blooming Value in Europe This Year, including information on Floriade, the Holland Culture Card™ and KLM tours and special low fares.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

KLM/HOLLAND
Royal Dutch Airlines

SR

PRODUCED BY ARCHIVE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carter Ratcliff

Beyond the Erotic

Robert Graham's bronze castings of female nudes are difficult to classify. These figures are minutely observed and exactly rendered, yet it makes no sense to group them with the work of Duane Hansen and others whose sharp-focus sculptures are the three-dimensional equivalent of photo-realism. For one thing, Graham's figures show none of Hansen's eye for nuances of personality and social type. Most important, they are not locked into life-size. Graham's women are small, sometimes only a foot high. And their patinas are decidedly un-lifelike. No one ever glimpsed a Graham sculpture out of the corner of his eye and thought it was a living, breathing person. Yet each of these figures is clearly modeled after someone in particular, an individual sometimes memorialized by a title—"Lise," "Cherie," "Stephanie." Graham joins realism to an idealization of the human form in a mix for which we have no name.

The Walker Art Center of Minneapolis has put together a good selection from Graham's output, beginning with sculptures from 1971 when he first started working in bronze. The show, first displayed at the Walker last fall, will be on tour until December, 1982.* Among the earliest works on view is "Single Figure" (1973-75). Overall, this piece is nearly six feet high. However, the "figure" of the title—a nude woman with her hands held loosely at her sides—is only 18 inches tall. She is posed on a columnar pedestal also 18 inches in height, which is in turn supported by a second pedestal 27 inches high. The entire arrangement rests on a disc whose 4½-inch thickness provides a key to the proportions Graham has set to work here. The figure and its supports are all sized as multiples of the disc, which thus becomes the basic unit of measurement—in other words, the ratio of proportions becomes 1:6:4:4. As a set of numbers, this is an abstract pattern, complicated on paper but readily discernible to the eye. In this sculpture of Graham's, it's elegant and more. The artist's play with proportions produces a sense of monumentality for reasons that are not far to seek.

*Through March 21 at the Norton Gallery and School of Fine Art, West Palm Beach, Florida. From there the show will travel to the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, the Des Moines Art Center, and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

WALKER ART CENTER

"Single Figure" (bronze, 1973-75): An intriguing mix of realism and idealization.

From the outset, Western culture has ordered images of the human form by means of such numerical patterns as these. Sculptors and geometricians were close kin in classical times. Architects were members of this family, too. All of us have inherited from ancient Athens the knack of seeing forms as sequences of proportion. There's nothing conscious about this; it's just the way our eyes work—as Robert Graham has intuited to powerful effect. His miniaturized women loom large because our vision detaches them from their physical state, their embodiment in bronze, and sets them free in a realm of the imagination where ratios of form can be multiplied endlessly. And so the nude body of "Single Figure" is not locked into a chunk of metal 18 inches high. The overall rhythms of the piece give her the impact of a monument.

Because Graham is sculpting nude women, it is easy to regard him as part of the hedonism so prevalent in the art of his native California. But Graham is after an aesthetic that transcends eroticism. By playing with classical proportions and using cool surfaces, he discourages a purely erotic response.

During the 1960s, Graham made small Plexiglas boxes, furnished them with scaled-down beds, then peopled them with the forms of nude women exquisitely modeled in wax. Critics saw him as an exponent of California Pop, which was just as flashy as the New York kind but not as gritty. The surfaces of these wax women had a chilly flesh color (lighter where bikinis had been). Graham cast the gallery-goer in the role of voyeur: The eye had unimpeded access to these trans-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parent, lusciously inhabited interiors, yet miniaturization kept the eye at a distance. Though there was a strong temptation to see Graham as a celebrator of West Coast mores, these works were emotionally severe, far from the sensualism of California Pop.

The California culture that produced the Beach Boys, the hot tub, and Rodeo Drive discovered its own hedonistic versions of Pop art. When New York minimalists were offering simple geometric forms in black, white, and gray, their Los Angeles counterparts came up with simple geometric shapes in every color of the car customizer's rainbow. And these layers of shimmering lacquer were impeccable. This "finish fetish" gave sculpture the equivalent of a perfect tan.

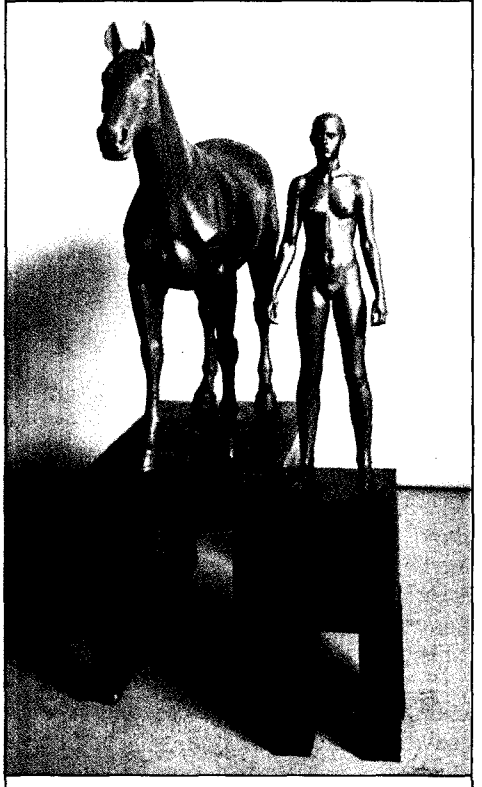
Art is reassuring when it mirrors widespread predilections, and so the finish fetishists earned themselves a West Coast vogue. But they soon faded. A culture needs only so much reassurance. What it really wants from high art is some reflection on prevailing values. There are California artists who provide this—Graham is joined by Robert Irwin and James Turrell in this category—and they have had much more substantial careers. Ironically, they are all ascetics of a kind, whose art transcends tactile pleasures.

Irwin and Turrell, in particular, have made light itself their medium in environmental pieces—entire rooms given over to lights and shapes producing purely visual effects. They shift the emphasis from immediate, sun-warmed pleasure to the more difficult joys of contemplation. In Los Angeles, capital of the physical fitness craze, these artists have chosen to refine the eye. Robert Graham's ascetic art is all the more demanding because he presents us with nude women to contemplate, and each of them is gorgeous in her idiosyncratic way.

"Lise" (1977) is slim and nubile. "Heather" (1979) is ample, a statue of a woman who, in the flesh, is surely statuesque. A hint of robust personality comes across in Graham's rendering, and yet here, as always, his concern is with clarity of vision. The firmness of "Heather"'s outline is answered by perfect balance in the work's overall proportions—68 inches high, it is divided evenly between figure and pedestal. Of course one doesn't determine such matters with a tape measure. With extraordinary delicacy, Graham adjusts pose, patina, and design of the pedestal to persuade the eye that solid-looking "Heather" belongs to an equally solid, one-to-one proportion.

"Heather"'s hair is wrapped in a turban. Graham presents "Lise" bereft of hair, as if to remove all fussy textures from his image of her adolescent suppleness. "Lise" appears in three versions, all from 1977. The first and last of her poses (arms crossed; arms held out tensely to the side) recur in the two "Torso"s of 1976-77. Over the last decade Graham has developed a repertoire of forms from the female body. When, as often happens, a bronze casting produces only fragments, he sometimes mounts them on a small pedestal. Offered the shape of lower face, neck, and one shoulder, the mind fills in the rest. Or we give the object a nonfigurative reading, thus taking another step toward a way of seeing as detached as any focused on the light-works of Irwin and Turrell.

WALKER ART CENTER



Top: "Torso I" (bronze, 1975-76). Below: "Spy" and "Stephanie" (bronze, 1980-81).

Graham has another way of fragmenting the human form. Starting with the figure already cast, he imprints some portion of it into a slab of clay, and assembles several such slabs to serve as pedestals. As the statuesque details of the pedestal echo its figure, the artist's fragmentation serves the cause of formal unity.

Like most ascetics, Graham circumscribes his world narrowly. Recently he made room in it for "Spy," a carefully rendered effigy of a neatly groomed horse. At the artist's most recent New York show, "Spy" stood next to "Stephanie," an image of the young woman who owns the horse. These are separate works—each has its own pedestal—yet both are reduced from life-size to the same degree. And they're keyed to the same ratios of form. Some see Graham's command of proportion as an academic trait, as if his sculpture were a late-blooming development of that neoclassicism which used to fill our cities with allegorical figures of Commerce and Industry. Yet the artist's acute observation, his realism, frees him from the clutches of the academy.

If we want to see Graham against a backdrop larger than the one provided by California asceticism, it helps to remember that Le Corbusier based his architecture on a system of proportions derived from the human body. Corbu, like so many in De Stijl and at the Bauhaus, was a classicizing Modernist, and a Utopian one at that. His Modernism was a vision of the future filled with harmoniously ordered artworks, buildings, boulevards and cities. Such optimism was born out of World War I and killed off by World War II. Now the Utopian vision has turned inward. Like Irwin, Turrell, and other light-obsessed artists on the West Coast, Graham puts the heritage of Utopian Modernism to work on a more private scale. Instead of an utterly remade environment, his art proposes a future in which all of us will have learned to see with more clarity, more order, more intensity. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judith Crist

The Flowers (and Weeds) of Spring

Let others look for larks and daffodils. After a winter of serious fare and pseudo-innovations, a cineaste's spring is heralded by a variety of pleasing entertainments.

Above all, there's Blake Edwards's **Victor/Victoria**, a serious consideration of role-playing decked out as a lavish, luscious, ribald musical comedy that will leave you laughing with just a bit of a lump in your throat and a thought or two in your head. Its source is a 1933 German film, *Viktor und Viktoria*, conceived by Hans Hoemburg and written and directed by Reinhold Schuenzel. And small doubt that the international success of *Cage aux Folles* indicated that the time was right for a consideration of sexual identities and propensities. But Edwards has established himself over the past 20 years as a master of both craft and comedy (with the *Pink Panther* series, *10*, and *S.O.B.* as evidence), and anyone familiar with his work can presume that the writer-director-producer has made the material entirely his own.

Victor/Victoria is set in Paris in 1934, with Julie Andrews a stranded coloratura on her uppers, ready to sell herself for a strand of spaghetti, let alone a meatball. She encounters Robert Preston, as an over-the-hill homosexual entertainer who has just lost his job. He gives her shelter and his ex-lover's clothes—and therein is the inspiration. Why not a nightclub act with Andrews in drag, offering her as a young Polish count who sings and dances as a woman and then reveals herself as a man (concealing the fact that she really *is* a woman)?

Victoria becomes Victor everywhere but in the privacy of the room and bed that Andrews and Preston share companionably, and Victor becomes the toast of Paris. And one night into the club comes James Garner, king of the Chicago rackets, with his tootsie and his bodyguard in tow. Garner is smitten by the woman on stage, much to the tootsie's chagrin, and he's still smitten, albeit horrified, when she ends the act as a man, much to the tootsie's grim satisfaction.

All of this is for starters, with Edwards weaving a plot of marvelous complexity, what with the tootsie, banished back to Chicago, reporting to Garner's partner that his associate is "shackin' up with a Polish fairy"; Preston's ex-boss hiring a private eye to confirm his suspicions about the act; and Garner's bodyguard making revelations of his own. As is his wont, Edwards stints on neither pratfall, double-take, nor double entendre, filling his screen with odd minor characters and lush production numbers built around a dandy Henry Mancini score, ultra-bright Leslie Bricusse lyrics, and costumes to knock your eye out. Edwards keeps the action going at a breakneck pace, with time out for riots and mayhem.

UNITED ARTISTS

James Garner (front), Robert Preston, and Julie Andrews in *Victor/Victoria*.

But the heart of the matter is each character's sudden awareness of role playing and consideration of self. For Andrews, as a woman playing a man who is playing a woman, there is a duality of love—for Preston as friend, for Garner as male—and a devotion to being Victor, which makes her feel "emancipated—I'm my own man." For Garner, there is the shock of attraction to a man, then the peculiarity of a woman's penchant for playing a man, a consideration of macho, and even a questioning of his own pretense at being a "businessman" rather than a gangster. His bodyguard (Alex Karras, at a comic high) and tootsie (Leslie Ann Warren, who has come into her own as a comedienne) also face personal probings.

Above all, as auteur, Edwards constantly expands the talents of his company, providing larger arenas for his current stars. Julie Andrews is simply brilliant: All the gifts that sparkled in her Broadway and film musicals glitter in her maturity; she is pure enchantment as performer and as actress. Preston, brought back to film in *S.O.B.* with his unforgettable portrayal of a Doctor Feelgood, is beautifully disciplined, subtle in every move and gesture, emerging finally—and unexpectedly—as the one person on hand at peace with himself, aware of who and what he is. His is a noteworthy portrait, compassionate and tender. Garner too is restrained, his television slickery giving way to a rough-hewn and appealing portrait of the male discomfited, needing the solace of a brawl to clear his sinuses. Warren and Karras are picture-stealers, while Graham Stark, as a waiter who's employed everywhere, and Sherloque (sic!) Tanney, as the private eye, grab their scenes and run. In all, it's a splendid entertainment for grownups, who do or don't know who they are.

Is it giving anything away to note that homosexuality is also a factor in **Deathtrap**? The newest Jay Presson Allen-Sidney Lumet collaboration is based on the thriller by Ira Levin that has been on Broadway since February 26, 1978. To say very much of anything about this suspense-comedy is, I fear, to spoil it for anyone unfamiliar with its

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twist-and-turn plot; even those who have seen the play have surprises in store.

The screen adaptation by Allen has not "opened" the drama significantly beyond its initial sequences. We're still down to the lonely-country-house setting with wild rainstorms, power failures, and the question of not only who is who but also of who is going to do what to whom. It's the casting that provides the main pleasures of this version. Michael

BARBRA WALZ/SYGMA

Michael Caine stalks in *Deathtrap*.

Caine plays the established writer of mystery dramas who hasn't had a hit in too long: Christopher Reeve is the aspiring playwright who may just have a hit in hand (or manuscript), and the two of them are first-class antagonists in the killer-cat-and-murderous-mouse duel that ensues. Allen has enhanced the role of the playwright's wife, as does Dyan Cannon in playing it; Irene Worth has herself a ball as the Dutch seeress next door; and Henry Jones is the ultimate in untrustworthy lawyers.

One has the feeling that Lumet and Allen undertook this project as relaxation after their *Prince of the City*—and it is just that. Beyond the plot, the major satisfaction is in seeing Reeve leave Clark Kent and Superman far behind and give us a multifaceted and freshly fascinating character. He, Caine, and Lumet keep our eyes on the action and make it easy to avoid the plot holes.

The plot's the thing for Agatha Christie buffs, and **Evil Under the Sun**, from the producers who also gave us her *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Death on the Nile*, and *The Mirror Crack'd*, is strictly for the Christie crowd. With a script by Anthony Shaffer, of *Sleuth* fame, directed by Guy Hamilton, elegantly filmed in Majorca, it offers a wallow for Dame Agatha's fans. The movie is rich in characters, luxurious in sets and 1933 idle-rich costumes, complicated in set-up, and overflowing with the reenactment of alibis in the traditional time-for-solution finale, all to the tune of a Cole Porter score.

Peter Ustinov, as he was in *Nile*, is Hercule Poirot, arriving at a remote Adriatic island resort to rendezvous with a client, a millionaire who has aroused an insurance company's curiosity by trying to insure a worthless stone for £50,000. Before long there's a corpse and eight prime suspects. Beyond Ustinov, who can make a *faux pas* high drama and a don't-go-in-the-water swimming scene a delight, the prime joys of the film are Maggie Smith, delicious as the ex-chorine hotel proprietress, and Diana Rigg, superb as her chorus-line buddy who's gone on to stardom and gold-digging. They're worth the price of admission—even for non-Christie fans.

These entertainments sparkle in the light of recent disappointments. A major one was Francis Coppola's **One From the Heart**, disappointing because it is all technique and effects, with a lovely Tom Waits score and songs sung by Waits and Crystal Gale. What Coppola has described as a "new kind of old-fashioned romance" lacks only a romance to enthrall us. Instead it offers dazzling sets by the mile, bursts of lovely fantasy, moments of exquisite imagination. There is a touch of Fellini here, a bit of *King of Hearts* there, a neon glow and a razzle-dazzle crowd scene in Coppola's studio-built Las Vegas. There is a master technician at work and his artistic aspiration is evident. But where is the substance and the story?

Self-consciously—even patronizingly—Coppola and his screenplay collaborator, Armyan Bernstein, give us "little" people, Teri Garr and Frederick Forrest, a couple drifting apart after five years. She beguiles herself with Raul Julia, a waiter-entertainer; he encounters a dreamgirl-circus performer, Nastassia Kinski; but Garr and Forrest think of each other and are reunited in a golden glow. Kinski is a lovely creature, but the other three have, on this occasion, not a flicker of charisma. In retrospect, one remembers far more vividly the third bananas, Lainie Kazan and Harry Dean Stanton, who play the lovers' slightly feisty best friends.

Coppola is, after all, one of our foremost filmmakers, and certainly the most adventurous. But technique—and the "innovation" of electronic studio work with videotape—has absorbed him. This one is from the video control board: The heart is missing.

Cannery Row, adapted from Steinbeck's *Cannery Row* and from *Sweet Thursday* by David S. Ward, marks Ward's directorial debut. Ward wrote *The Sting*, but in the course of that film he apparently failed to learn anything from its director, George Roy Hill. This sluggish, plodding, predictable, and—thanks to Sven Nykvist's exquisite cinematography—artsy-smartsy pretentious film is an embarrassing bore. At best it serves to underline the naiveté of Steinbeck's romantic glorification of bums and losers. Nick Nolte is the marine biologist, Debra Winger the bordello girl he falls in love with, and both have done better elsewhere.

Peter Lilienthal's **David**, based on Joel

NANCY MORAN/SYGMA

Nastassia Kinski (center front) in Francis Coppola's *One From the Heart*.

Konig's novel about a Jewish boy in Nazi Germany who escapes to Palestine, is noteworthy because it was filmed in East and West Germany and won the Golden Bear at the 1979 Berlin Film Festival. Lilienthal, himself a boyhood refugee from Nazism, is a Berlin-based filmmaker. His movie, in depicting the plight and attitudes of middle-class Jews, is reminiscent of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. But its pedestrian pacing, confused scripting, and unremarkable performances make it a minor addition to the film literature of the Holocaust. ■

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tim Page

A $400 Stravinsky Album

Igor Stravinsky was born 100 years ago this June. In centennial celebration, CBS Masterworks has just released an elaborate 31-record set (priced at $400) containing virtually all of his major works, in renditions either conducted or supervised by the composer. It is an impressive package; the listener can trace the course of Stravinsky's career through almost 100 works—from the visionary but rhetorical Symphony in E Flat (1905-06) through the composer's charming, oddly appropriate valediction, a 1966 setting of "The Owl and the Pussycat." More than 60 years of work is represented here, and they were revolutionary years. Stravinsky, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, numbered Debussy and Ravel among his early admirers, made his reputation in a world populated by giants such as Mahler, Sibelius, and Richard Strauss, influenced the development of Western music for half a century, and died in 1971 in the era of John Cage, Pierre Boulez, and Milton Babbitt. Throughout the artistic upheaval that has characterized the 20th century, Stravinsky remained a monumental figure, a virtual personification of "modernism" to a succession of generations.

Stravinsky first came to public attention with a brilliant series of ballets produced for Serge Diaghilev's Ballet Russe: The *Firebird* (1910), *Petrouchka* (1911), and *Le Sacre du Printemps* (The Rite of Spring, 1913). The latter work so scandalized the audience at its premiere—with its free atonality, "barbarous" rhythms, and unprecedented raw, sinuous power—that a full-scale riot terminated the performance. But the composer was also capable of subtler shocks. Shortly after *Sacre*, Stravinsky abandoned the ardent Russian nationalism of his early work and turned to neoclassicism, a formal, temperate antidote to the lush, overmarinated romanticism then fashionable. And late in his life, in the early 1950s, Stravinsky would surprise his audience by suddenly adapting the serial techniques developed by Arnold Schoenberg, producing such compositions as *Threni* (1958) and *Requiem Canticles* (1966)—works strongly admired in certain circles but which have yet to attain popular acceptance.

Only a second-rate artist is always at his best, and any chronicle this comprehensive must include a fair amount of chaff among the ample wheat. There was something a little coldblooded about Stravinsky, and one can't escape the occasional feeling that his extraordinary compositional technique is artfully concealing a certain spiritual paucity. But one never loses admiration for the way the composer effectively "Stravinsky-izes" everything he touches—from Russian folklore to serialism, from charming adaptations of Tchaikovsky and Pergolesi through a unique arrangement of our own "Star Spangled Banner," all included within the CBS package. And there is much to admire in lesser known works: the Olympian serenity and poise of neoclassical gems such as *Orpheus* (1948), say, or the haunting part-writing for organ in the otherwise arid *Canticum Sacrum* (1956).

RICHARD AVEDON, 1959

Igor Stravinsky: bone-dry as a conductor.

It is always difficult to judge a composer's performances of his own music. From a certain perspective such renditions are, *a priori*, definitive—doubly so when the composer was as skilled a conductor as Stravinsky became. This said, it is difficult to imagine a chillier, less sympathetic *Symphony of Psalms* (1930), and it would be instructive to hear some of the thorny later works under another conductor. I am confident there is more life in these pieces than Stravinsky's bone-dry performances let on. Most listeners will have personal preferences for recordings of some of these works led by different conductors; I would not want to be without Bernstein's heartfelt *Symphony of Psalms* (CBS), Ansermet's transplendent *Firebird* (London), Monteux's historic *Sacre du Printemps* (RCA), and several others. But the majority of the CBS recordings are crisp, vigorous, and finely detailed—*echt* Stravinsky, in other words.

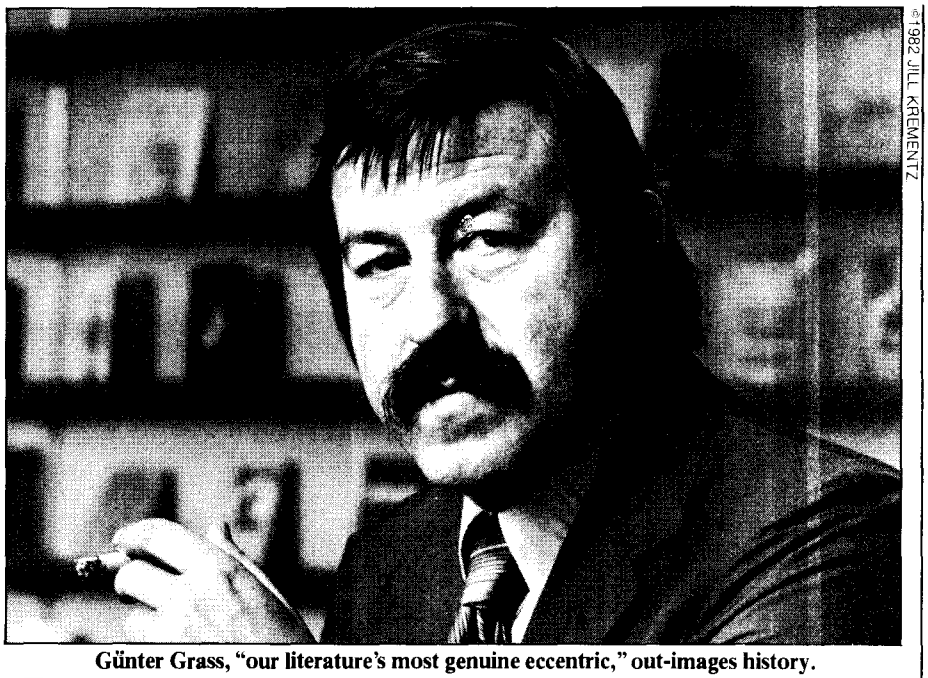
I have a few quibbles. The CBS packaging is only fair, and the plastic cover that accompanies this set is cumbersome and highly breakable. And while I enjoy Stravinsky's waspish, witty prose style, here preserved on many of the liner sleeves, I confess I would have gladly sacrificed some of the charm for a bit more hard data. And CBS consistently favors Stravinsky's last, stereophonic recordings; I would have appreciated the opportunity to compare and contrast some of his early 78 RPM discs from the 1920s and 1930s.

But these are minor points. On the positive side, the CBS pressings are absolutely first-rate. Of course, many listeners may be unwilling to purchase 31 records in one grand, decadent splurge; I would hope that CBS eventually decides to release their Stravinsky collection in affordable modules before too long. This is an historic release, and well worth the time and energy that have been spent on it; CBS has not only offered us the recorded documentation of an extraordinary career, but a chance to mark the progression of 20th-century music over a particularly vital 60 years. ■

SR's regular record reviewer, Stephen Wadsworth, is taking a leave of absence to write an opera with Leonard Bernstein. Tim Page, his replacement, is a music critic for the *Soho News*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS



©1982 JILL KREMENTZ

Günter Grass, "our literature's most genuine eccentric," out-images history.

Günter Grass: King of the Toy Merchants

Headbirths, or The Germans Are Dying Out
by Günter Grass, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 144 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by John Irving

THERE IS STILL a youthful restlessness to the work of Günter Grass—an impatience, a total absence of complacency, a shock of unexpected energy that must be gratifying to those German writers who, in 1958, awarded Grass the prize of the Group 47 for his first novel, *The Tin Drum*. In the more than 20 years since its publication, *Die Blechtrommel*—as it is called in German—has not been surpassed; it is the greatest novel by a living author. More than 14 books later, Grass himself has not surpassed *The Tin Drum*, but—more importantly—he hasn't limited himself by trying. He has allowed himself the imaginative range of an international wanderer, while at the same time, at 54, he has remained as recognizably German as he was at 31 when he wrote *The Tin Drum*.

John Irving is the author of five novels—most recently—*The World According to Garp* and *The Hotel New Hampshire*.

One reason Grass remains forever young is that he exercises no discernable restraint on the mischief of his imagination or on the practical, down-to-earth morality of his politics. Grass is a writer whose political activism has included writing almost 100 election speeches for Willy Brandt (in 1969), and whose recent fictional undertakings have included a dense, short but crammed-full historical novel—*The Meeting at Telgte*, set at the end of the Thirty Years' War (1647)—and a huge, discursive novel—*The Flounder*—that begins in the Stone Age and resides in the present at a most contemporary "Women's Tribunal," where a talking fish is on trial for male chauvinism.

Fortunately, for the pleasure of his readers, Grass has not acquired a single gesture of literary detachment or intellectual pompousness. He remains engaged—at once dead-serious and a tireless prankster. He is our literature's most genuine eccentric. Writers as unique as Gabriel Garcia Marquez and as derivative as Jerzy Kosinski are under the shadow of what Grass does better than anyone: Against the authoritative landscape of history, he creates characters so wholly larger than life, yet vivid, that they confront the authority of history with a larger authority—Grass's relentless imagination. He does not distort history; he out-imagines it.

Perhaps, one day, he'll slow down and write an introduction to his work—either to something new (if he feels old enough), or (if he feels patient enough to offer us some hindsight) to something old: perhaps to a new edition of *The Tin Drum*, or to one of the less popular, more difficult works, *Local Anaesthetic*, *From the Diary of a Snail*, even to *Dog Years*. (The last is an expansive odyssey of a novel set in war-time and postwar Germany; it suffered, popularly—and wrongly—by being ill-compared to *The Tin Drum*.) But until such a time, when Grass is willing to check his astonishing forward progress with the necessary calm required of reflection, we have no better, *general* introduction to the methods of his genius than *Headbirths*.

Written in late 1979, shortly after Grass returned from China (from a trip with the film director of *The Tin Drum*, Volker Schlöndorff), *Headbirths* is first a political speculation—set just before the 1980 German elections, when Helmut Schmidt of the Social Democrats (Grass's party) defeated the Christian Democrat and Bavarian Prime Minister, Franz Josef Strauss. It is also the creative musings for a film Grass never made (with Schlöndorff) about a fictional German couple who travel to Asia to investigate how that part of the world is living, carrying with them the loaded political and personal problem of world population growth and their own ambivalent feelings about having a child. The premise of this slim, innocent-appearing book is what Grass calls a "speculative reversal." "What if," he writes, "from this day on, the world had to face up to the existence of nine hundred fifty million Germans, whereas the Chinese nation numbered barely eighty million, that is, the present population of the two Germanys." As Grass mischievously asks, "Could the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world bear it?"

The title of the book, and the would-be film—*Headbirths*—refers to the god Zeus, "from whose head the goddess Athene was born: a paradox that has impregnated male minds to this day." The subtitle, *The Germans Are Dying Out*, originates from Franz Josef Strauss—a fear-inspiring notion meant to provoke the anxiety, among Germans, that other, less-restrained nations were outreproducing them and would overtake them. "And since fear in Germany," Grass writes, "has always had a high rate of increment and multiplies more quickly than do the Chinese, it has provided fearmongering politicians with a program." Thus right-wing election tactics and a trip to China provide Grass with an insight to a moral and political global concern: world population growth, world starvation, and the complicated, personal dignity that is called for in a conscientious, contemporary couple's decision to have or not to have a child. With the accessibility of a diary or a journal—an accessibility rare to the writer's more recent work—Grass constructs a fictional couple and imagines *their* trip to Asia (on the eve of the German elections in which they are seriously, and liberally, involved).

Within this deceptively plain narrative, Grass uncovers insoluble, irreducible complexity; he writes at his baroque best. "A couple straight out of a contemporary picture book," he calls his invented family—he, named Harm; she, Dörte. "They keep a cat and still have no child." They met at a sit-in against the Vietnam War. They're serious; their political consciousness is keen. She belongs to the Free Democrats; he lectures about the Third World at Social Democratic meetings. Regarding China—their Asian adventure—they are schoolteachers traveling for their education; they care about being informed, and about being right. This problem about having a child or not having one—it nags at them, personally and politically:

> The child is always present. Whether they are shopping at Itzehoe's Holstein Shopping Center or standing on the Elbe dike at Brokdorf, bedded on their double mattress or looking for a new second-hand car: the child always joins in the conversation, makes eyes at baby clothes, wants to crawl on the Elbe beach, longs at ovulation time for the sprinkling that fructifies, and demands auto doors with childproof locks. But they never get beyond the whatif or supposingthat stage, and Harm's mother (as surrogate child) is alternately moved to their apartment and shipped to an old-people's home, until some forenoon shock derails their single-tracked dialogue.

Like so many motifs in Grass's work, the couple's dilemma is repeated, is used as a refrain, is compounded—sometimes it is converted into elegy, sometimes it is mocked. That he is writing a book as instructions for a film provides Grass with the opportunity to *visualize* the couple's indecision. He accomplishes this with characteristic irony and compassion:

> This time Dörte's laugh is really a bit too loud. And just as spontaneously, she can take the contrary view. "But I want a child, I want a child! I want to be pregnant, fat, round, cow-eyed. And go moo. Do you hear? Moo! And this time, my dear Harm, father of my planned child, we're not calling it off after two months. So help me. As soon as we're airborne, hear, as soon as we have all this here, that's right, as soon as we have you jugheads over there in your atomic concentration camp below us and behind us, I'm going off the pill!"
>
> The director's instructions are roughly: Both laugh. But because the camera is still on them, they do more than laugh. They grab hold of each other, roughhouse, peel each other's jeans off, "fuck," as Harm says, "screw," as Dörte says, each other on the dike among the cows and sheep, under the open sky. A few guards at the still-future construction site of the Brokdorf nuclear power plant may be watching them, no one else. Then two low-flying pursuit planes. ("Shit on NATO!" Dörte moans.) In the distance, ships on the Elbe at high tide.
>
> A note on one of the slips I took with me to Asia and then home again says, "Shortly before landing in Bombay or Bangkok—breakfast has been cleared away—Dörte takes the pill." Harm, who only seems to be asleep, sees her and accepts it with fatalism.

And, intricately woven through his would-be screenplay, Grass reveals his actual Asian travels with Schlöndorff. "In every city we stopped in I read simple chapters from *The Flounder*: how Amanda Woyke introduced the potato into Prussia." In every great novelist's mind, everything *is* related to everything else; the history of *food*, Grass notes, "is timely in present-day Asian regions." It takes a cook, which Grass is reputed to be—and a good one—to give food the honorable role of subplot, which a German liver sausage is given here. A "plot-fostering sausage," it is rightly called. Harm and Dörte are stuck with a kilo of it to take with them to Asia, a typically German gift intended for some obscure relative of a friend of a friend, supposed to be living in Java and pining away, of course, for liver sausage from the Fatherland. And so our German tourists, despite their serious-mindedness, carry a sausage with them, a sausage that never finds its customer. In countless, hot hotel rooms, deprived of refrigeration, the sausage sits, grows green and dubious, gets packed up and travels again. Finally, this world-traveling sausage returns to Germany—in somewhat the same state as the accompanying couple, a little the worse for wear, and symbolically undelivered: Dörte and Harm, at the book's end, *still* don't know whether or not to have a child. "Even in China," Grass chastises them, *they* wouldn't know "whether or not to bring a child into the world." It's not an easy question.

As with the characters in his other books, Grass makes fun of Harm and Dörte without ever removing his sympathy from them. As with the masterful handling of the subplot of the liver sausage, he demonstrates—even in this little book—his scrupulousness of detail, which is the truest indication of a writer's

NEW WORLD PICTURES

A scene from the film of *The Tin Drum*, "the greatest novel by a living author."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscience. On a "wide sandy beach... a stranded turtle becomes a photograph"; in a village of 5,000 inhabitants, 3,000 are children ("worm-ridden, visibly ill, marked by eye diseases. They don't beg, they don't laugh or play; they're just quietly too many").

Of his travels, Grass writes that he "loyally wrote 'writer' on the profession line of my immigration card. A profession with a long tradition, if the word was really in the beginning. A fine, dangerous, presumptuous, dubious profession that invites metaphoric epithets. An East German apparatchik, a Chinese Red Guard, or Goebbels in his day might have said what Franz Josef Strauss, leaving his Latin on the shelf, said a year ago in German. Writers, he said, were 'rats and blowflies.'" Of himself and Schlöndorff, Grass remarks: "What did we drink to? Since our glasses were often refilled, we drank to contradictions, to the repeatedly contested truth, naturally to the health of the people (whoever they may be), and to the white, still-spotless paper that clamors to be spotted with words. And we drank to ourselves, the rats and blowflies."

He calls himself "childlike like most writers." Perhaps this is why the mischief lives in him still. He is serious enough to know what any truly serious person knows: that the confidence for enduring mischief can come from only the greatest seriousness. In *The Flounder* he writes, "Fairy tales only stop for a time, or they start up again after the end. The truth is told, in a different way each time." And at one point in *Headbirths*, he keeps Dörte and Harm "circling over Bombay without permission to land, because I forgot to inject something that's in my notes and should have been considered before the takeoff: the future."

As for the future, Grass is wisely cautious about *ours*. He even speculates that the Germans *may* be dying out. "And is it not possible that German culture (and with it literature) will come to be prized as an indivisible but manifold unity only after and because the Germans have become extinct?" Although he is *fun* to read, Grass is never so insecure as to be *polite*. In praising the work of Céline, Kurt Vonnegut has written: "He was in the worst possible taste... he did not seem to understand that aristocratic restraints and sensibilities, whether inherited or learned, accounted for much of the splendor of literature... he discovered a higher and more awful order of literary truth by ignoring the crippled vocabularies of ladies and gentlemen and by using, instead, the more comprehensive language of shrewd and tormented guttersnipes. Every writer is in his debt... no honest writer... will ever want to be polite again."

Grass also knows how to be harsh. Of his character, Dörte: "Now that she wants a child—'This time my mind is made up!'—she has been tiptoeing on religious pathways. With Balinese women she offers up little flower-patterned bowls of rice in temples under holy trees, in each of which a white, fertility-bestowing woman is said to dwell." On the other hand, she stops sleeping with Harm ("'I haven't got to that stage yet'"). Of the limitations of the movie art: "The cave breathes what a film cannot communicate: stink." Of Dörte and Harm's whole generation, which is my generation, the student-protest generation: "They have found themselves knee-deep in prosperity-determined consumption and pleasureless sex, but the student protest phase left sufficient imprint to keep the words and concepts of their early years available to them as an alternative, as something they can relapse into wherever they may be sitting or lying." Of us all: "Our complexes and neuroses are mass-produced articles."

We have no better general introduction to Grass's genius than "Headbirths."

He writes (in 1979):

> There's no shortage of great Führer figures; a bigoted preacher in Washington and an ailing philistine in Moscow let others decide what they then proclaim to the world as their decision. Of course we still have (as trademarks of salvation) good old capitalism and good old communism; but thanks to their tried and true enmity, they are becoming more and more alike... two evil old men whom we have to love, because the love they offer us refuses to be snubbed.
>
> And so we grope our disconsolate way into the next century. In school essays and first novels, gloom vies with gloom.

But the gloom that Grass perceives is always underlined with wit, and elevated by it:

> My proposal to my Eastern neighbor-dictator would be that the two states should exchange their systems every ten years. Thus, in a spirit of compensatory justice, the Democratic Republic would have an opportunity to relax under capitalism, while the Federal Republic could drain off cholesterol under communism.

Grass asks, "How will Sisyphus react to Orwell's decade?" To Orwell, he writes: "No, dear George, it won't be quite so bad, or it'll be bad in an entirely different way, and in some respects even a little worse." Of Sisyphus, he asks: "What is my stone? The toil of piling words on words? The book that follows book that follows book?... Or love, with all its epileptic fits?" The writer's stone, he says, is a "good traveling companion."

Headbirths also provides us with some terse, shorthand insights to Grass's earlier work. "It was a mistake to imagine that *Cat and Mouse* would abreact my schoolboy sorrows. I never run out of teachers. I can't let them be: Fräulein Spollenhauer tries to educate Oskar; in *Dog Years*, Brunies sucks his cough drops; in *Local Anaesthetic*, Teacher Starusch suffers from headaches; in *The Diary of a Snail*, Hermann Ott remains a teacher even when holed up in a cellar; even the Flounder turns out to be a pedagogue; and now these two teachers from Holstein..." his Dörte and Harm, who take up teaching, Grass admits, "with the best intentions." What prevents him from letting his teachers be, he writes, is "that my growing children bring school into the house day after day: the generation-spanning fed-upness, the to-do over grades, the search, straying now to the right and now to the left, for meaning, the fug that stinks up every cheerful breath of air!"

For such a small book, this is such a rich one. And he is not speaking only of Germans when he writes, "In our country everything is geared to growth. We're never satisfied. For us enough is never enough. We always want more. If it's on paper, we convert it into reality. Even in our dreams we're productive. We do everything that's feasible. And to our minds everything thinkable is feasible."

And of that truly German question—its divided East and West parts—he says, "Only literature (with its inner lining: history, myths, guilt, and other residues) arches over the two states that have so sulkily cut themselves off from each other." It is what Grass provides us with every time he writes: "Only literature." His gift for storytelling is so instinctually shrewd, so completely natural. If it's true—as he says—that he never runs out of teachers, he never stops *being* a teacher, either. In *The Flounder*—which is, he writes, "told while pounding acorns, plucking geese, peeling potatoes"—he doesn't resist indulging his irritation with the world of fools on whom fiction is largely wasted. "A good deal has been written about storytelling. People want to hear the truth. But when truth is told, they say, 'Anyway, it's all made up.'

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or, with a laugh, 'What that man won't think up next!'"

Scherbaum, the favorite student in *Local Anaesthetic*, tries to reach the conscience of Berliners by setting fire to his beloved dachshund. He observes, with a sad truthfulness, that human beings are more apt to notice the suffering of animals, and be moved, than they are likely to care for the suffering of fellow-humans. It's possible that in the character of Scherbaum Grass was thinking of the radical Rudi Dutschke, whom Grass calls (in *Headbirths*) a "revolutionary out of a German picture book." (Following an epileptic fit, Dutschke drowned in a bathtub.) "What makes me sad?" Grass asks. "How he was carried away by his wishes. How his ideals escaped him at a gallop. How his visions degenerated into paperbacks." At the time of his death, Dutschke was 39—my age. "Seldom has a generation exhausted itself so quickly," Grass writes. "Either they crack up or they stop taking risks." How true: We are a generation lacking in staying power.

Headbirths is not the literary jewel that Grass's second novel, *Cat and Mouse*, is. That gem is as fine a short novel as *The Tin Drum* is a triumphant major undertaking. And *Cat and Mouse* remains the best book with which a new reader might introduce himself to Grass, the *novelist*. But in all of Grass's work (and abundant, even, in this fictional, nonfictional, would-be movie of a book) one finds that flowering honesty that V.S. Pritchett calls fundamental to the Russian novelists of the 19th century ("the call to bare the breast and state one's absolute convictions"). Turgenev, Pritchett reminds us, believed that "art must not be burdened with all kinds of aims," that "without art men might not wish to live on earth," and that "art will always live man's real life with him." Grass celebrates this *Russian* conviction with everything he writes.

In 1920, seven years before Grass was born, Joseph Conrad wrote in his introduction to *The Secret Agent* (published 12 years earlier): "I have always had a propensity to justify my action. Not to defend. To justify. Not to insist that I was right but simply to explain that there was no perverse intention, no secret scorn for the natural sensibilities of mankind at the bottom of my impulses."

Like Conrad, Grass freely indulges in such a "propensity to justify" *his* action—*and* his work. It was unnecessary for Conrad to conclude his introduction as he did, claiming that he *never* "intended to commit a gratuitous outrage on the feelings of mankind." Of course he didn't! Gratuitousness is a charge fashionably aimed at good writers by squeamish and second-rate critics.

Writers today need to be thicker-skinned than Conrad, somehow more immune to such moralistic posing in intellectual garb—though we aren't. "We all bear wounds," as Thomas Mann has noted. "Praise is a soothing if not necessarily healing balm for them. Nevertheless," Mann wrote, "if I may judge by my own experience, our receptivity for praise stands in no relationship to our vulnerability to mean disdain and spiteful abuse. No matter how stupid such abuse is, no matter how plainly impelled by private rancors, as an expression of hostility it occupies us far more deeply and lastingly than the opposite. Which is very foolish, since enemies are, of course, the necessary concomitant of any robust life, the very proof of its strength."

Like Mann's, Grass's literary self-confidence is always present. He seems somehow born knowing that *any* violence done in the course of a novel's discovery of the truth is *never* gratuitous. In *The Tin Drum*, when the Nazis force the Jewish toy merchant, Sigismund Markus, to kill himself, little Oskar Matzerath knows he has seen his last tin drum. For poor Herr Markus, for himself—for a Germany forever guilty for its Jews—little Oskar mourns: "There was once a toy merchant, his name was Markus, and he took all the toys in the world away with him out of this world."

For readers who found *The Flounder* and *The Meeting at Telgte* too inaccessible, *Headbirths* will seem warmer, more personable and approachable. For the hard core of Grass's fans—those of us who have tolerated (indeed, loved) each of his excesses—*Headbirths* has the clear voice and familiar consciousness of a letter from an old friend. And to those nonreaders, if there still are any—to those moviegoers who know of him only through Volker Schlöndorff's admirable rendition of *The Tin Drum*—this little book would be a mild, wise, mischievous starting place: a view of Grass, the good artist, taking notes, setting his shop in order.

Some readers find that the diary-form offers access to a fiction writer's mind by exposing components rarely made available in the fiction (more often, concealed). Personally, I'd still recommend that one's initial experience with Grass be *Cat and Mouse*, but *Headbirths* is broadly entertaining enough to satisfy the most strenuous and demanding of Grass's faithful readers, and it is accessible enough to be inviting to the beginner. In whatever category of reader you see yourself, you can't be called well-read today if you haven't read him. Günter Grass is simply the most original and versatile writer alive. ■

Memoirs of a China Hand

Chinabound: A Fifty-Year Memoir
by John King Fairbank, Harper & Row, 480 pp., $17.95
Reviewed by Jonathan D. Spence

FOR AROUND 30 years, from the late 1940s to the late 1970s, John King Fairbank was the single most powerful force in the development of Chinese studies in the United States. Though he has now retired from his Harvard professorial chair, his influence is still formidable. One can confidently assert that the numerous books he edited, authored, or coauthored—they have ranged over the fields of Chinese diplomacy, institutional history, mission history, Communist organization, military history, and American foreign policy—will still be read and valued in the 21st century.

That could be a formidable enough achievement for most people, but Fairbank characteristically has chosen to subsume this record in the form of a personal memoir. The memoir is a venerable genre with an honorable pedigree, but it has always been an ambiguous and hybrid form of writing. It potentially encompasses the triple zones of literature, history, and autobiography, yet lacks the true creative freedom of the first, the verifiable documentation of the second, or the intimate self-scrutiny of the third.

Fairbank, however, has the necessary qualifications to succeed at the task: a voracious memory; a refusal to throw away any memo or letter; the good fortune to have survived into his seventies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his intelligence as acute as ever; a peripatetic career that extended from Huron, South Dakota, on to Wisconsin, Harvard, Oxford, pre-war Peking, and wartime Chungking; and a passionate and unshakable conviction that what he did was interesting and that we should all know about it. The result is an admirable example of the memoir genre—entertaining, discursive, detailed, and surprising.

Like so many good books, Fairbank's is the account of a journey—a journey out into the world, a journey in which the wide-eyed and drivingly ambitious young man is transformed—by incredible tenacity, hard work, good fortune, and impeccably cultivated contacts—into a wide-eyed and drivingly ambitious middle-aged man. Now 74, Fairbank is content to have us believe that the ambition is satisfied. But he keeps the detached and eager expression of that young venturer still, while eschewing ideological commitment, supporting the forces of law over the forces of moralism, and claiming that "irrational faith appalls" him. "My acquired religion is Harvard," he writes, "and what it stands for in the secular world. That is, I put my faith in our ongoing institutions devoted to fostering the free working of the mind."

Fairbank's memoir is in seven parts: his childhood and education from 1907 to 1931; his studies in China from 1932 to 1935; his early teaching; China in World War II; developing Harvard's area studies and coping with McCarthyism; the Harvard East Asian Research Center years between 1953 and 1971 and the problems of the Vietnam War; later life reflections and his return visits to the People's Republic in the 1970s.

Perhaps because they are longer ago—and so both easier to digest and faded by the gentle air of time—I found the first four sections the strongest. They are consistently fascinating, even at times lyrical (not an attribute that Fairbank normally lays claim to). He is marvelous on his early Harvard mentors, on the exuberant chaos of his early years in China studies as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and on being the neophyte with his young bride, Wilma, in pre-war Peking. Some of the vignettes here are lovely: the meetings with the great Hosea Ballou Morse, for example, or with Stanley Wright, Owen Lattimore, and Agnes Smedley. But the most powerful passages deal with Chinese friends—for it is a real article of Fairbank's self-perception that these friendships were among the most important aspects of his life and that the desire to help Chinese intellectuals in the desperate conditions of the 1930s and 1940s was one of the driving motives of his career. Here, among many splendid moments, I would single out his careful descriptions of Chiang Ting-fu (T. F. Tsiang), the haunting evocations of the married life of the scholarly and talented young couple Lin Hui-yin and Liang Ssu-ch'eng (Lin the former focus of the excitable poet Hsu Chih-mo's fancy, and Ssu-ch'eng, son of the great scholar-philosopher-reformer Liang Ch'i-ch'ao), and Fairbank's unforgettable evocation of his egregious wartime Mr. Fix-it, Ch'en Sung-chiao.

Fairbank with Chou En-lai in 1972.

In fact, I think that the parts of this book that will have the most value for future historians of China will be the sections on Chungking, and even more the glimpses of the Chinese faculty exiled from their Peking universities, living in desperate poverty in Kunming as a deliberate result of the ruthless and short-sighted Kuomintang policy of Chiang Kai-shek.

Fairbank leads us clearly, and I believe honestly, through his wartime ideological peregrinations and on to his maturation as one of the slightly left of center liberals who grew to dislike the Kuomintang they knew and to reflect with increasing favor on the Communist party they only faintly understood. Wary of Stanley Hornbeck at the State Department—and suspicious of the aristocratic detachment of Hornbeck's deputy, Alger Hiss—Fairbank shows how he came to respect John Stuart Service and John Carter Vincent for their mixture of realism and compassion, and thus felt it all the more strongly when their careers were ruined by the attacks on their integrity made during the McCarthy period.

Yet his passages on the tormented years of the McCarthy period strike me as oddly flat—perhaps wounds are still too deep (and some disliked individuals too vigorously with us) to make total directness possible. But Fairbank does suggest that he did not always behave as he would have wished, and he is astute in showing how one of the most pernicious sides of McCarthyism was its unremitting pressure on liberals to apologize more than they had to, to express an ideological "purity" that was either an empty formula or hypocrisy, and thus to be forced full circle to adopt the protective devices of the very Communist intellectuals their democracy was trying to attack.

Fairbank also seems a little too hasty and unconcerned with the students' agony over the Vietnam War, the effect of their anguish on their thinking and their careers, and the nature of the rifts that developed between individuals in the East Asian field. For many of this generation the late 1960s were as bitter as the early 1950s had been to many of Fairbank's friends. "I replied, others joined in, and we had some lively exchanges," he writes of the battles within the pages of the *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars*. There was a good deal more to it than that. And I find it very hard to accept that it was really a major factor in the war and its aftermath that no one had had the foresight to develop Vietnamese studies at Harvard. Fairbank apologizes too much here.

As I read steadily through this remarkable and absorbing memoir, a little echo hammered away somewhere at the back of my skull. It pounded more insistently whenever Fairbank gave a particularly amusing self-denigratory comment, sniped neatly at a target, avoided a direct confrontation with a charged emotional issue, spoke of long-term goals and the vagaries of human fate, and insisted on the importance of his efforts. It was almost on the last page that I recognized the voice of Sir Robert Hart—the inspector general of China's Maritime Customs from the 1860s to the 1900s, known to history as the "Great I.G."—who had been obsessed by such subtleties. "I hope this is something," Hart once wrote, "for otherwise I don't see much in return for all the work done and thought expended on it—except that the thought produced

Jonathan D. Spence teaches modern Chinese history at Yale and is the author, most recently, of *The Gate of Heavenly Peace: The Chinese and Their Revolution, 1895-1980.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the work, and the work has succeeded as work!" Hart had no need to worry about his work or his reputation, nor need John Fairbank worry about his own 40 years' labor. It *was* worth it, and the achievement was formidable. In our own lifetimes there will not be such another I.G. of Chinese studies. ■

Fiction Briefs

Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant
by Anne Tyler
Alfred A. Knopf, 285 pp., $13.50

ANNE TYLER'S brooding, darkly introspective new novel, her ninth, explores the interior life of an unhappy working-class Baltimore family through 35 troubled years. Pearl Tull—85, blind, and dying—is an abusive, angry, mean-spirited matriarch. Unable to contain the bilious emotions stirred by her husband's desertion years before, she has inflicted her pain on her family. Tyler's concern is how these outbursts of bitterness and rage—years of unjust accusations, grudges, evasions—scar the children.

There is a disquieting determinism to all of this, an assumption that character is shaped early and disfigured before the will can intervene. Not love, but injuries—the inability to forgive one another—bind the Tulls together. And without forgiveness in the present, suggests Tyler, there can be no redemption of the past.

There is much of Flannery O'Connor's gothic South in this book—the same sullen, psychic menace. Gone is the jaunty, madcap mood of *Morgan's Passing*. Tyler has turned inward and compressed her focus to write a stunning psychological portrait of a family estranged from itself. —ANDREA BARNET

Nobody's Angel
by Thomas McGuane
Random House
212 pp., $14.50; paperback $6.95

IT'S LAMENTABLE that the wit, inventiveness, and poetic sensibility that inform Thomas McGuane's sixth novel are adumbrated by his deadpan approach to the story. At times, his book seems a perverse exercise. The ironic underplaying of dramatic moments is vexing, but the lyricism that marbles the arrhythmical prose is pure gold. *Nobody's Angel* is a haunting, headstrong work in which the author makes no concessions to his readers. Such spirit is admirable, but the book ultimately suffers because of it.

Patrick Fitzpatrick is a cryptic sort who drifts back to his family's Deadrock ranch after an interlude as an army tank captain. Patrick tends to let whiskey get the better of him, and he conducts an aimless affair with his neighbor's pretty wife. Neither the whiskey nor the woman provides a cure for what ails him—an amorphous malady that he thinks of as "sadness-for-no-reason."

Stranded amid the remorseless vistas of Montana, McGuane's characters shrink and become lost against that terrible sky. The book is so emotionally and stylistically compressed that, in the end, the author's vision seems hopelessly myopic. Still, this terse novel is remarkably disturbing, and one wonders what would have happened if McGuane had loosened his grip on the reins.
—MICHELLE GREEN

Bodily Harm
by Margaret Atwood
Simon & Schuster, 266 pp., $13.95

RENNIE WILFORD, the heroine of *Bodily Harm*, is a freelance journalist who writes on such subjects as "the return of the open-toed spike-heel sandal." A dispassionate chronicler of "lifestyles," she views her friends as "contacts" and her experiences as a series of magazine articles neatly labeled with clever captions. That is until she is stricken with breast cancer and can find no tidy little phrases to shield her from the vulnerability of her own body. When her apartment is broken into by a "faceless stranger" who has apparently been observing her for some time, Rennie flees to a remote Caribbean island on the pretense of doing a travel piece. There nobody knows her. But she soon finds out that even tourists are not exempt from "massive involvement" (her doctor's euphemism for terminal cancer) when she inadvertently becomes embroiled in a bloody insurrection and ends up in prison. The realization that the "authorities," the men she expects to rescue her, are the very men who are detaining her and brutalizing the local people leads Rennie to an ironic discovery of the source of her own power.

Though this story gets off to a slow start, there is nothing gratuitous here. Margaret Atwood has extracted the conviction and intensity of *Surfacing* and the subtlety and scope of *Life Before Man* and created a sophisticated, superbly orchestrated allegorical novel. Her characteristically introspective style is greatly enhanced by an unusually cohesive plot and a political theme that manages to steer clear of didacticism. *Bodily Harm* is Atwood's richest, most fully realized work to date. —CAROL VERDERESE

Distant Relations
by Carlos Fuentes
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 225 pp., $11.95

"THERE MUST BE ghosts all over the world," wrote Ibsen. For Carlos Fuentes, who once observed that "the Mexican character never separates life from death," these specters are as palpable as the flesh-and-blood creatures who struggle with them.

In his Paris club, an aging count tells a story to a friend. It begins when Hugo Heredia, a Mexican archaeologist, brings his son to France. The son, for whom the past is still alive, embarks with the count on a Proustian journey to the place where childhood and destiny coexist. The Heredias are "distant relations" returning at last to the bosom of the family. They are the New World's revenge against the Old, bearing the sins of colonialism to their source. Time contracts and expands, exhaling memories that ensnare each of the characters.

In its brilliantly conceived permutations and transfigurations, its fusing of all time into one time, this is typical Fuentes—dense and mysterious and, finally, unresolved. "If everything becomes too clear," Fuentes wrote in *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, "I'll lose interest." It hasn't happened. —JAMES POLK

Malgudi Days
by R.K. Narayan
The Viking Press, 244 pp., $11.95

CRITICS ARE RIGHT in comparing the renowned Indian writer R.K. Narayan to Dickens. He summons up a whole city (the imaginary "Malgudi") and populates it with the kind of people of whom one would say in real life, "What a character!": phony doctors, scamps, scalawags, liars of all types, and what seems to be a stock figure of Indian fiction—the railing, complaining wife and mother whose son or husband is never successful or devoted enough to please her. She finds her complement in an old man who wears out three wives, or in a mistress who brings her man riches at the expense of her own feelings. There is even an American hippie.

They are all "types" and as such, lend themselves to characteristically "strong"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situations verging on farce or melodrama. Two of the most affecting of these 30-odd stories are full-blown tragedies in miniature. Some end with ironic, O. Henry-like twists.

But these colorful tales also share some of Dickens's and O. Henry's limitations. The later stories reflect Narayan's advancing age; people are apt to wonder gloomily what they did in their last incarnation to deserve *this*. Narayan is not interested in answering. He cares neither to instruct nor to meditate, only to amuse. These dramas do amuse, but they don't involve or engage the reader.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

To See You Again: Stories
by Alice Adams
Alfred A. Knopf, 285 pp., $13.50

ALICE ADAMS'S heroines spend enormous energy looking for good men. At worst, this searching unfolds in an uninspired chronology of major loves, minor loves, and time spent with friends. At best—as in her second collection of stories, *To See You Again*—the passion is complicated with stiff doses of wisdom and affection. More is at stake than romance.

"The Girl Across the Room," one of the finest stories in this new collection, is about a frail but strikingly handsome couple in their late sixties. The wife muses about what might have happened had her husband run off with the young dancer who had loved him years before. "It would have all gone bad," she thinks, "the girl bored and irritable, Matthew worn out, not understanding anything." Matthew has grown to need her. Yet when he confesses that without her he "wouldn't have had much of a life at all," she denies it—lying beautifully, out of sheer fondness.

The best of these stories are charmingly precise—more deftly executed than Adams's novels (*Rich Rewards*, *Families and Survivors*, and *Listening to Billie*), and more delicately complex than her first collection, *Beautiful Girl*.

—RHONDA BRAMMER

Pinball
by Jerzy Kosinski
Bantam Books
256 pp., $14.95; paperback $7.95

JERZY KOSINSKI is an important author. He won the National Book Award for *Steps*; he was presented with the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters Award in Literature;

Make the big leap into a world that offers so much more for so much less!

ROMANIA

Step back centuries into the unspoiled beauty of traditional village folkways, horse-drawn vehicles and scenic trails in the awe-inspiring Carpathian mountain chain. Savor the riches of Moldavia's painted monasteries and the wooden churches of Maramures. Return to the enchanting "1900 Paris" boulevards of Bucharest or to the white sand beaches of our sun drenched Black Sea resorts. And the famed "Fountain of Youth" treatments at Dr. Aslan's spas offer renewed health and vigor. Yes, you get so much more for so much less in romantic Romania.
Contact your travel agent now or send for our FREE guide to many affordable tours.

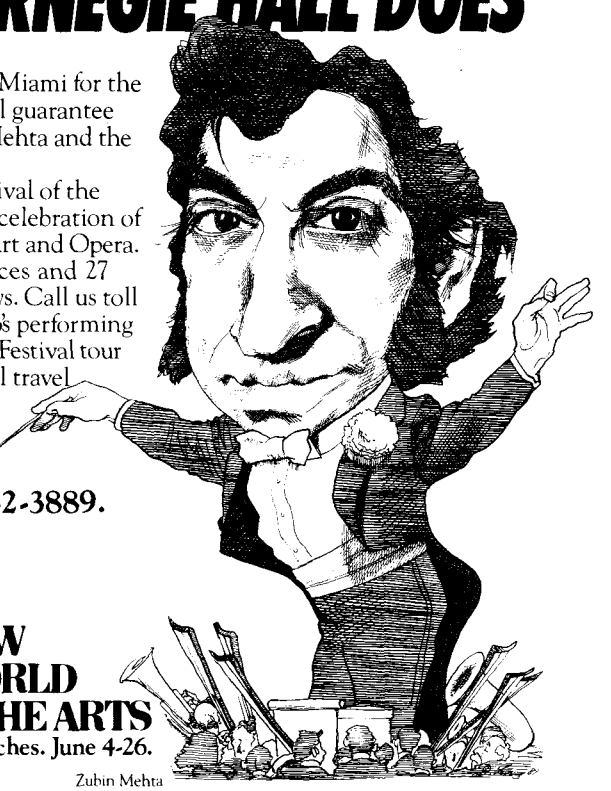
Romanian National Tourist Office 6-4
573 Third Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 697-6971
Please send me your FREE guide on affordable tours in Romania.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
PHONE( )_____

COME TO MIAMI THIS JUNE WHEN CARNEGIE HALL DOES

This vacation come to Miami for the sun and the sea. And we'll guarantee you the stars; like Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic.

It's the New World Festival of the Arts: The world's greatest celebration of Music, Dance, Theatre, Art and Opera. Over 200 live performances and 27 World Premieres in 23 days. Call us toll free and we'll tell you who's performing and how much it costs. For Festival tour information call your local travel agent, American Express or Pan Am.

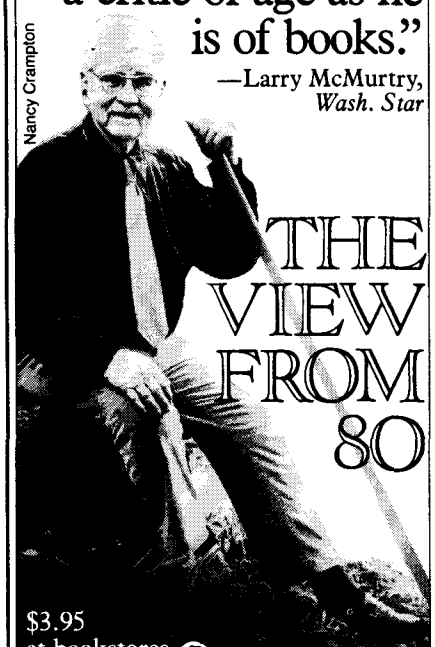
1-800-327-2169.
In Florida, 1-800-432-3889.



NEW WORLD FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
Greater Miami & The Beaches. June 4-26.

Drawing © 1981 D. Levine Zubin Mehta

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALCOLM COWLEY
"As interesting a critic of age as he is of books."
—Larry McMurtry, *Wash. Star*


THE VIEW FROM 80
$3.95
at bookstores
PENGUIN PAPERBACKS

CARINTHIAN SUMMER 1982
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL
June 28-August 29
takes place at the church of Ossiach Abbey and in the Congress Hall of Villach (on the Venice–Salzburg route).
For further reference contact:
Mrs. Rosemarie Fliegel,
545 Fifth Avenue, Suite 207,
New York, N. Y. 10017,
tel. (212) 697-0656.
Concerts — Operas
Literature — Workshops
Kärnten Austria

and he's been honored with teaching positions at Wesleyan, Princeton, and Yale. A reader would be hard pressed to find a negative review of his novels. So *Pinball* must be serious literature. Try to keep this in mind as you read such lines as "They looked at each other, a silent pounding passing between them," or when you're introduced to characters like Andrea Gwynplaine, who takes "her knowledge of sexual matters as seriously as she did her music and drama studies."

Well, you say, his prose may be purple (in the past it's been more black and blue) and his imagery adolescent, but Kosinski's themes are important. *Pinball*, as briefly as possible, concerns Andrea, a sex-enchantress, and her vengeful scheme to discover the identity of the mysterious rock star Goddard ("Goddard has been the biggest recording star in the country. Yet...nobody has ever managed to find out the least bit of information about him. Nobody!") If this strikes you as serious, you deserve to read this book. *Pinball* is nothing more than a pornographic thriller.

—JOSHUA GILDER

Nonfiction Briefs

Living by Fiction
by Annie Dillard
Harper & Row, 160 pp., $9.95

IN *PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK* and *Holy the Firm*, Annie Dillard distinguished herself as a lucid thinker as well as a writer of rare lyrical gift. Each book focused on the spiritual world as manifested in nature.

In her new work, the object of her philosophical inquiries is art—in particular, contemporary writing. Fiction, argues Dillard, rather than the more specialized fields of psychology, physics, and anthropology, best interprets the ideas and experiences most crucial to the human condition. Drawing from such writers as Nabokov, Cortazar, Marquez, and Pynchon, she delineates the formal properties of contemporary fiction—the shattering of narrative line, juxtaposition of cause and effect, skewing of time and space. She then illustrates how these stylistic devices mirror contemporary perceptions of the world, particularly the relativism of individual consciousness. Inevitably her argument leads her to larger questions: Are invention and discovery the same process? Does the artist invent order, reason, and harmony from chaos? Or does he simply perceive that which already exists in nature? She discusses integrity in art; the distinction between literature and entertainment; and the inhibiting effect audience, publishers, and critics can have on fiction's content.

Though Dillard allows herself fewer poetic excursions here than in her previous works, she has forfeited none of her eloquence. This is a bold, provocative book that celebrates the necessity of art.

—ANDREA BARNET

The Kennedy Imprisonment: A Meditation on Power
By Garry Wills
Little, Brown, 320 pp., $14.95

ASK AMERICANS—as pollsters frequently do—which president since 1940 did the best job: A large proportion will answer John F. Kennedy. After reading Garry Wills's latest work one is bound to wonder why.

Kennedy believed, Wills writes, that "power had only two components—ample resources, and the will to use them." He saw few limits to the capacity of the United States to enforce its will on the rest of the world. Kennedy enthusiastically sponsored the Bay of Pigs scheme. Later, and to as much effect, he dispatched assassins and saboteurs to "get Castro." In a similar spirit, Kennedy regarded Southeast Asia as an ideal testing ground for his military doctrine of "flexible response."

Wills's title, *The Kennedy Imprisonment*, refers to Edward Kennedy, whom Wills regards as the prisoner of his brother's reputation and excesses. Wills might have proved more convincing here had his argument focused less on Chappaquiddick and more on the Senator's career. John Kennedy's defenders, however, would do well to ponder this book. Wills has synthesized the disparate literature critical of the Kennedy administration. And the portrait that emerges is both convincing and devastating.

—CLARK S. JUDGE

The Tugman's Passage
by Edward Hoagland
Random House, 209 pp., $12.50

EDWARD HOAGLAND is associated with fellow nature writers Edward Abbey, John McPhee, and Peter Matthiessen. Included in this new collection of essays are 29 often lovely sketches of the seasons

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he wrote as unsigned editorials for the *New York Times*. A talented and acute observer, Hoagland can write equally well about the urban landscape, as he does in "Cairo Observed" and in the title essay. Artie Biagi, subject of "The Tugman's Passage," is a crusty tugboat captain whose job it is to guide monolithic tankers gently through the treacherous passages and shoals of New York harbor. Hoagland is drawn to men like Biagi who work nature's tides but who at heart are "citizens of the city," like Hoagland himself.

Hoagland occasionally turns with less success to social and political issues: "Women and Men," for instance, is a muddled response to feminism. Hoagland isn't as clear when he writes straightforwardly about the complexities of human relationships as when he draws them through nature's filter. "The Ridge-Slope Fox and the Knife Thrower" is an example. The best piece in the book, it is the result of a magazine editor's request for an essay on "the invigorating effects of silence." From his house in Vermont, steeped in solitude without telephone or electricity, Hoagland observes a barren doe, relives memories of sexual rejection, and rejoices that his pet turtle "seems almost as free from any knowledge of the pangs of hunger as of loneliness." *The Tugman's Passage* is an exhilarating collection.

—SUSAN K. REED

The Cosmic Code:
Physics as the Language of Nature
by Heinz R. Pagels
Simon & Schuster, 356 pp., $14.95

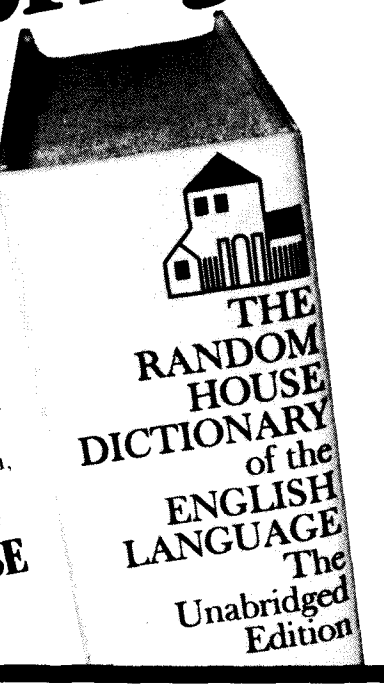
WHAT HAS THE 20th century been about? In the most fundamental way, it's been about relativity and quantum physics. These two towering constructs are just as important philosophically and intellectually as they are scientifically: Together they toppled Newtonian physics and forever altered the way in which we describe the "real" world—a world that now appears to be disquietingly "probable" rather than deterministic.

Heinz R. Pagels, a physicist at Rockefeller University, understands that just as the products of 20th-century physics—from the laser and microchip to the atomic bomb—have radically changed our lives, so their intellectual consequences have changed the way we think about our lives and our place in the universe. As a result, Pagels stresses the broad implications of discoveries in physics, starting with the atom of the

THE Answer Book
The Unabridged!

- THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE DICTIONARY OF ITS KIND
- Comprehensive—more than 260,000 entries; 2,091 pages; large format 9"x12" page size; 9 lbs 14 oz.
- Up-to-Date—with new words and terms
- Easy to Use—more than 50,000 example phrases and sentences; 2,000 illustrations; 10,000 synonym lists and studies; thumb-indexed
- Full-color ATLAS; much, much more

$49.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE



COME TO MIAMI THIS JUNE WHEN BROADWAY DOES

This vacation come to Miami for the sun and the sea. And we'll guarantee you the stars; like Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, and Geoffrey Holder.

It's the New World Festival of the Arts: The world's greatest celebration of Music, Dance, Theatre, Art and Opera. Over 200 live performances and 27 World Premieres in 23 days. Call us toll free and we'll tell you who's performing and how much it costs. For Festival tour information call your local travel agent, American Express or Pan Am.

1-800-327-2169.
In Florida, 1-800-432-3889.

NEW WORLD FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
Greater Miami & The Beaches. June 4-26.

Drawing © 1981 D. Levine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER, SELECTED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

William Safire On Language

"If you get a ladder, climb up to within reach of the top of the room and smash your fist into the ceiling, then — and only then — can you be 'literally hitting the ceiling.'"

"If somebody else's use of a redundancy puts a smile on your face, think about 'smile on your face' — where else would you smile? Lose face."

"In the vocabulary of image projections, to be 'tough,' 'shrewd,' 'sassy,' 'with it,' 'upfront,' and 'power-oriented' is okay — but to be 'vulnerable' is to be invincible."

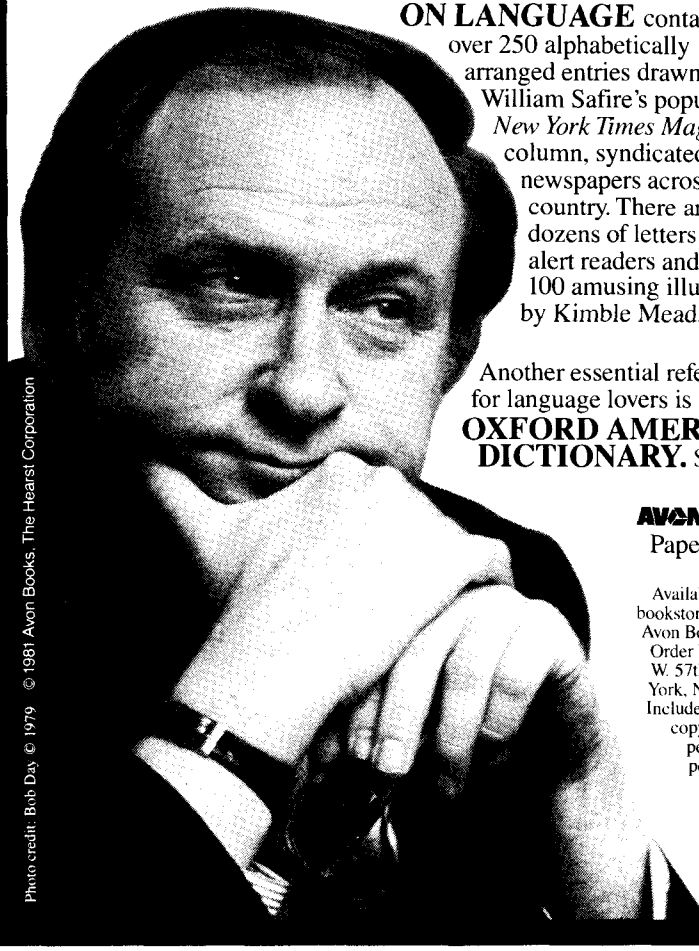


Photo credit, Bob Day, © 1979 © 1981 Avon Books, The Hearst Corporation

ON LANGUAGE contains over 250 alphabetically arranged entries drawn from William Safire's popular *New York Times Magazine* column, syndicated in newspapers across the country. There are also dozens of letters from alert readers and over 100 amusing illustrations by Kimble Mead. $5.95

Another essential reference for language lovers is Avon's **OXFORD AMERICAN DICTIONARY.** $5.95

AVON Trade Paperbacks

Available at your bookstore, or write Avon Books, Mail Order Dept., 224 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. Include $5.95 per copy, plus 75¢ per copy for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Greeks and progressing to our contemporary quantum-mechanical world of quarks, black holes, and other logic-defying goodies.

Pagels writes gracefully, lucidly, and imaginatively of people and events, taking the reader to the limits of current knowledge in a fast-changing field. But most importantly, he imparts the awesome intellectual excitement of doing physics over the past century. There has been a spate of popular physics books recently; this one stands above most of them. —CAREY HORWITZ

The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions
by George F. Will
Simon & Schuster, 365 pp., $15.50

ESSAYS, CHARLES LAMB once suggested, are an intimate chat with the reader. This mixed bag of insightful—and sometimes wrongheaded—observations culled from George F. Will's newspaper and magazine columns proves him to be an articulate conversationalist at work in a literary form dominated by lecturers and soliloquists.

A master of the telling aphorism, Will boils down the malaise and ambiguity of American culture into sentences that are cogently diagnostic. "Even worse than the inflation that is debasing the currency," he writes, referring to the media's vulgarization of even the profoundest events, "is the inflation debasing the language." Will's political analyses, however, are not always as astute as his cultural sallies. He is as capable of hinting that Jimmy Carter made his predecessors look good as he is of claiming that Ronald Reagan has "creatively assembled a potent constellation of ideas." Such judgments are best left to history.

Nevertheless, though Will has his own bugaboos, like the liberals he sometimes baits, he manages to stay outside the pale of easy classification. Conservative he may be, but only his most unworthy adversaries would deny that his is an authentic American voice, free from cant and often full of common sense and compassion. — DAVID BELL

How to Look at Dance, by *Saturday Review* contributing editor Walter Terry, will be published this month by William Morrow ($12.95). Terry explains the "language" of dance—ballet, modern, jazz, tap, ethnic, etc.—and the book includes numerous photographs by Jack and Linda Vartoogian.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

CULTURAL TV CALENDAR

Luciano Pavarotti: PBS, March 7, ABC, March 29.

WHAT TO WATCH IN MARCH

PREVIEWS A NEW "OLIVER TWIST"
A LINA WERTMULLER FILM FESTIVAL
"GISELLE"—THEN AND NOW
AND MORE

SELECTED LISTINGS ART, DANCE, DRAMA, FILM, MUSIC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Previews

Chamber Music par Excellence

Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society
CBS Cable, March 5, 8:30 PM.

CHARLES WADSWORTH and the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society have been a major force behind the recent surge of interest in chamber music—those long-neglected gems of the classical repertoire. The Lincoln Center ensemble includes such noted virtuosos as violinist Ani Kavafian, flutist Paula Robison, and pianist André-Michel Schub.

In March and April, CBS Cable presents two concerts by the ensemble. This month's offering, premiering March 5, has an added attraction—Judith Blegen, a leading lyric soprano at the Metropolitan Opera, who is equally renowned for her solo recitals. The group will perform works by Ravel, Strauss, and Brahms, and will be joined by Blegen in pieces by Handel, Benedict, and Scarlatti.

Soprano Judith Blegen sings on CBS Cable.

Sex and Politics, Italian Style

Lina Wertmuller Film Festival
Bravo. **The Seduction of Mimi:** March 5, 8:00 PM (dubbed), March 11, 10:30 PM (subtitled). **Swept Away:** March 12, 8:00 PM (dubbed), March 17, 9:00 PM (subtitled). **All Screwed Up:** March 19, 8:00 PM (dubbed), March 22, 8:00 PM (subtitled). **Seven Beauties:** March 26, 8:00 PM (dubbed), April 1, 10:00 PM (subtitled).

NOT TOO MUCH has been heard from Arcangela Felice Assunta Wertmuller von Elgg recently. But six years ago, Lina Wertmuller was one of the hottest film directors in the world, her tragicomedies acclaimed by critics and audiences alike. This month, Bravo gives viewers another chance to assess the Italian filmmaker's oeuvre, when it offers a Lina Wertmuller Film Festival.

The retrospective opens with Wertmuller's fifth film, *The Seduction of Mimi*, which won her the best director award at the Cannes Film Festival in 1972. Wertmuller's tale of a macho but befuddled metalworker, battling against a system he doesn't understand, introduced her favorite star, Giancarlo Giannini, and her favorite themes—politics (communism and fascism) and social mores (sex and honor)—to a mass audience. In 1974, she released *All Screwed Up*, the story of two farmers trying to make it in the big city, and *Swept Away*, a battle of the sexes (and the classes) between a female aristocrat and her deck hand, marooned on a desert island. The film that confirmed her reputation once and for all was *Seven Beauties*, hailed by many when it appeared in 1976, as a masterpiece. It stars Giannini as a two-bit Don Juan who must degrade himself in order to survive the horrors of a Nazi war camp. It's a grim, absurdly comic, overpowering tale.

The Farce Is With Us

Monsieur Chasse (Monsieur Goes Hunting)
TéléFrance, March 7, 9:00 PM (subtitled).

SLAMMING DOORS, cuckolded husbands, jealous wives, hidden lovers—French farce is a theatrical genre that has no real equivalent on this side of the Atlantic. Its forebears include the commedia del'arte of the Italian Renaissance, and its greatest exponent was Moliere, who raised the genre to its most rarefied height in the 17th century. Yet when most people think of farce today, their concept has been shaped by another French playwright, who wrote at the turn of the century—Georges Feydeau.

Monsieur Chasse, which launched Feydeau's career when it premiered at the Palais-Royal in 1892 and ran for 1,000 performances, is in many ways typical of the playwright's work—never profound, but always lively. Psychological complexity is traded for elegant style, sparkling word-play, and reckless energy. The stage explodes with intriguing lovers, scheming mistresses, and husbands and wives who walk through the wrong door at precisely the wrong moment.

The production of *Monsieur Chasse* that TéléFrance airs this month was taped live at Théâtre Marigny in Paris for *Au Théâtre Ce Soir*, a televised program of live theater that has been around almost as long as French television itself. The actors are all veterans of French comic theater and the director—Alain Feydeau, is an established *metteur en scene* and great-grandnephew of the playwright.

Giselle, Then and Now

Giselle
ARTS, March 22, 9:00 PM.
Repeats March 26.

EVER SINCE *Giselle* was first presented in Paris on June 28, 1841, ballerinas around the world coveted the title role. The story tells of a peasant girl who falls in love with a nobleman disguised as a peasant. She dies of a shattered heart upon discovering his true identity and his engagement to another woman. The role of Giselle is still one of the finest showcases for a ballerina as both actress and dancer and—like Hamlet for an actor—it is a touchstone that nearly all great ballerinas sooner or later essay.

This month, ARTS offers a glimpse of the history of the ballet by presenting performance footage and interviews with eight of this century's most renowned Giselles: Natalia Makarova, Alicia Markova, Alicia Alonzo, Galina Ulanova, Yvette Chauviré, Carla Fracci, Olga Spessivtzeva, and Tamara Karsavina. Anton Dolin, who has danced Albrecht opposite seven of these ballerinas, hosts the show, then uses the historic clips to teach the role of Giselle to Patricia McBride, principal dancer with the New York City Ballet.

A New Twist

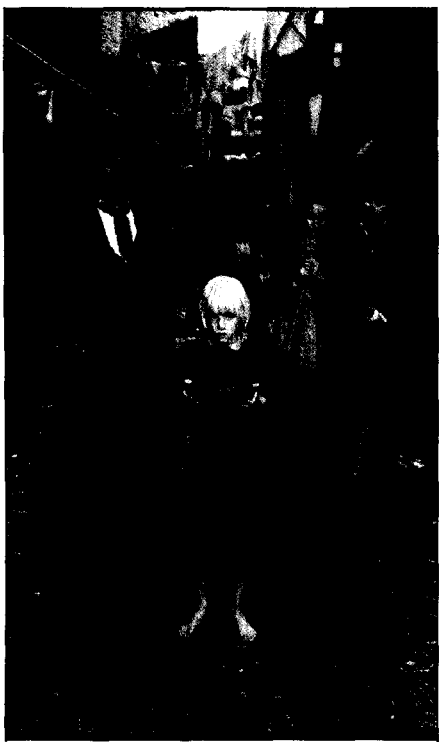
Oliver Twist
CBS, March 23, 9:00 PM.

CHARLES DICKENS has become something of a hot property in the last year. *Copperfield*, a Broadway musical based on *David Copperfield*, Dickens's partially autobiographical novel of 1850,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came first. Then *Nicholas Nickleby*, the eight-and-a-half-hour stage epic adapted from the 1839 novel, was transplanted from London to Broadway, and despite $100 ticket prices, met with resounding success. Now comes a third entry: a new film version of *Oliver Twist* on CBS.

There is certainly no shortage of *Twist* screen adaptations. Carol Reed's grand-scale 1968 musical *Oliver!* was immensely popular, and many critics consider David Lean's *Oliver Twist* made 20 years earlier, about as definitive as a filmed classic can get. But this version, promises executive producer William Storke, will feature "a



From right: Tim Curry, Cherie Lunghi, Richard Charles, and George C. Scott.

very fresh interpretation and great ensemble performance."

This latest *Twist* has been assembled by a first-rate crew. George C. Scott stars as Fagin and Tim Curry plays Bill Sikes. Curry last appeared as Mozart in the Tony Award-winning musical *Amadeus*. Michael Hordern, Eileen Atkins, and Timothy West—all top-flight British actors—round out the cast. The director is Clive Donner, known for his films *What's New Pussycat?*, *The Caretaker*, and *Nothing but the Best*. Writer James Goldman, who crafted *Robin and Marian* and the Academy Award-winning *Lion in Winter*, contributes his first teleplay.

Selected Listings

ART

Monsieur Réne Magritte. The life and oeuvre of the Belgian surrealist painter are chronicled in this documentary. *ARTS, March 2, 9:30 PM. Repeats March 6.*

Henry Moore at 80. A profile of the British sculptor. *ARTS, March 7, 9:30 PM. Repeats March 11.*

Christo's Valley Curtain. Nominated for an Academy Award, this film documents the effort made by Bulgarian-born artist Christo to hang an orange nylon curtain between two Colorado mountains in 1971. *CBS Cable, March 8, 8:00 PM.*

Courbet. The work of the 19th-century non-conformist French painter is examined. *TéléFrance, March 22, 11:30 PM. Repeats March 23.*

Curator's Choices. A documentary examining how curators at the Metropolitan Museum of Art choose works for the museum's collection. *ARTS, March 22, 10:30 PM. Repeats March 26.*

Light in the West. A survey of photography in the American frontier between 1850 and 1890, featuring the work of Watkins, Muybridge, Jackson, and O'Sullivan. *PBS, March 31, 10:00 PM.*

DANCE

La Sylphide. A recent version of the romantic ballet, choreographed by Peter Schaufuss and featuring Eva Evdokimova and the London Festival Ballet. *ARTS, March 2, 10:30 PM. Repeats March 6.*

I Am a Dancer/Nureyev. A documentary about the dancer, his talent, and his technique, with clips of some of his most important performances. *Bravo, March 3, 10:00 PM. Repeats March 8, 16.*

A Real Choreographer. British ballet choreographer Sir Frederick Ashton is featured in this documentary. *ARTS, March 8, 11:00 PM. Repeats March 12.*

Cinderella. Choreographed by Sir Frederick Ashton to music by Sergei Prokofiev, this *Cinderella* features Anthony Dowell, Lesley Collier, and the Royal Ballet. *ARTS, March 9, 9:30 PM. Repeats March 13.*

Kirov Ballet I. Taped live in Leningrad, the first of two performances by the Kirov Ballet, the company that produced Pavlova, Nijinsky, Baryshnikov, and Makarova. Works by Petipa, Fokine, Saint-Léon, and Bournonville. CBS Cable, March 16, 8:30 PM.

Ailey! Judith Jamison hosts an evening of modern dance performed by choreographer Alvin Ailey's company. Included are *Lark Ascending*, *Cry*, and *Night Creature* with music by Duke Ellington. *ARTS, March 14, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 18.*

Béjart. The life and work of Belgium's foremost choreographer. *ARTS, March 15, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 19.*

An Evening With the Royal Ballet. One of the dance world's most famous pairs, Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, performs *Le Corsaire* and *Les Sylphides* in this historic footage. *Bravo, March 21, 8:00 PM.*

Balanchine's Davidsbündlertanze. A recent creation of Balanchine and the New York City Ballet, *Davidsbündlertanze* is based on the life and music of 19th-century composer Robert Schumann. It features Suzanne Farrell, Heather Watts, Jacques d'Amboise, Ib Andersen, and Peter Martins. *CBS Cable, March 23, 8:30 PM.*

Gala Night at the Kirov. Divertissements excerpted directly from a Moscow TV presentation of the Kirov Ballet. *ARTS, March 24, 9:00 PM.*

Twyla Tharp. Choreographed especially for TV by one of America's foremost modern dancers, the program features works set to music ranging from Bach to Bruce Springsteen. *CBS Cable, March 30, 8:30 PM.*

There are a dozen national networks listed here that offer cultural programs—four broadcast networks and eight cable systems. Because cable packages vary, no single community in the U.S. can receive all of the programs in these listings. Broadcast times listed are Eastern Standard Time, and networks occasionally make last-minute changes. For further information, contact your local station or cable franchise operator. The networks in our listings are:

Broadcast ABC, CBS, NBC, PBS
Cable ARTS, Bravo, CBS Cable, Cinemax
English Channel, HBO (Home Box Office), Showtime, TéléFrance USA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THAT CHASSE...

And non-stop hilarity, too!

In "Monsieur Chasse," George Feydeau's bubbly farce of a philandering husband.

Written in 1902, this fin de siecle satire gives a rich view of Feydeau's genius.

The illogical antics of his characters, trapped in a frantic web of comic madness, will have you rolling on the carpet.

This critically acclaimed production is yet another example of the quality programming appearing each week on TeleFrance USA.

In recent weeks we've brought to the cable screen the treasures of Balzac, Cocteau, Flaubert, Maupassant, Molière, Sartre, Stendal, and Zola...

And there's more coming your way!

So tune in to the unique cultural experience of TeleFrance USA.

"MONSIEUR CHASSE"
By Georges Feydeau

Sun March 7, 9pm on SPN
8pm on Manhattan Cable

TELEFRANCE USA
Quality French Programming
For the American Cable Audience

CULTURAL TV

Selected Listings

DRAMA

Hedda Gabler. Diana Rigg stars in Henrik Ibsen's drama of a self-centered, self-destructive woman trapped in a repressive society. Ibsen's heroine is one of the theater's supremely challenging roles. *CBS Cable, March 1, 8:30 PM.*

Marigolds in August. A filmed drama by Athol Fugard about South African life: Two blacks vie desperately for the one available menial job. *ARTS, March 1, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 5.*

Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein. An adaptation of Pat Carroll's hit one-woman show about the American writer and art patron's years in Paris (1903-1935). *CBS Cable, March 6, 9:00 PM.*

This is Noel Coward. Sir John Gielgud narrates this documentary about the urbane British playwright; included are interviews with Coward and his friends, as well as scenes from his plays. *English Channel, March 13, noon.*

Macbeth. Interpreted by the Royal Shakespeare Company with Tony Award-winner Ian McKellen in the title role. *CBS Cable, March 13, 8:00 PM.*

Rattlesnake in a Cooler. Directed by Robert Altman in his cable TV debut, this one-act play is a dramatic monologue about a Kentucky drifter. *ARTS, March 14, 11:00 PM. Repeats March 17, 18.*

Scrambled Feet. An irreverent comedy revue, which first appeared off-Broadway, lampooning show biz, now starring Madelaine Kahn. *Showtime, March 15, 8:00 PM.*

Lotte Lenya. A documentary on the late singer-actress, including clips of her performances and a discussion with Lenya about her husband, Kurt Weill. *ARTS, March 15, 10:00 PM. Repeats March 17, 19.*

Reunion and Dark Pony. Two one-act plays about father-daughter relationships, written by experimental playwright David Mamet, starring Michael Higgins and Lindsay Crouse. *ARTS, March 16, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 20.*

A Rod of Iron. British playwright David Mercer's play about two sons returning home to arrange for their father's final years after their mother's death. *CBS Cable, March 16, 9:30 PM. Repeats March 21, 8:00 PM.*

The Dance and the Railroad. David Henry Hwang's play, produced by Joseph Papp, describes the Chinese-American experience, and the dual pull of old cultural traditions and new ways. *ARTS, March 16, 11:00 PM. Repeats March 20, 24.*

Des Journées Entières sous les Arbres (Days in the Trees). A televised performance of Marguerite Duras's psychological drama about an aging matriarch. *Télé-France, March 21, 9:00 PM.*

Kennedy's Children. Robert Patrick's play, looking back at America in the 1960s, examines the need for heroes and the tragedy that all heroes must fall. *CBS Cable, March 22, 8:30 PM.*

Stages. A documentary about acclaimed experimental director Peter Brook and his Paris-based company, the Centre for International Theatre Creations, filmed in Australia. *ARTS, March 23, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 27.*

Sticks and Bones. David Rabe's Tony Award-winning play, produced by Joseph Papp, about a blinded Vietnam veteran who must readjust to civilian life. *ARTS, March 23, 10:00 PM. Repeats March 27.*

FILM

Newsfront. Interweaving actual newsreels with the story of the crew that supposedly made them, this film portrays Australian life in the 1940s and 1950s. *Bravo, March 1, 9:00 PM. Repeats March 7, 18, 23, 31.*

Caddie. Helen Morse stars as a mother out on her own, supporting herself and her two children as a barmaid, in this soft and slow Australian drama set in the 1920s. *Cinemax, March 2, 9:30 PM.*

Orchestra Rehearsal. Federico Fellini directed this film using music as a metaphor for political chaos in Western civilization. *CBS Cable, March 3, 8:30 PM.*

Les Violons du Bal. Starring Jean-Louis Trintignant and Cannes Festival-winner Marie-Josée Nat, this film explores a young Jewish boy's experiences in Paris during the German occupation. *CBS Cable, March 4, 8:30 PM.*

Lost Horizon. The original 1937 Frank Capra film about a hidden Tibetan valley that houses a utopian civilization, starring Ronald Colman. *HBO, March 5, 8:00 AM.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tess. Roman Polanski's film of Thomas Hardy's novel—the story of a poor country girl seduced by an aristocrat—is a lush, beautiful work, starring Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson. *Bravo, March 6, 10:30 PM. Repeats March 10, 16, 21.*

I Sent a Letter to My Love. A romantic drama of a woman caring for an invalid, starring Simone Signoret. *HBO, March 6, 4:00 PM (dubbed).*

The Belles of St. Trinian's. A 1954 romp about a British girls' school where disorder reigns. *Cinemax, March 7, 10:30 AM.*

The Stunt Man. Peter O'Toole stars as a director in this intriguing movie about filmmaking where the imaginary and the real become confused. *HBO, March 8, 1:50 AM.*

Dodes'Ka-Den. Japanese director Akira Kurosawa's first color film, this impassioned, optimistic work about Tokyo slum dwellers won the Academy Award for best foreign film in 1972. *CBS Cable, March 11, 8:30 PM.*

Judex. A 1963 film based on the 1916 classic French serial, Georges Franju's movie is about a banker plagued by the mysterious Judex for his past misdeeds. *TéléFrance, March 17, 10:15 PM. Repeats March 18.*

The Spider's Stratagem. Bernardo Bertolucci directs this 1970 film, based on a Jorge Luis Borges short story, about a young man uncovering a myth. *CBS Cable, March 18, 8:30 PM.*

Documentary. This work traces the evolution of the documentary film from 1920 to the present, including clips from such award-winning classics as *Night and Fog*, *The Triumph of the Will*, and *Harlan County, U.S.A. English Channel, March 20, noon.*

Man of Marble. Polish director Andrzej Wajda—winner of the International Critics Prize, Cannes, 1978—follows the story of a young filmmaker wading through propaganda to reconstruct Poland's Stalinist past. *CBS Cable, March 20, 8:00 PM.*

The Four Hundred Blows. Directed by François Truffaut in 1958, this autobiographical film tells the story of a runaway twelve-year-old on the Paris streets. *Cinemax, March 23, 7:30 PM.*

Ten Days' Wonder. Claude Chabrol's drama of love and jealousy, blackmail and murder, starring Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins. *CBS Cable, March 25, 8:30 PM.*

The Tree of Wooden Clogs. Winner of the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, Ermanno Olmi's movie focuses on the day-to-day lives of a group of poor Italian peasants at the turn of the century. *CBS Cable, March 27, 8:00 PM.*

Charles, Mort ou Vif (Charles, Dead or Alive). Alain Tanner's 1968 film about a businessman who discards his work and family, and seeks out a bohemian life. *Télé-France, March 28 9:30 PM.*

Raging Bull. Robert de Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's murky, powerful film about the brutal life of boxer Jake La Motta. *Showtime, March 28, 11:00 PM.*

LITERATURE

Carl Sandburg—Echoes and Silences. Part documentary, part drama, this exploration of the early life of American poet-historian stars John Cullum. *PBS, March 2, 9:00 PM.*

Conversations on Arts and Letters. Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss censorship with novelist Kurt Vonnegut. *ARTS, March 16, 10:30 PM. Repeats March 20.*

Conversations on Arts and Letters. Calvin Trillin and Studs Terkel discuss the business of books with Gay Talese, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, and Judith Rossner. *ARTS, March 21, 11:30 PM. Repeats March 25.*

MUSIC

Sir Georg Solti Conducts the London Philharmonic. An interview with Solti and a performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 3. *Bravo, March 5, 10:00 PM. Repeats March 9.*

Lucia di Lammermoor. Gaetano Donizetti's opera of love and death, murder and madness, with Anna Moffo and the Rome Symphony Orchestra. *Bravo, March 6, 8:00 PM. Repeats March 11.*

Pavarotti: King of the High C's. Onstage and off with the famous tenor. *PBS, March 7, 10:20 PM.*

Istomin, Stern, Rose Trio. Pianist Eugene Istomin, violinist Isaac Stern, and cellist Leonard Rose perform Beethoven's Trio in B-Flat Major, Op. 11, and Trio in C Minor, Op. 1, No. 3. *Bravo, March 10, 11:00 PM. Repeats March 18, 26.*

Boston Symphony's 100th Anniversary Gala. Seiji Ozawa and Itzhak Perlman are joined by Mstislav Rostropovich, Isaac Stern, Leontyne Price, and Rudolf Serkin. *ARTS, March 10, 9:00 PM.*

Antonin Dvořák's New World Symphony. Karl Bohn conducts the Vienna Philharmonic. *CBS Cable, March 12, 8:30 PM.*

The Greek Passion. The first opera taped live by a cable service, this work, performed by the Indiana University Opera Theater, is the story of a Greek fisherman claiming *Christlike powers. Bravo, March 14, 8:00 PM. Repeats March 27, 31.*

Richard Strauss's Burleske for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor, and Don Juan. Christoph von Dohnanyi and Karl Böhm conduct the Vienna Philharmonic, with Rudolf Buchbinder as piano soloist. *CBS Cable, March 19, 8:30 PM.*

Brahms's Double Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra. Brahms's concerto is performed by Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and the Israel Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta. *ARTS, March 21, 10:30 PM. Repeats March 25.*

Claudio Arrau. Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau performs Beethoven's Sonata No. 32 in C Minor, Op. 111 and 15 Variations with Fugue in E-Flat, Op. 35. *Bravo, March 28, 8:00 PM.*

The Luciano Pavarotti Special. An entertainment special starring the famous tenor and guests, filmed partially in Pavarotti's hometown of Modena, Italy. *ABC, March 29, 8:00 PM.*

POTPOURRI

Bravo Magazine. Backstage with Alexander Godunov of the American Ballet Theatre, comedy revue Second City, the Canadian Brass, and Amanda McKerrow, winner of the 1981 International Ballet Competition. *Bravo, March 7, 8:00 PM. Repeats March 15, 24, 30.*

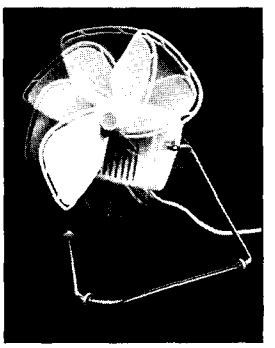
Night of 100 Stars. Top entertainment-industry stars in a special televised from the stage of New York's Radio City Music Hall. The program, a salute to the 100th anniversary of the Actor's Fund of America, will include Lauren Bacall, Elizabeth Taylor, Lee Strasberg, Lena Horne, Jimmy Stewart, Paul Newman, and James Cagney. *ABC, March 8, 8:00 PM.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING™

When *Tools for Living* originated eight years ago it was with the idea that complete information about our products would be the key to our success. We believed then, as we do now, that our readers wanted to learn everything they could about an item they were interested in buying. That's why we developed our editorial, often long-winded approach to mail order advertising. In this way you are better able to make your own judgments as to whether you like, want or need a particular item. We're always happy to answer any further questions you might have about our products. At *Tools for Living* we like to think we're a product information service as well as a dependable marketplace for unique, useful, fine quality products.

LA PETITE FAN



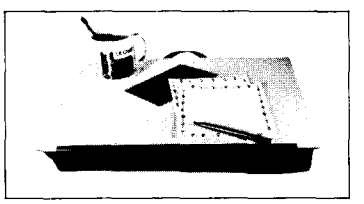
This is a story of diligence rewarded. Three years ago we were offering an imported fan, much like the fan pictured here, for a bit over $30. Then the price went up. At almost $40 the fan was no longer an attractive value, so we stopped offering it. But we kept looking for a comparable fan at a good price. For over a year we had no luck. All the compact low cost fans we saw had such small blades that they could not move an acceptable volume of air around the motor housing. But now, at last, we have located a twin of the original offering. Best of all, the La Petite fan is available at an inflation-fighting price of only **$25.00** ($3.95) #A413 (what else has held its price so well over three years?). This fan is completely safe—if the spin of the soft plastic blades is interrupted, the fan simply stops without so much as marking a finger. The La Petite moves an impressive volume of air quietly (operation is nearly noiseless), safely and unobtrusively. Good air circulation is essential year round, especially if you are watching your energy dollars. In the winter this fan will keep the warm air off the ceiling, where it is only wasted. In the summer it will draw the cool air off the floor and put it where it will make you comfortable. And this fan will keep right on going from season to season—we have had a La Petite fan running continuously, 24 hours a day, in the office (since July 21, 1981) and it's still running!

DUST MAGNET

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. Let it dry, fluff it out and store it, hanging from a conveniently located hole at the end of its handle. We are happy to offer a 20″ authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

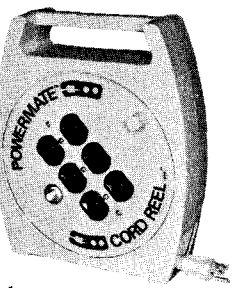
HAVE DESK WILL TRAVEL

When a friend first showed us this product, we were skeptical whether it was useful enough to qualify as a *Tool For Living.* No more! The longer we use it, the more indispensable it becomes. With its help, we've discovered that the human lap is actually one of the most convenient and useful workspaces around. The beanbag base lets you adjust the working surface securely and comfortably no matter what your position. The easy-clean smooth



plastic surface can be angled for letter-writing, homework-doing, checkbook-balancing, reading or hobbying. With the desk flat on your lap even eating in bed or in front of the TV becomes a pleasure rather than a balancing act. It has a handle for easy carrying, a pencil guard to keep your implements from rolling away, and comes in a choice of brown, russet, khaki or blue. We can supply the lap desk in two sizes: 12 by 16 inches for **$22.00** ($3.95) #A309, or 15 by 19 inches for **$25.00** ($3.95) #A299. When ordering please be sure to specify the item code and *color* you've selected.

POWER FOR SIX TOOLS



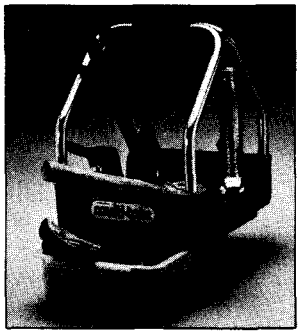
Bring the electrical outlets to the job, rather than the job to the outlets with the Powermate Cord Reel. This clever product extends an electrical helping hand with a reel-type extension cord that has six built-in, three-prong grounded outlets, providing the capacity to plug in six cords at once. Available in 22 and 50-ft. lengths, the heavy-duty cord comes on a self-storing wind-up reel that eliminates mess and protects both you (from tripping) and the cord (from damage) when in use or when stored. This better extension cord is fully UL approved. It even has a push-button circuit breaker in the plug to keep you from blowing household fuses due to overloads. The Powermate Cord Reel makes an ideal gift for your family handyman! 22-ft. cord **$28.00** ($3.95) #A390; 50-ft. cord **$49.00** ($4.95) #A391.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER

Tools For Living has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver manufactured by Con-Serv, which cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—much of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Con-Serv designed the new Deluxe Fuel Saver without compromising comfort or high quality. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. It delivers a comfortable yet forceful spray—forceful enough to quickly rinse shampoo suds out of a long mane of hair. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½″ shower head arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HANDIEST CARRYALL



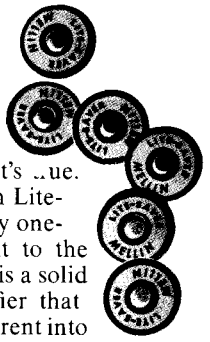
If you are going off to cut wood, you need a chain saw, gasoline, oil, gloves, goggles, a spare chain and a file for touch-up sharpening, wedges, maybe a splitting maul, and so on. Most other jobs—from housecleaning to gardening to home repair—are the same insofar as they require a basic complement of tools that you need to carry right with you. But how? With this heavy-duty Canadian-made Multi-Tote. The Multi-Tote is made of aluminum and corrosion-resistant high-impact plastic to withstand years of hard use. The top tray measures 10″x12½″x3½″ deep, with a weatherproof drawer underneath to protect small or fragile things. An adjustable clip on the handle assembly helps to support long-handled tools like axes. The Multi-Tote can be used to store frequently used things (like hobby materials) or as a portable tool chest, with different contents according to the job. The Multi-Totes cost **$20.00** ($2.95) A445.

CROCKETT BOOKS

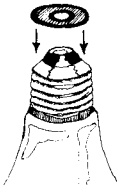
To judge from the boom in indoor and outdoor gardening over the past dozen years or so, the greening of America is a well-advanced phenomenon. Through plants people are creating a corner in their over-industrialized existences where they can recultivate a relationship with the natural world. Nowhere are the joys of plants more honored—and their practical needs more fully explained—than in the works of the late James Crockett, who emerged in 1975 as the gardening guru of public television. The hallmark of Crockett's approach is a month-by month organization of material, following the natural movement of the seasons themselves. The

series of beautifully-produced, large-format paperback books that grew out of Crockett's television series is a model of clarity and thoroughness. We think they rank among the very best plant books available. Crockett's Flower Garden, with 175 color photos is **$14.95** ($2.95) #A421; Crockett's Victory Garden, the ultimate gardening guide, covering more than 100 vegetables with 200 color photos is **$14.95** ($2.95) #A441; and Crockett's Tool Shed, a guide to 400 tools and gardening products with access information is **$11.95** ($2.95) #A437. All three books together are **$37.00** ($3.95) #A459.

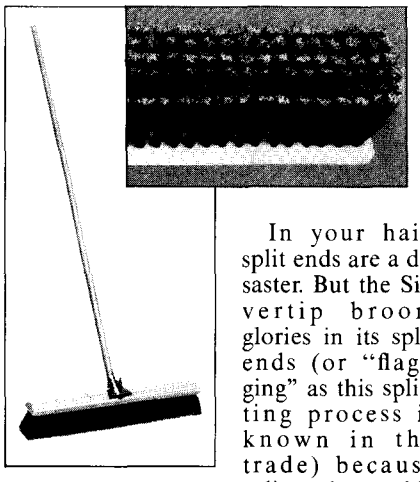
LITE-SAVERS



You may never have to change your light bulbs again! It may sound like magic but it's true. Simply adhere a Mellin Lite-Saver to the base of any one-way bulb and screw it to the socket. The Lite-Saver is a solid state micro chip rectifier that converts alternating current into pulsating direct current. This results in a cooler burning bulb and can extend the filament's life from 50 to 100 times! In October of 1966 the U.S. Congress issued a report which concluded that light bulbs, "are not designed to burn long enough. They are improperly designed with respect to optimum economy and convenience in supplying light, as well as being a nuisance and a hazard to the consuming public." Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or about 32 days if used continuously. With the Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours every day. No more climbing ladders or getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way bulb. And just think of the money saved in light bulbs! You'll notice Lite-Savers reduce the bright glare of a normal bulb to a softer, more even glow. It's safe, dependable and installs quickly and easily with any one-way bulb. Since the amount of light is significantly reduced, we recommend increasing the wattage to retain the desired amount of light. The manufacturer offers an eight year warranty. A package of six Mellin Lite-Savers is **$16.00** ($1.95) #A324.



THE CLEANEST SWEEP



In your hair, split ends are a disaster. But the Silvertip broom glories in its split ends (or "flagging" as this splitting process is known in the trade) because split ends provide more sweeping surface. These manmade bristles, in fact, are comparable in feel and action to genuine boar bristles—but at 1/50th the price. This broom is almost like using a fine hairbrush or shaving brush on your floor—it will pick up spilled flour or baby powder with no difficulty at all! The Silvertip is actually an industrial broom, meant for heavy use day after day in restaurants, bowling alleys, department stores and on other polished surfaces. But we are so impressed with its performance and durability that we think it belongs in the home too. The push-broom style is adaptable to home use because the bristles are so flexible that the broom can be maneuvered under furniture and cabinets. The Silvertip broom is available in three widths: 14″ for **$14.00** ($2.95) #A442, 18″ for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A443 and 24″ for **$18.00** ($2.95) #A444. We think this is absolutely the finest quality sweeping broom you can buy. How often have you promised yourself a new broom? Here's the opportunity to get the cleanest sweep in the world.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the cost **plus** shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the **total price** of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.

TOOLS FOR LIVING
Dept. SR032; 400 S. Dean St.; Englewood, NJ 07631

Send to (PLEASE PRINT) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

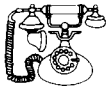
Enclosed is a check or money order for $_____ payable to **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**

We honor ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA Expiration Date _____

Account # _____

Signature _____

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.



FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL 1-800-228-5505, TOLL FREE—24 HOURS A DAY.

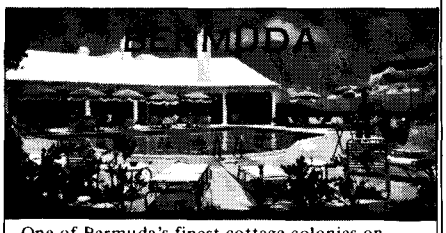
Item No.	Qty.	Description/ Color	Item Price	Shpg. & Hndlg.	Total Cost

SR032 Total Amount

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHINA
Cultural, Culinary Tours
17 & 21 Days In-depth Travel
Escorted by China Specialists
Spring, Summer & Autumn Schedules
on Direct Flight to Beijing
PAN AM 747 SP
For Brochure, please write to:
TILLER INTERNATIONAL, INC.
209 POST STREET, SUITE 1015
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108
(415) 397-1968

EUROPE BY CAR
45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
ALSO EURAIL/YOUTH PASS



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape; luncheon at the Pool Terrace. Tennis and entertainment.
PINK BEACH CLUB AND COTTAGES TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA
See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell.
200 Madison Ave. N.Y.C. 10016 (212) 371-1323.

THE HALF MOON CLUB
HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Home of All American Sports Tennis Clinics in Jamaica.
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.
GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH
See Your Travel Agent or Call
RR 800-223-6510 • JRS 800-327-5767

Take stock in America.
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $3.75 per word; 3 times, $3.35 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $3.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $3.00 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, SR Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each. Names of cities and states count as one word each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using SR Box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: ONE COLUMN WIDE, NO FRACTIONS. ONE INCH = $210. TWO INCHES = $420. *To avoid delay in publication, please* include your permanent address, telephone number and sample, brochure or supportive literature about the product/service being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (6 weeks prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to Saturday Review, to Classified Department, Saturday Review, 150 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10155. *Replies to SR Box numbers should be sent to the same address.*

ART AND ANTIQUES

19th AND 20th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS FOR SALE. For the young and beginning collector. Museum quality. Send for our complete listing. Paintings sold and shipped anywhere in the world. Anthony C. Schmidt Fine Art, 112 East Linden Ave., Collingwood, NJ 08108 (609) 858-4719.

BOOKS

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton's, 98-60 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

MINIATURE BOOKS, Catalogue $1.00. Mosaic Press, Dept. 48, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

HOW TO BECOME A VIRGIN
The "witty and astute" *(Publishers Weekly)* second volume of Quentin Crisp's autobiography.
$9.95 at bookstores or from
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS
175 Fifth Ave., New York 10010

BOOKS—OUT-OF-PRINT

THOUSANDS OF OUT OF PRINT BOOKS in stock. Send wants to Murray's, 115 State St., Springfield, MA 01103.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it —we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU...no obligation. Book service, Box 3253R, San Clemente, Ca. 92672 1053 (714) 492-2976.

PEARL S.BUCK Autographed Books (Mint condition), Price List. Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Box 126, Hillsboro, WV 24946 (304)653-4430.

RARE BOOKS. Art, Travel and Exploration, Fine Printing. Catalogue $2.00. Brannan Books, Box 475, Garberville, CA 95440.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details SR Box 1009.

GOOD INCOME WEEKLY PROCESSING MAIL. Free Supplies, Postage! Information? Rush stamped envelope! Foodmaster-CRW, Burnt Hills, NY 12027.

HOME IMPORT MAIL ORDER Business. Start without capital. Free Report. Mellinger, Dept. R1393, Woodland Hills, California 91367.

NEW MAILORDER METHOD MAKES FORTUNES! Send self-addressed stamped envelope: Method, Box 90383-Z, San Diego, CA 92109.

MAILORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Mail Order Associates, Dept. 423, Montvale, NJ 07645.

SMALL NON-PROFIT INSTITUTION WITH TOP REPUTATION, national and international impact, needs angel to invest money in proven product with demonstrated success. Helps youth acquire skills for today's living and values for a better world tomorrow. Hard-to-sell field with unusual personal rewards and large scale benefits to society, for idealistic humanitarian with money. Help now can immortalize your name later. SR Box 2647.

Buy Gold & Silver Scrap
Available everywhere. Big profit. Experience, Investment unnecessary! Write for FREE INFORMATION:
L. C. Meredith
P.O.Box 11216 Reno. NV 89510

CAMPS

TEACHERS, COACHES, TOP MAINE Camps. Write: 95 Woodchester Dr., Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

CRYSTALAIRE, in northern Michigan. Creative arts, sailing, wilderness trips, farm animals. Coed, 9-15. Small, informal. 7, 4, or 3 weeks. David S. Reid, Crystalaire, Frankfort, Mi. 49635.

SUNAPEE ARTS CAMP with outstanding waterfront. Music and drama. Co-ed 7-14. 25th season. 8, 5, or 3 weeks. Golden Arrow Road, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

BROWN LEDGE, Mallett's Bay, VT. "One of America's finest camps." Show horses, mounted lance drill, optional jumping, no additional fee for daily riding. Sailing, racing, tactics, aquaplanning, theatre arts, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, waterskiing, crafts, trips. Tuition is all inclusive. THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP. GIRLS 10-18. Give age, write winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, VT 05401. (Special JC Courses, Girls 16-17)

BELLE TERRE GYMNASTICS CAMP FOR GIRLS. (607) 538-9434, So. Kortright, N.Y. 13842.

WILDERNESS VENTURES. Backpacking—Whitewater rafting—Mountaineering—Canoeing—Bicycling. Four, Six, & Eight week trips in Rockies, Northwest, Alaska. Small, Co-ed groups, Ages 14-18. 10th year. Mike & Helen Cottingham. P.O. Box 2768-R, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001. (307) 733-2122.

FARM AND WILDERNESS. 43rd year of Quaker-led program. Natural crafts, construction, farms, wilderness experiences, unspoiled lakes, Vermont mountains, town meetings. 5 distinctive, community oriented camps with experiences ranging from traditional t tipi encampments. All girls, all boys or co-ed. Ridge Satterthwaite, FARM AND WILDERNESS, 32 Webb Road, Plymouth, Vt. 05056-9990/(802)442-3761.

FREE PARENTS GUIDE. Over 400 private resident camps, summer programs & schools in U.S. and abroad, serving children 6-16. Most visited by publisher. For guide and free referrals give child's age, grade, interests, geographical preference & entrance date. Established 1940. Vincent/Curtis, Rm. 202, 224 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116.

CATALOGS AND BROCHURES

SRI AUROBINDO'S WORKS AND MOTHER'S AGENDA. Free catalog of books on bodily transforma-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, integral yoga, health, Auroville, education, etc. Matagiri, Drawer S, Mt. Tremper, NY 12457.

GENEALOGIES Over 1200 scarce old family histories available. Catalog $2.00 Higginson Genealogical, Dept. S, 14 Derby Sq., Salem, Massachusetts 01970.

ADIRONDACK MUSEUM. Write for our free booklet listing books, prints suitable for framing and color slides of paintings and exhibits. Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812.

"FILM SCRIPTS. LARGEST COLLECTION AVAILABLE. HUGE CATALOG, $4.00. CITRON, 2210 Wilshire, #506-WD, Santa Monica, CA 90403."

DONATIONS

TAX-DEDUCTIBLE donations of all types properties (real estate, collectibles, etc.) accepted from individual requiring specialized tax relief, by a national educational organization. Call our president (603) 868-5700, (802) 649-2954.

EDUCATION

MEDICAL SCHOOL in the Dominican Republic. Fully Accredited. Classes taught in English. For information and application: Admissions Office: CIFAS University, Suite F, 12820 Whittier Blvd., Whittier, CA 90602.

HOST A FOREIGN STUDENT. Educational Resource Development Trust, a non-profit foundation, seeks families for international high school students. ERDT, 5455 Wilshire, #812, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

SELF-DESIGNED INDEPENDENT STUDY. The M.A. or B.A. scholar working off campus receives support and criticism from a faculty advisor. Study reflects the student's needs, interests and aspirations. Student designs study plan with faculty assistance. Plans are frequently transdisciplinary, integrating theory with practice drawing on resources in student's community. Adult Degree Program B.A. students have 12-day residencies twice yearly; twelve semesters annually. M.A. students have no residency, but work with field faculty in the student's community. Financial aid available. Equal opportunity admissions. Admissions Office Box S3, The Goddard Programs, Vermont College, Montpelier, VT 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Many Opportunies in MONTESSORI

Secure training this summer in Chicago. Free Job Placement. Write Midwest Montessori, 1010 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60622.

Interlochen

The extraordinary school for children with extraordinary gifts.

Music. Dance. Drama. Visual Arts. Creative Writing. At Interlochen Arts Academy, America's foremost fine arts/academic boarding school, we offer a fully accredited college-preparatory curriculum for gifted children grades 9-12. Write Dept. SR, IAA, Interlochen, MI 49643. Or call (616) 276-9221.

IAA admits students of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin.

Interlochen Arts Academy

A DOCTORATE for the FULL TIME PROFESSIONAL

Earn an approved doctorate without interrupting your career. Prerequisites include advanced graduate work or the equivalent in Life Experience. For free catalog, write

WALDEN UNIVERSITY, DEPT. B

801 Anchor Rd. Dr. Naples, Florida 33940 — 591 Camino de la Reina, #814 San Diego, Calif. 92108

MASTER CLASSES IN MIME & DANCE June 20-July 2. Clowning & circus July 12-23. Kathakali July 26-August 13. Plus INTERNATIONAL MIME & MOVEMENT FESTIVAL July 3-10. Contact School for Movement Theatre, Box SR, Davis & Elkins College, Elkins, WV 26241 (304)636-1902.

NUTRITIONISTS–A New Career Field

Be a **Certified Nutritionist**
- Food Stores
- Health Care Facilities
- Schools
- Community Organizations
- Food Service Businesses
- Your Own Nutrition Counseling Practice

Home Study Program Includes
- Physics & Chemistry
- Human Physiology
- Nutrients-Food, Vitamins Minerals
- Diet Management
- Buying/Storage/Cooking
- Nutrition Counseling

Toll free call 1-800-821-5234 — 312 W. 8th Street

NUTRITIONISTS INSTITUTE OF AMERICA · Kansas City, Mo. 64105

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American. Foreign. Worldwide Travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MT, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$20,000-$60,000+. Free Report! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

JOBCHANGING? Do-Yourself Resume/Job Strategy Kit plus 999 search agencies who help! $5.00 Resume writers, 841-SR, Spruce, Winnetka, Illinois, 60093.

JOBHUNTERS! 1000+ agencies with thousands of jobs! $2.00, box 154, Highwood, IL 60040.

TEACHING ADMINISTRATIVE POSITIONS. Recruiting for Private Schools Northeast U.S. All subjects -elementary and secondary. Development Directors and Business Managers. No fees to candidate. Send resume to: Educational Resources Group, Box 211, Solebury, Pa 18963.

GET EDUCATION JOB YOU WANT! Many school, college teaching, administrative openings U.S.A., abroad. Write SASE: EIS, Box 662X, Newton, Massachusetts 02162.

AUSTRALIA-NEW ZEALAND-THE WORLD! Big pay. All occupations. Transportation. Tax free. Computerized reports $3.00. Jobworld, Box 681-W, Cypress CA 90630.

FOR EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE/RENT HOMES for economical vacations. Free brochure. HOLIDAY EXCHANGES, Box 878S, Belen, N. Mex. 87002.

FOR SALE

GOVERNMENT LANDS...FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036

LITERATE T-SHIRTS

Virginia Woolf, Sartre, Shakespeare, Thoreau, Cheshire Cat, White Rabbit, Beethoven, Freud, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, Tolkien, Poe, Twain, Nietzsche, Bach, Rasputin, Trollope, Kerouac, Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Robert E. Lee, others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10. 4/$36. **Sweatshirt:** (grey) $17. 2/$30. **Apron:** $11. 2/$20. **Shipping:** 75¢ per piece **Canadians** remit $US. Illustrated brochure 75¢

Historical Products, Box 220WB — Cambridge, MA 02238

GOURMET INTERESTS

MAINDISH COUNTRY SOUPS, 3 for $5.00 and SASE. Janssen Industries, 4559 East 45 Street, Tulsa, OK 74135.

PASTERA! Italian Easter Wheat Pie. Grandmother's recipe. $1.00. Jones, 5565 Netherland, Bronx, NY 10471.

NOSH WITH PANACHE. 6 elegant, unusual dessert recipes. $3.00. SASE. Munchkins. 2208 Woodlawn Avenue, Boise, Idaho 83702.

UNCOMMON POTATO RECIPES. 12 for $4.00. Laura's Kitchen, P.O. Box 147, Seekonk, MA 02771.

MINNESOTA WILD RICE. $7.00/pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum. Floura Brothers. Box 44D, Blackduck, MN 56630

SHOPWISE: Organizer Kit for Quick, Thrifty Shopping and Planning Gourmet Menus. INCANDESCENT BULB COMPANY $6 each, 2 for $10. SR Box 2648.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

J-E-E-P-S, C-A-R-S—From $35.00—700.00 ITEMS! GOVERNMENT SURPLUS - MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE TELLS HOW, WHERE TO BUY—YOUR AREA—$3—MONEYBACK GUARANTEE —"SURPLUS INFORMATION SERVICES", BOX 3070-P3, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

HOUSES FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights...A new environment for apartment living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

COROFIN, COUNTY CLARE, IRELAND. Vintage 1850 Georgian farmhouse, entirely renovated to U.S. standards. 100 acres plus lakes. 3 bedrooms. Shannon 30 minutes. SR Box 2436.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? FOR FAMILIES ON THE GROW. Rent a two-family in beautiful Shaker Heights. Space and privacy. Best transportation. Schools that teach. Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120 (216) 751-2155.

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOUSE. Garage, Acreage, Near Thousand Islands, NY. $250 Monthly. 315-265-9242.

IRELAND—Charming cottage in unique burren area of County Clare for rent or sale. (201) 748-9159 evenings.

TRANQUIL, SUNNY ST. JOHN, V.I. Enjoy unforgettable villa overlooking Caribbean. Decks, gardens. Weekly/monthly. Brochure. SR Box 2179. (201) 837-6859.

LITERARY SERVICES

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, 207 Allen Avenue, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711. (201) 531-4535.

RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING—all areas. Prompt professional, confidential. Visa-Mastercard. Box 25918R, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-5493.

WRITERS UNLIMITED. Writing. All fields. Professional team. Confidential. Prompt. Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012 (202) 723-1715 Master charge/Visa.

RESEARCH, WRITING, STATISTICS—Highest quality reasonable rates. RESEARCH SERVICE, Box 30112, Chicago 60630 (312) 282-5289.

EDITING, REVISING, MANUSCRIPT TYPING, Cassettes. Marye Myers. Box 1019 South Pasadena, CA 91030-1019.

POETRY PUBLISHED FREE. Details free. Editor, Box 1151-S, Kingsport, TN 37662.

SELF PUBLISH. 100 copies 24-p poetry softbound booklets, $75. Free information: LHS, POB 241, Bronx, NY 10471.

GREAT AMERICAN PLAY CONTEST: $6,000 prize for full-length, $1000 prize for one-act. For info: Actors Theatre of Louisville, 316 West Main, Louisville, KY 40202 (502) 584-1265. Submission deadline: April 15th.

EDITORIAL SERVICES. REW offers complete writing, editorial, and research services. Experienced, professional staff. REW Associates, P.O. Box 993, Deerfield Beach, FL 33441. (305/483-2798).

AUTHOR 7 BOOKS; Book of the Month Club choice, Fiction, non-fiction, articles NY Times, American Scholar, offers criticism, revision of troubled manuscripts. Also private or mail lessons in successful writing techniques. Original general/academic projects considered. Russcol, POB 800, Radio City Station, NYC 10019. (212) 582-0404.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

POEMS—SONGS WANTED—Broadway Music, Box 438-SR, Sarasota, Fl. 33578.

PLAY SPANISH GUITAR without the aid of conventional notes and play melody harmony and chords. Book $6.95 postpaid. Irvin Emrich, P.O. Box 1109, Rogers, Arkansas 72756.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, FORTEPIANOS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Kits and superb finished instruments. Catalogue free. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20817.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Catalogues from MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, Spinets, and Clavichords—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Please enclose two dollars with your request for our catalogues. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, New York 12501.

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORD KITS, Professional custom instruments. Also TUNE YOUR HARPSICHORD painlessly, quickly, any temperament, with Widener AccuTuner. Full details write YVES FEDER HARPSICHORDS, Box 640, Killingworth, CT 06417.

MUSICAL THEATRE

WRITERS, CHOREOGRAPHERS, COMPOSERS, DIRECTORS New York University's School of the Arts offers intensive training to writers, choreographers, composers, and directors who want to collaborate in the creation of musical theatre. Rigorous, two-year, two-summer program leads to an M.F.A. degree. Workshops are conducted by leading figures in the current musical theatre. For information: Ms. Wilson, Program in Musical Theatre, School of the Arts, New York University, New York, N.Y. 10003; (212)598-2686.

NECKTIE NARROWING

WIDE TIES RECUT AND RESHAPED to the new narrower look. $5.25 per tie—4 tie minimum. Send for free tie mailer or mail direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Roblin Tiemaster, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autograph." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77 St., N.Y.C. 10021. (2120 628-1666.

MEXICO—RANCH HOTEL - in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals; $30-$35. Brochure from APDO 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. $20. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

MEDITATION SERVES SELF AND OTHERS. Bimonthly course free; contributions encouraged. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566S, Ojai, CA 93023.

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS GETS CULTURED single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Member B.B.B. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

THE EAR DOCTORS' EARPLUGS FOR NOISE or WATER protection
is MACK's Pillow Soft EARPLUGS. Stay soft silicone. Moldable! Covers ear opening only! Guaranteed! See the pharmacist at Thrifty, Thrift, Treasury, Haag, Peoples, Eckerd, Cunningham's, Sommers, Petty's, Hook, Lane, Consumers, Super D. $1.69 for two pair or send $2.00 Ppd to McKeon Prod., Dept. R, 121 Elm Park, Pleasant Ridge, MI 48069.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells Ave., Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $25.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop. The New School for Social Research, Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

TRY CAROL BROWN, Dept SR., Putney, Vt., 05346 for your Natural Fiber Fabrics. Wide Choice—Irish Tweeds—Liberty Lawn—Handkerchief linen—etc. SASE for circular.

INTELLIGENT SINGLES read— and write—Contact High. Free classifieds! Details: Box 500SR, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

UNATTACHED INTERESTING SINGLE friends nationwide. THE ARTS WORLD, Box 833, Amityville, N.Y. 11701.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

FINE ARTS NETWORK - the cultured single's alternative with integrity and CLASS! Intelligent professional singles nationwide-age 20-late 70's! Information? Box 4714SR, Cleveland, OH 44126.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE-The link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

INNOVATIVE PSYCHOTHERAPIST OFFERS home & hope to "Chronic" psychiatric patient. $800-$1,000 p/week. (212) 636-1220.

HANDWRITING analysis for success. $15. Frank Kopecky, P.O. Box 1748, Vacaville, Calif. 95696-1748.

INTELLIGENT, LIVELY PROFESSIONAL lady seeks mature man with similar qualities. California. SR BOX 2645.

HYPNOTIC TAPES. Night (sleep) version and Day version. Free Catalog. Equinox, Box 5987S, Seattle, WA 98105.

STRESS-CHECK: a simple questionaire that ends tension and headaches caused by stress. $3.50. Lifetalk, Dept. SR, Box 2503, Arlington, VA 22202.

LEARN HOW ECKANKAR PROVIDES the spiritual tools that will enable you to understand your divine self, the world you live in and to experience the heavenly worlds during this lifetime. Call today toll-free 800-323-1717, Operator 37 (in Illinois 800-942-8881)

ATTRACTIVE, AFRO-AMERICAN FEMALE, Seeking mentor. Intellectually stimulating, successful, influential, older male desired to "open doors/assist up career ladder." Sincerity imperative! RSVP Baron, Box 11625, Milwaukee, WI 53211.

ESSENE GOSPEL OF PEACE changed my life. Publisher doesn't believe in advertising, but I believe in this 72-page book. Have 1000 copies, will send you one for $1.00, to cover my postage and packaging. Erin Nelson, 635 Pine Avenue, Pacific Grove, CA 93950.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS
are gifts of God.
The divine founders are
mankind's spiritual teachers.

Orthodox Baha'i Faith
Box 1424
Las Vegas, NM 87701

ADVENTUROUS? ATTRACTIVE FEMALE world traveler seeks S. California male counterpart 35-45, for international adventure. SR BOX 2646.

LITERATE SINGLES connect via CONTACT HIGH. Refreshingly different. Guaranteed! Details: Box 500-SR, Mendocino, California 65460.

WINE LOVER'S GIFT SOURCE. Corkscrews, Wineracks—Necessities & Delights! 24pp. Catalog—$1.00 (Refundable!) P.O. Box 725-SR11, Sebastopol, CA 95472.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

FREE. . .SPRING CATALOG! Top real estate values coast to coast! Please specify type property and location desired. UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

PUBLICATIONS

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY in foreign currencies and gold futures. Learn the secrets of successful speculating on leverage (low money down). International MONEYLINE, world's largest foreign newsletter will show you how to get $50,000 worth of action for $3,000 or less. Trial 3-month subscription $90 includes FREE copy of "The 1980's Countdown to Armageddon," by Hal Lindsey, a bestseller at $8.95. Write: International MONEYLINE, 25 Broad Street, New York, NY 10004.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. SRC, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS...FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment! "Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, DC 20036.

MEXICO: MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE, Patzcuaro area, mountain view, living, dining rooms, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, kitchen, laundry, terraces. $70,000. VanArx. AP73, Tacambaro, Michoacan 61650.

BOSTON BOUND? LIVE IN HISTORIC GROTON, MASS. Unique Modern Log Home: Trout/Swim pond, gardens, fruit trees/bushes: Wooded setting. Contact Gosselin Realty. 617-448-6383.

RETIREMENT LIVING

YOU'VE EARNED A SECURE FUTURE. LIVE IT AT WESTMINSTER-CANTERBURY IN VIRGINIA BEACH. It's for those over 65 who don't intend to retire from life. Opening in 1982 on the Chesapeake Bay, a comfortable lifestyle and lifetime medical care start with a minimum one-time founder's fee of $38,720, plus reasonable monthly fee. For color brochure with full information, write: Westminster-Canterbury, 4700 Thoroughgood Square, Dept. S, Virginia Beach, VA. 23455 (804) 460-4434.

TO DEVELOP A HOUSING OR LIFE CARE FACILITY for senior citizens in your community, contact National Church Residences, 1760 Zollinger Road, Columbus, Ohio 43221. We have a solid twenty year track record.

WORRY-FREE RETIREMENT LIVING is yours at KIRKSIDE—a nonprofit retirement home in the Catskill Mountain village of Roxbury, NY. Formerly the estate of Helen Gould Shepard, daughter of financier Jay Gould. Kirkside offers gracious accommodations, a friendly atmosphere, family-style meals, many recreational and cultural opportunities and 24-hour assistance for security and peace of mind. Shops, a library, churches, and a bank are within walking distance. Write: Kirkside, Dept. SR, Roxbury, NY 12474 or call 607-326-4651.

STUDENT TRAVEL

EUROPE — U.S.A.
CHINA
Jr. High • High School
• College

Lively, flexible programs for
Touring, Camping Adven-tures (U.S.A. and Europe).
Language Study, Art, Music, Dance, Europe
Summer Snow Ski/Tennis Camps
STUDENTS ABROAD/
CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS
179 North Fulton Avenue, Suite A
Mt. Vernon, New York 10550 (914) 699-8335

TRAVEL

THIS AD + $21.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$38.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SAN FRANCISCO TIME MACHINE—60's prices in 1982! Compare hotel rates to the prices of renting a studio apartment. Our rates start at $115.00 per week. Save your money for enjoyment of the fun and charm of San Francisco. Stay at the Gaylord, 620 Jones St., S.F. 94102. (415) 673-8445.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXTRAORDINARY SOUTH PACIFIC EXPEDITIONS. Write Good Travel Tours, Box 2866, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

GOING TO THE BRITISH ISLES? Our experience will help you enjoy all of Britain on any budget. Individual itineraries planned. Free brochure. InnerBritain, Inc., 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, Va. 24015.

SAN FRANCISCO'S COMFORTABLE cheerful small hotel. Modest rates, kitchenettes, selected pets welcome. Near Union Square-cable cars. Beresford Arms, 701 Post Street, 94109.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun Deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94102., (415) 673-3733.

ENGLAND LIVE-in, July 12-27, Dr. Sara Ann Lincoln, 840 Armstrong, Lansing, Mi 48910. 517-393-0846.

Cruise to Hidden Bahamas Islands

Join 70 other passengers on 12 day/11 night smooth-water cruises aboard our new cruise ship "New Shoreham II". Chef-prepared meals. Spacious cabins. Also, summer canal and coastal cruises out of Warren, R.I. Call toll free 800-556-7450. Or write:
American Canadian Line, Box 368, Warren, RI 02885.

GARDEN VISITING IN U.K.- 1982. Excellent accommodations and fascinating visits to both private gardens and the "Great Gardens". Cornwall in April, Sussex in May, Scotland in June. Resident in an Oxford College in September for visits to Cotswold gardens. Happy to arrange specially scheduled visits for your Club or Group. Write: Isis Seminar, Coombe, Gracious Street, Selborne, Hants, GU34 3JE, UK.

EUROPE WITH CHILDREN—The definitive guide to planning, packing, and enjoying Europe's family-oriented pleasures. $5.95 (postpaid) to Europe With Children, 11 DuPont Circle- 700, Washington, D.C. 20036.

ENGLISH PRIVATE HOMES offer personal hospitality, stimulating conversation in gracious country houses throughout England, Wales. Gourmet dining, drinks included. One day plus. Moderate rates. EPH/SR, Long Compton, Warwickshire, England.

COROFIN, IRELAND. See "Houses For Rent."

AMTRAK TOUR SPECIALISTS - New Superliner lounge cars are the finest sight-seeing and touring vehicles ever put on wheels anywhere. Enjoy! Telephone or write, tell us where and when. Show Train Tours, 655 Stockton #211, San Francisco 94108. 415/362-2298.

REVISED 1982 6th EDITION, CASTLE HOTELS OF EUROPE. Guidebook, 500 castles, monasteries, baronial mansions, palaces, 18 countries, 500 illustrations, 19 color, histories, rates, maps. 232 pages. $7.70 postpaid. Robert P. Long Publisher, Dept. S, 445 Glen, Cutchogue, NY 11935.

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER! Visit exotic ports, enjoy leisurely shopping, sightseeing. Relax in spacious, air conditioned stateroom with private bath - at roughtly half the cruise ship fare. TRAVLTIPS FREIGHTER ASSOCIATION has saved members hundreds of dollars on each trip. Membership ($15 year, $22.50-two years) includes Reservation Service, descriptive bimonthly publication, exclusive trip eligibility. Order with check, credit card, or request details. TravLtips, Box 933C1, Farmingdale, NY 11737. (212) 939-2400.

GUIDE TO LITERARY PLACES IN AND AROUND LONDON: A HANDBOOK FOR AMERICAN READERS. Going to London? Make the most of your time and money with information compiled by a bookish journalist - explicit directions to literary shrines, lists of pubs, booksellers, guided walks, holiday courses, much more. 166 pages. $9.95 postpaid. Sycamore Hill Press, P.O. Box 283 S, Mineola, Texas 75773.

NATURE IS HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR with the best beach in Barbados at the CORAL REEF CLUB, SETTLER'S BEACH & SANDPIPER INN. Tropical gardens, sheltering cottages, villas & suites... stretched along a wide golden beach will seduce you... as will the food, the service, the pools, the entertainment... the ease of it all. Start your own affair with these West Indian resorts. Brochures: Ralph Locke, Box SR, 315 E. 72 St.; New York, NY 10021.

SAN FRANCISCO on $80.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS: Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter Street, 94109. (415) 776-5815.

TIBETAN ADVENTURE IN LADAKH - HIMALAYAN SHANGRI- LA, September 13-29, includes Kashmir (deluxe houseboats). Options to Kathmandu and Rajasthan. Taj-Mahal by moonlight. DELIGHTS OF INDIA, September 21-October 12, includes Kashmir, Kathmandu, Delhi, Agra, Benares, Khajuraho and Maharajah's Palaces of Rajasthan. High Adventure Tours, 4000 Massachusetts Avenue, #1436, Washington, D.C. 20016.

Travel Study

Adventures abroad for thoughtful travelers

15 programs on 5 continents.

For free brochure:

International Travel Study, Dept. E
San Jose State University
Washington Square
San Jose, CA 95192
(408) 277-3781

HIMALAYAS BY PLANE, YAK, JEEP, from $4800. Capers, Box 5489, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

VACATIONS

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND. 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco. 94102.

TAKE A THRIFT TRIP to San Francisco, the Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415)421-7070

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful serene secluded. Cottages. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, snorkel, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

LONDON? Stay at Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place WC1B 5JH. Friendly, central for theaters, libraries, museums, tours, concerts. Tel (214) 636-4718.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO- 2 Bedroom Condominium, 3 Kiva Fireplaces, Enchantin Year-round. (415) 348-0178 weekends.

PUERTO RICO-LUQUILLO BEACH. Beachfront 1 bedroom condo apartment. Sleeps four, high floor. Spectacular view. Fully furnished, swimming pool. 35 minutes San Juan. Rent weekly or monthly. (212) 662-2215.

RAFT & KAYAK IDAHO'S SALMON RIVER—Exciting rapids & serene floating through majestic mountain landscapes. Brochure: SALMON RIVER OUTFITTERS, Box 307R, Columbia, Ca. 95310. (209) 532-2766.

JAMAICA. Luxury cottages, with private swimming pools; air conditioned suites, rooms, apartments. 3000 ft. beach. 18-hole championship golf course. 13 tennis courts, 4 squash courts. Montego Bay's most exclusive complete resort. All inclusive vacation plans. 4 days/3 nights from $234-$339 per person May 1-Dec. 14, 1982. HALF MOON CLUB. Call 800-223-6510 or your travel agent.

CULTURAL SUMMER VACATION IN ATLANTIC CANADA. Four weeklong programmes in Halifax, Sackville, St. John's Charlottetown. History, art, culture of Atlantic Provinces with lectures, excursions, reasonable university accommodation. Inquiries: ACI-SR, UNB Artcentre, Box 4400, Fredericton, NB, E3B 5A3.

GOOSE COVE LODGE. Maine coastal resort at the end of beyond. Offers a very special vacation to all who would love 70 secluded acres of sandy beaches, rocky shores, towering green pines & open ocean. Brochure upon request: PO Sunset, Deer Isle, ME 04683 (207) 348-2508.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lake (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & Jogging Trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: 704-743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Rd., Cashiers NC 28717.

MIRAMICHI RIVER, New Brunswick, Canada. Fishing Cabin. $200/wk. (617) 686-6858.

PILGRIM'S INN. Deer Isle, Maine 04627. A colonial inn of warmth and distinction, far from anything madding, with interesting environs. Brochure available. (207) 348-6615.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Self-Catering Holiday Flats. Various sizes to sleep 1-6 people. Self-contained. Linen, Crockery, Colour TV. Easy walking distance of Marble Arch, Oxford St., Madam Tussands. Details: Crawford Holiday Flats, 33 Crawford Street, Long Wl. Phone: (London 01-)4026165.

WORLDS FAIR RETREAT. 2 Bedroom architecturally designed chalet, mountain stone fireplace, 2 decks, modern kitchen, sleeps 8. Between Knoxville, Asheville, Gatlinburg in Smokies. 300 weekly. (615) 573-3148.

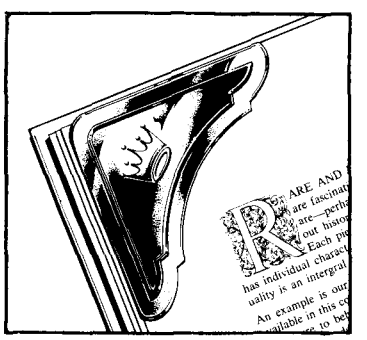
RUSSIA: The View from Leningrad, June 21-July 12
LONDON: Royal Patronage of the Arts, June 29-July11
ROME: Imperial, Medieval, Renaissance, July 11-22
CAUCASUS: Land of Tongues and Miracles, June 21-July 12
More informative than packaged tours. For brochure send name and address to ENJOYMENT OF LEARNING 1475 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94708 (415) 841-6696.

TRANQUIL ST. JOHN. See "Houses For Rent."

Halls

YOURS FREE!

...WITH YOUR FIRST ORDER FROM HALLS CATALOG.



This gleaming bookmarker (gold electro plate over brass) is yours, FREE, with your first purchase from the Halls Catalog filled with famous fashions, gifts and ideas for your home. Dozens of Halls exclusives found in no other catalogs!
Complete and return for a free catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Halls Catalog
Dept. 1721
505 Armour Road
North Kansas City, MO 64116

The COCKLESHELL ST. KITTS

VERY SMALL. VERY PRIVATE. VERY PEACEFUL. VERY SPECIAL.
On the tip of an island at the edge of a turquoise sea lies one of the Caribbean's most serene small resorts.
For information, reservations, write
THE COCKLESHELL, ST. KITTS, WEST INDIES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Competition No. 30

We are Gemini (surely the editorial plural has never been so deftly used), though we were ignorantly Gemini for some half a century before an up-to-the-minute offspring apprised us of this fact. Thereafter we began to consult the daily horoscope in our local paper, which we found to be like reading the *Home Medical Advisor:* Whatever the diagnosis, we had it. A morning paper, it never fell into our hands until the late afternoon, with the result that the astrologer's predictions had to compete with what had actually happened. There was no contest. The syndicated sage wielded a style of such elasticity that we found it possible to apply the fate predicted for Pisces or Leo or the Crab or any other creature of the celestial menagerie to our own case. We had certainly "avoided dubious companions," "taken advantage of every opportunity," and "responded to overtures of affection" (never mind how). These phrases arose at random from the general smorgasbord of prognostication. This contest is closed to those who believe that the flat earth is located at the center of the universe. All others are invited to parody the nonsense that goes by the name of astrology. Hate mail will be discarded. Twenty-five dollars to each of the three most amusing readings.

Entries for Competition No. 30 must be received by March 29 and the winners will be announced in the June issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 30, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 27

It is high time, we suppose, that this column, which has relied so heavily in the past on set forms (haiku, limerick, double-dactyl, clerihew, etc.), should discover an altogether original and up-to-date set form, the Thirty-Second Elegantly Light Invitation on Telephone, or Tseliot. Except for its rigid restriction to 30 seconds and its tendency to begin with the word "Hello," we know of no strict rules for the Tseliot, which is still groping its way toward definition. Sifting through the data upon which we base our discovery, we note certain trends. Very frequently the word "Hello" is followed by some reference to "fire department," "emergency room," and even, in the more macabre specimens, "suicide prevention unit." The addressee tends to be in a burning building, in an overturned semi, or on a ledge, and is invited to leave his name and number. "Get back to you" is a phrase that occurs with a statistically improbable frequency near the end of practically every Tseliot. Lewdness is not more native to the limerick than a kind of glum misanthropy to the Tseliot.

Anyway, it was a lovely mailbag this month. We liked the entry from William Gallagher, MD ("This is Godot. I'm out at the moment, but just wait..."), and the one from Charles Schlotter ("This is General Wojciech Jaruzelski. Poland can't come to the phone just now..."). But the former was too fanciful, and as for the latter, we trust that, by the time this appears, Poland will be available for comment once more. Just to show what good sports we are, here is one from Gabriel Stelian that we didn't like at all: "Hello. This is *Saturday Review*. If you don't think much of No. 27 kindly leave your idea for a better competition when you hear the beep." This month's brevity prize goes to Alice Rose of Milwaukee: "Whaddya want?"

But here are the ones we liked best. First prize to second-time winner Peter Larsen of Lakeview Terrace, California, for this sinister message:

Hello. This is Major M. The lads and I are out on assignment, the location of which I cannot, of course, disclose, as confidentiality is our trademark. At the whistle, potential recruits are requested to specify citizenship, experience, and types of equipment on which they have qualified. Potential clients will please indicate objective, time frame, terrain, and likely opposition. Terms will be discussed at first meeting. No local currency, please. Beep.

Second prize to Diane Hart of Mill Valley, California, who describes herself as a "busy girl," and, on the evidence, we are not inclined to argue:

"Hi! I can't talk now, but here's some information you might want if you're one of the following: Joe, your key is under the flower pot to the far right; Harry, the car is in the shop on 4th Street—Butch said it would take three weeks—I'm *really* sorry; Bill, I hope you had a great time in Europe—I'll replace the plant that was on the hearth, and be *terribly* careful when you open the refrigerator because....Beep.

Third prize to Guy Lucas of New York City, whose message is in a language hauntingly like English:

GROOVE CITY MUSIC is where you're at man like you're into sounds I'm hip right now we've split you know? but I want to share your space so like lay your tag on us I'll give you a bell and we'll get it on together dig? Bang.

Finally, we bring you this tidbit from Len Elliott of Auburn, Washington, for Diversion Page fans:

Hello, this is Arthur Swan, editor of the "Wit Twister."
I'm sorry I'm not able to answer the phone;
I'm eating a ____and an apricot.
Please leave your ____at the sound of the tone;
Don't____, I'll call back at 4 on the dot.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 175

BIG TAX JOBX RANK PANTXKR PBT EA ZAK RAN; BIG JOBX RAN PBT EA ZAK RANK PANTXKR. C.Z. GYTTYER

Wit Twister No. 187

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of a word.

In grievous ———— anguish he bows down,
Casts off his gorgeous ———— and his crown,
And as the tapers on the ———— fade,
Gives way to wild ———— for trust betrayed. A.S.

Answers next month

February Answers

Literary Crypt No. 174

In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer. Albert Camus

Wit Twister No. 186

claimer, miracle, Reclaim

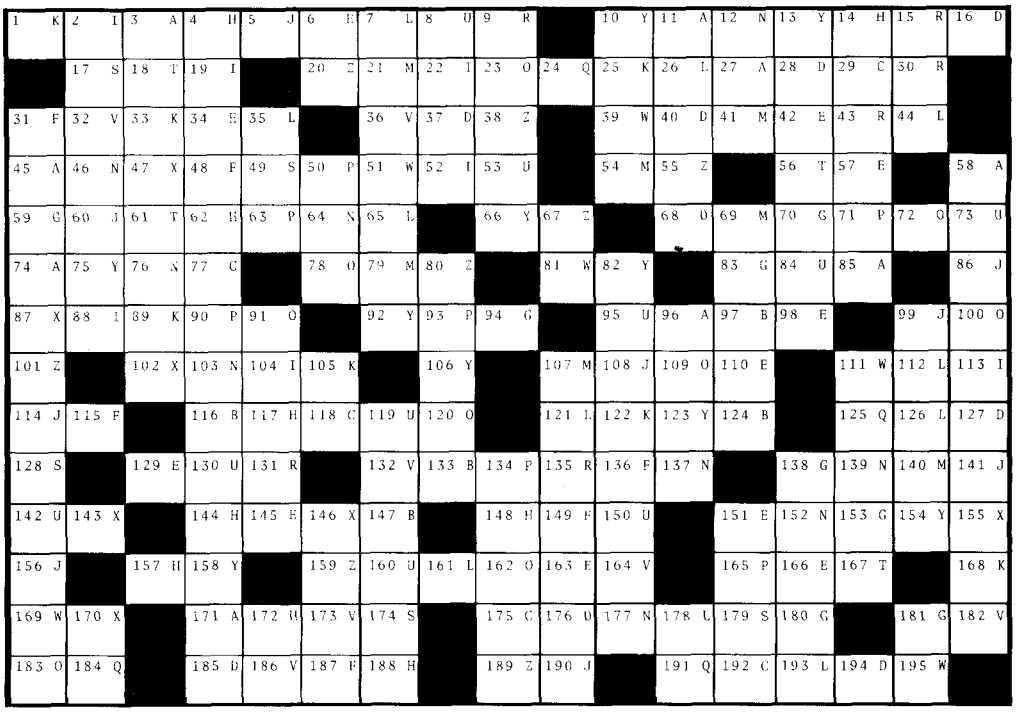
Middleton Double-Crostic No. 216

(Thor) Heyerdahl: (The) Tigris Expedition

What hurt all of us was that we had come back to...our own contemporaries, and ...here, around us on all sides,....people were taught to kill each other by our own experts, and were helped to do so by the most advanced methods man had devised at the end of five millennia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. **Fill in the numbered** blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 217

CLUES — **WORDS**

A. Hamadryad (2 wds.) — 171 3 11 27 45 58 74 85 96

B. Cretan maiden reared as a boy; Io changed her to a man — 97 116 124 133 147

C. Polynesian kingdom northeast of New Zealand — 175 192 29 77 118

D. "Music is the brandy of ___," says Don Juan (2 wds.; "Man and Superman") — 127 176 194 16 28 185 37 40 68

E. Style of book cover also called *divinity circuit* (2 wds.) — 110 129 151 42 6 145 166 98 163 57 34

F. "My precious Lily! My imperial ___!" cries the White Queen ("Through the Looking Glass") — 187 31 48 115 136 149

G. Confiscates — 153 180 59 83 94 138 181 70

H. 1933 Johnny Mercer-Hoagy Carmichael hit — 117 148 4 14 144 157 172 188 62

I. Bread, cabbage, kale, moola — 2 19 22 52 88 104 113

J. Italian anatomist (1524?-1574) — 114 141 156 190 5 60 86 99 108

K. Orthodox Jewish school — 168 1 89 105 122 25 33

L. Very popular grammarian (full name) — 35 44 112 126 161 178 7 121 193 26 65

M. Inventory of morphemes in a given language — 41 69 21 54 107 140 79

N. Damaging, baneful — 152 76 12 46 139 177 64 103 137

O. Persian religious teacher, 6th cent. B.C. — 109 162 23 78 183 91 100 120 72

P. Carry through — 165 71 93 63 90 50 134

Q. City in northeast Somerset, England, home of Chaucer's oft-married woman — 125 24 184 191

R. Produced images or designs by corrosion — 15 30 135 9 43 131

S. Slender shoots — 17 174 49 179 128

T. Men's singles champion, Wimbledon, 1956-57 — 18 56 61 167

U. Drifts, inclinations, dispositions — 8 53 142 150 84 130 119 73 160 95

V. Ancient Greek or Roman storage jar — 36 32 132 182 173 164 186

W. Louts, bumpkins — 195 51 39 81 169 111

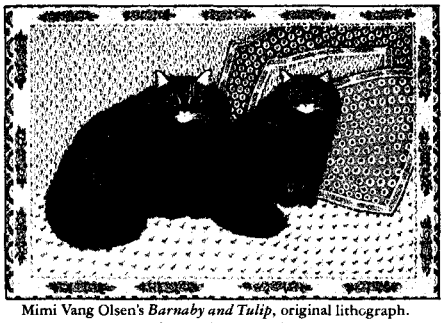
X. Most vociferous; most garish — 47 87 170 143 155 102 146

Y. Serves as minister at a wedding, for instance — 13 158 82 66 154 75 106 123 10 92

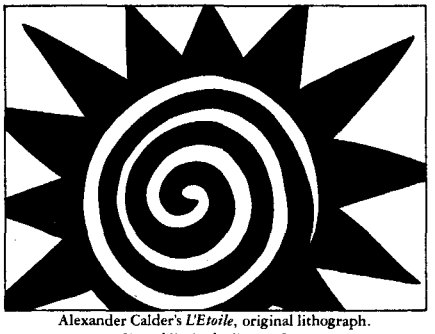
Z. The addressee often jettisons mail thus addressed without opening it — 159 20 101 189 38 80 67 55

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

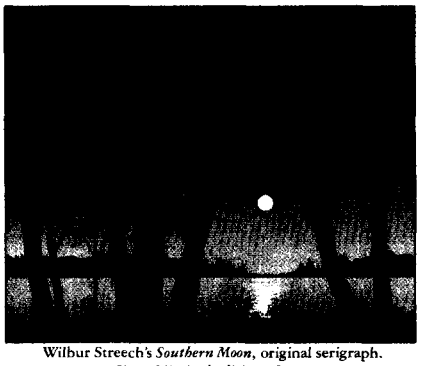
What your home could have in common with the Met, the Tate, and the Louvre.



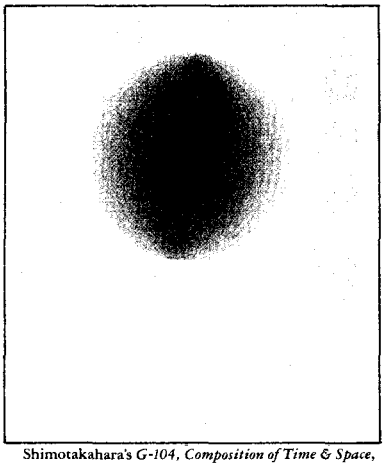
Mimi Vang Olsen's *Barnaby and Tulip*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 275.



Alexander Calder's *L'Etoile*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 75.



Wilbur Streech's *Southern Moon*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 250.



Shimotakahara's *G-104, Composition of Time & Space*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 100.

In your own home, you can exhibit original work by artists who are represented in the world's great museums and galleries.

Artists like Calder. Chagall. Dali. Miró. Picasso. Vasarely.

At the Original Print Collectors Group, we offer moderately priced limited edition prints by these and other well-known artists.

Our offerings include signed original etchings, engravings, lithographs, woodcuts, and silkscreen prints.

Each print we offer is signed and numbered by the artist. Custom-framed. Accompanied by a certificate of authenticity and a full money-back guarantee.

And each print has been chosen not only for its beauty but for its investment value.

(Works by the artists we offer tend to appreciate, sometimes as much as 30% in a single year. Perhaps that's why *The Wall Street Journal*, *Business Week*, *Money*, AP, *Barron's* and UPI have quoted us as an authority on investing in art.)

For more information, send in the coupon. There's no obligation.

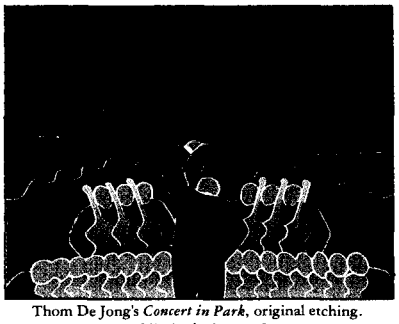
You'll find out about the special pleasure of owning original art, instead of just visiting it.

Visit our new gallery located at 215 Lexington Avenue, Mon–Fri, 9–5 PM. Telephone: 212-685-9400 Ext: 35

Bernard Charoy's *Jacqueline en Repos*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 300.

Nathalie Chabrier's *L'Aiguiseur*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 250.

Antonio Peticov's *Golden Studio*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 195.



Thom De Jong's *Concert in Park*, original etching. Signed limited edition of 175.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.

215 LEXINGTON AVE., DEPT. SR-12,
NEW YORK 10016

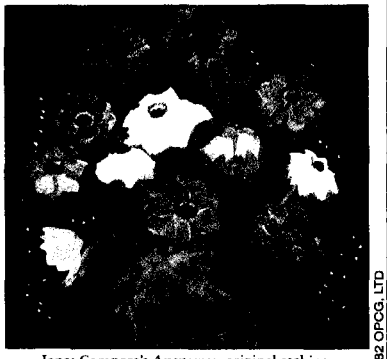
PLEASE SEND ME YOUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



Janet Compere's *Anenomes*, original etching. Signed limited edition of 175.

© 1982 OPCG, LTD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Fiction

Levitation: Five Fictions, by Cynthia Ozick (Alfred A. Knopf, 158 pp., $11.50). Ozick writes magically about magical events. Her stories are elusive, mysterious, and disturbing. They shimmer with intelligence, they glory in language, and they puzzle.

The Mosquito Coast, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, 374 pp., $13.95). In Allie Fox, Theroux has created an epic American hero in the tradition of Benjamin Franklin, Captain Ahab, and Huey Long. Set in New England and Latin America, this is Theroux's finest novel to date.

Marco Polo, If You Can, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Doubleday, 275 pp., $13.95). Yale golden-boy turned CIA spy Blackford Oakes is back again in an entertaining revisionist romp in which the 1960 U-2 spy plane incident is metamorphosed into a secret U.S. triumph.

Mexico Bay, by Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 240 pp., $12.95). This novel provides pleasant diversion without requiring much thought. Horgan's silky prose reveals intimate knowledge of the land, and he draws distinctive characters.

Nonfiction

The Auschwitz Album: A Book Based Upon an Album Discovered by a Concentration Camp Survivor, Lili Meier, text by Peter Hellman (Random House, 167 pp., $23.50). Meier discovered these photographs, taken by an unknown Nazi, after she was liberated by the Americans. She brought them with her to Miami, where she worked as a waitress for 26 years. The pictures, the only photographs of Auschwitz victims known to exist, do not depict scenes of violence. Rather, they record the bewilderment of Jewish prisoners about to be murdered. They bear witness to the horror and break the heart.

Clare Boothe Luce, by Wilfrid Sheed (E.P. Dutton, 189 pp., $14.50). Clare Boothe Luce—playwright, politician, war correspondent, Catholic, ambassador to Italy, and wife of Henry Luce—was, after Eleanor Roosevelt, the most discussed woman of her time. Sheed's small biography of her displays writing that is often superb.

Flaws in the Glass: A Self-Portrait, by Patrick White (The Viking Press, 260 pp., $13.95). As unconventional as his complex novels, this disarmingly informal autobiography by the Australian Nobel laureate establishes clear connections between White's life and his writings.

The Structures of Everyday Life: The Limits of the Possible, by Fernand Braudel (Harper & Row, 624 pp., $30). In this first volume of a three-part study called *Civilization and Capitalism: 15th-18th Century*, noted French historian Braudel presents a thorough picture of how the great trends of history were created by their smallest parts.

The Imperial Rockefeller, by Joseph E. Persico (Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $16.50). Persico was Nelson Rockefeller's chief speechwriter for 11 years. His biography has the quality of fireside reminiscences of brave days past, and the reader finishes it feeling that he knows Rockefeller with some intimacy.

Theater

Dreamgirls (Imperial Theater, New York City). Life—zingy real-fake stage life—leaps out from the stage and never stops whirling in Michael Bennett's new hit about a trio of singers (resembling the Supremes) on their way to the top. The book is a patchwork, and the songs are only pleasant, but the singing, especially by Jennifer Holliday, and the superb production are first-rate.

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed by Tommy Tune.

Crimes of the Heart (Golden Theater, New York City). Winner of the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for drama, playwright Beth Henley has a limited but authentic voice. She is a quietly tenacious pursuer of horror, a writer shaken into pitch-black comedy. The only thing that keeps her characters out of asylums is their mad humor about themselves.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat (Plymouth Theater, New York City). An exuberant and imaginative rock opera based on the biblical adventures of Joseph and his brothers. This lightweight, 90-minute production is colorful, and the performers are energetic. The show proves uniquely engaging to adults and children alike.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Excellent
- Very Good
- Good
- Noteworthy

Film

Missing. Costa-Gavras, in his finest political thriller to date, offers us the fact-based story of a young American's disappearance during the 1973 coup d'état in Chile, with Jack Lemmon a businessman in search of his son and Sissy Spacek his daughter-in-law. It is a harrowing and heartbreaking story of how American "interests" are protected abroad.

Diva. Jean Jacques Beineix's first film is a stylish thriller involving a young Parisian postman with an opera singer, bootlegged tapes, drug dealers, cops, assorted thugs, and a charming pair of Zen-oriented do-gooders. There are superb arias by American soprano Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez, and thrills, chills, and excitement.

Shoot the Moon. Alan Parker's film, with screenplay by Bo Goldman, offers a Rorschach test for couples in its story of a marriage breaking up and its effect on husband, wife, children, and lovers. Diane Keaton and Albert Finney are at their best in this adult probe of the way we love.

The Boat. This $12-million German film, based on the autobiographical best seller by Lothar-Guenther Buchheim, is an absorbing account of a single U-boat mission in the Atlantic, a careful depic-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the daily life-and-death living of wartime submariners, grimly authentic to its shocking conclusion and refreshingly devoid of Hollywood clichés.

The Long Good Friday. This tough, violent British gangster movie offers a fascinating view of "high class" mobsterism in present-day London, with IRA entanglements, shrewd performances by Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren, fresh plotting, and a surprisingly literate script.

Records

Haydn: Piano Sonatas. Alfred Brendel's homage to one of this year's musical birthday boys is a stylish, propulsive, not unduly pianistic traversal of two very classic sonatas—in C minor and in E-flat major. (Philips 7300862*, $10.98.)

Holst: The Planets. If you go for this portentous music of the spheres—equal parts British anthem and post-*Schéhérazade* virtuoso orientalism—you couldn't find it more cosmically played than by the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan. (Deutsche Grammophon Digital 2532019*, $12.98.) The same group does sensationally with a pair of string serenades by Dvořák and Tchaikovsky on another recent release. (DG Digital 2532012*, $12.98.)

Bizet: L'Arlesienne Suites. Andrew Davis and the Toronto Symphony deliver characterful performances of these most distinguished of Pops pieces—endlessly melodic incidental music for Daudet's passionate Provençale drama—and the *Jeux d'Enfants*. (CBS Digital 36713*, $9.98.)

Rossini: Overtures. The talented Riccardo Chailly spurs the National Philharmonic on to some energetic playing in his program of favorite overtures. (London Digital LDR 71034*, $12.98.) Swinging, spot-on performances of many lesser-known Rossini overtures are provided by Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields at their absolute best, on three Philips discs (6500878*, 9500349*, most recently 9500886*, $10.98 each).

R. Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier Film Music. The composer was offered $10,000 in 1925 to supervise an accompaniment to a silent-film version of his great opera, which he may actually have arranged himself for salon orchestra. He did conduct it at important premieres of the film. Three delightful volumes are now available, with a fourth to come. Manfred Reichert leads the Ensemble 13 Baden-Baden. (German Harmonia Mundi IC 065-99 904, 905, 906, $10.98 each; available from German News Co., 220 East 86 Street, New York City 10028.)

*cassette available

Art

Joseph Cornell (The Art Institute of Chicago). One hundred seventy-five boxes, collages, and other works by one of the major figures of 20th-century America. The most comprehensive Cornell exhibition ever assembled, it maps with impressive thoroughness the rich, idiosyncratic world of Surrealist-tinged fantasy. (Through March 28.)

Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies From the Royal Library at Windsor Castle (The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston). Fifty drawings by the best-known figure of the Italian Renaissance. Leonardo's vision ranges from ordinary plants to landscape and beyond—to apocalypse. Each of these images, even the calmest, seems to imply the furious in nature. A rare chance to see important selections from a major collection of Leonardo's drawings. (Through April 4.)

Robert Smithson: Sculpture (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City). A retrospective of a major career, cut short by the artist's death in a plane crash in 1973. Smithson was the most powerful of the earth workers, constructors of outdoor art on the scale of landscape. His work is fully documented here. (Through April 18.)

Architectural Fantasy and Reality: Prize Drawings From the Academy of St. Luke in Rome (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York City). At a time of revived interest in architecture's pre-Modern past, this show offers highlights from a major academy's liveliest period—1694-1750. There are 78 drawings, some fantastical, others for commissioned projects, all of which won prizes for their creators. (Through May 8.)

The Bizarre Imagery of Yoshitoshi (California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco). Fifty-eight woodblocks by a leading Japanese printmaker of the 19th century. Yoshitoshi's medium was the "Ukiyo-e" print. Popular imagery for a general audience, they provide a brilliant record of this period's legends, customs, and current events. (Through May 7.)

Dance

Boston Ballet, With Rudolf Nureyev (Metropolitan Center, Boston). An all-new production of Nureyev's staging of the 19th-century ballet-classic *Don Quixote*. Nureyev, in the leading romantic-comic role of Basilio, will dance all 10 performances in Boston (March 11 through 21) and, starting March 30, take his *Don Q.* on a national tour with the Boston Ballet.

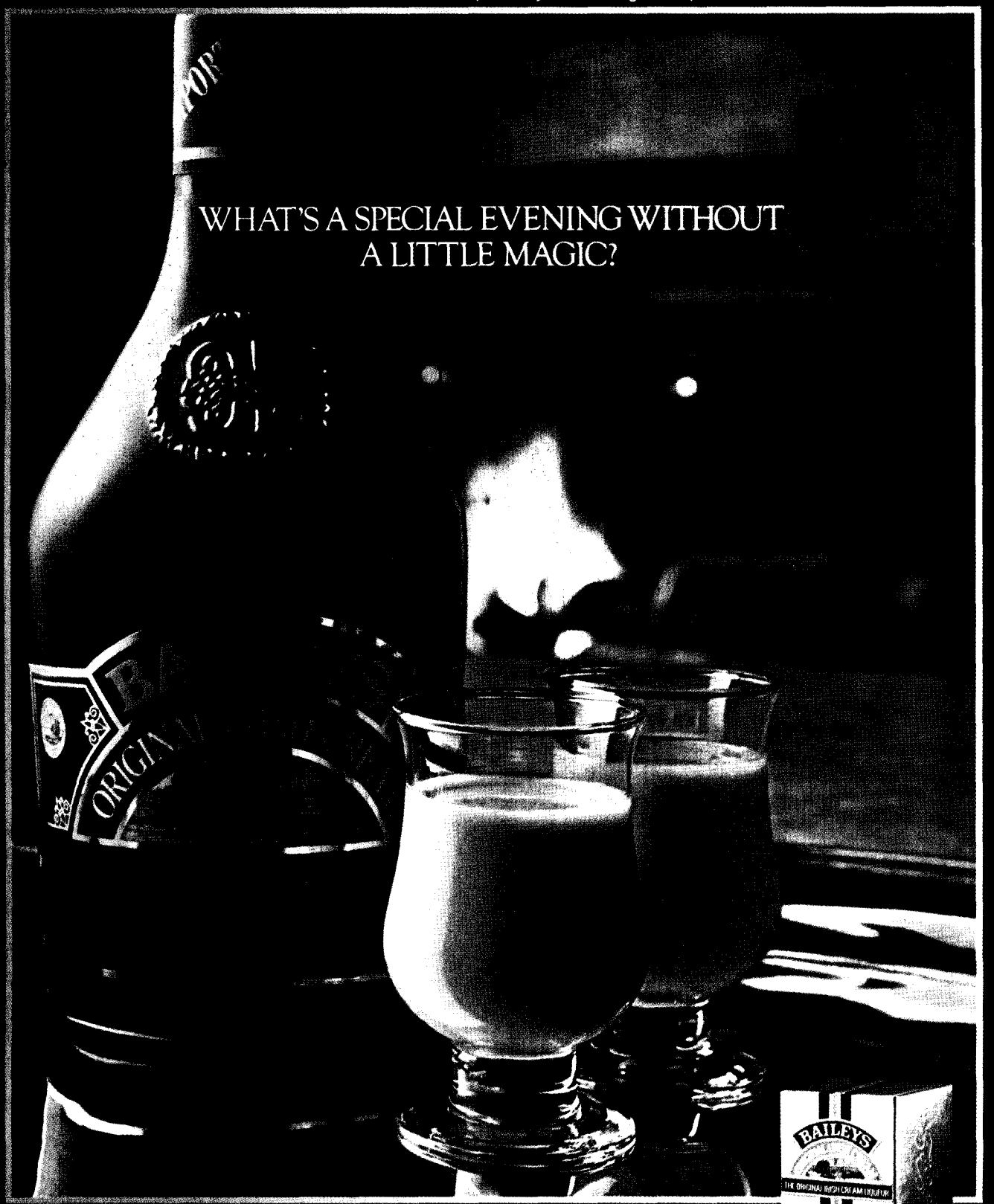
Palm Beach Festival (West Palm Beach, Florida). The National Ballet of Canada will feature Veronica Tennant and Peter Schaufuss in *La Sylphide* and Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn in Frederick Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardee*. Also dancing with the Canadians will be Merrill Ashley, Sean Lavery, and Anthony Dowell. The Washington Ballet and Pilobolus Dance Theater will appear at the Festival, too. (March 23 through April 18).

Royal Winnipeg Ballet (Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg). One of Canada's finest companies, featuring contemporary ballets along with a few highlights from the classics, offers the premiere of *Lento a Tempo Appassionatto*, a pas de deux by Vicente Nebrada to music of Scriabin. The bill also features Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, pas de deux and tarantella from August Bournonville's 19th-century masterpiece, *Napoli*, and Paddy Stone's modern *Bolero*. (March 3 through 7.)

New York Baroque Dance Company (Schimmel Center for the Arts at Pace University, New York City). Directed by Catherine Turocy, this unusual program, composed of the prologue and "Les Incas de Perou" from Rameau's 1735 opera ballet *Les Indes Galantes*, will be danced in the authentically re-created dance measures of the time in period costumes, and will be accompanied by the Concert Royal Baroque Chamber Orchestra playing period instruments. (March 19, 20, 21.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imported by The Paddington Corporation, New York, N.Y. 34 Proof © 1981

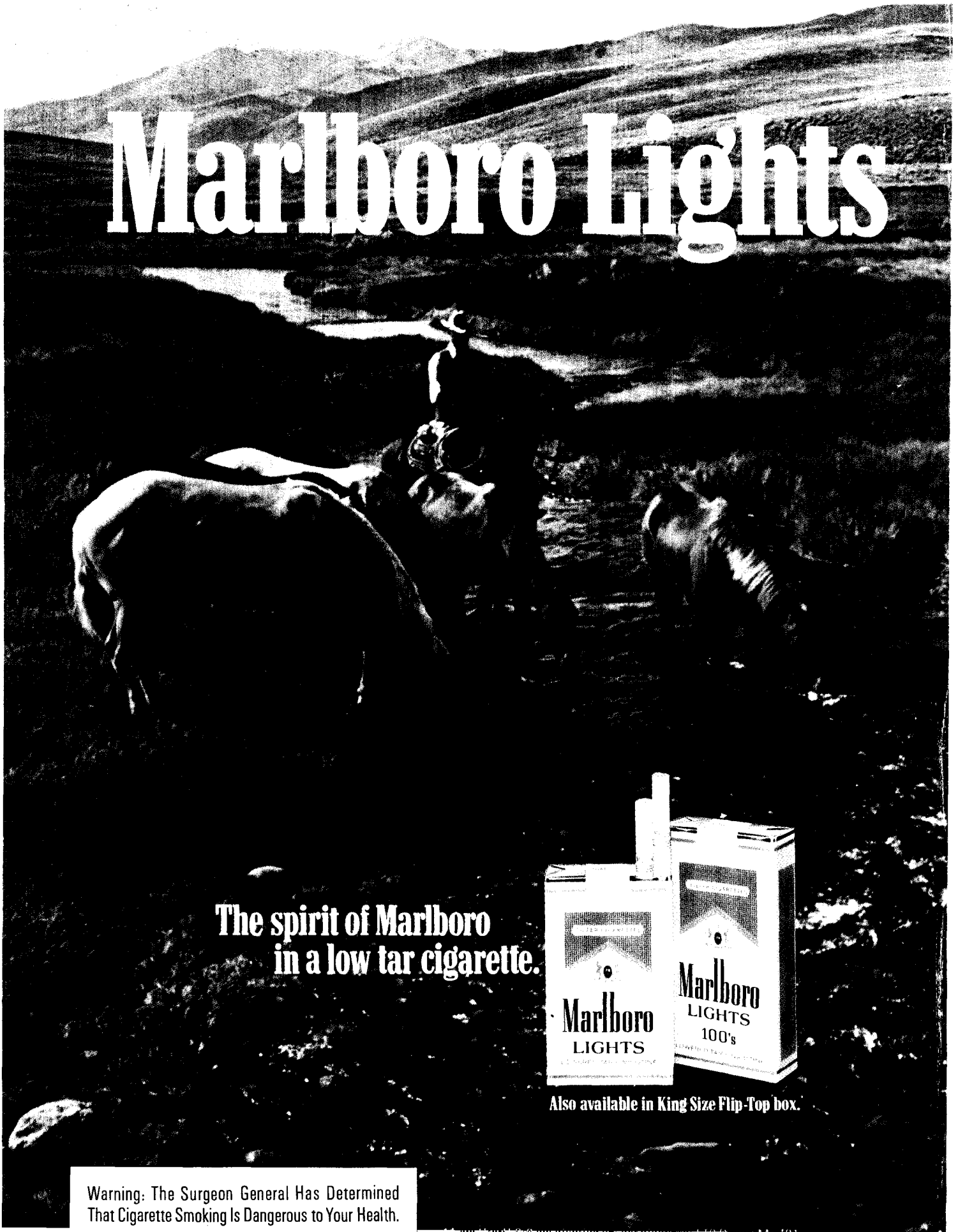


Baileys. A unique taste so silken, so full of character, only one word can describe it. Magic.

Perhaps it's that taste of magic that has made Baileys America's fastest growing liqueur.

BAILEYS. TASTE THE MAGIC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED